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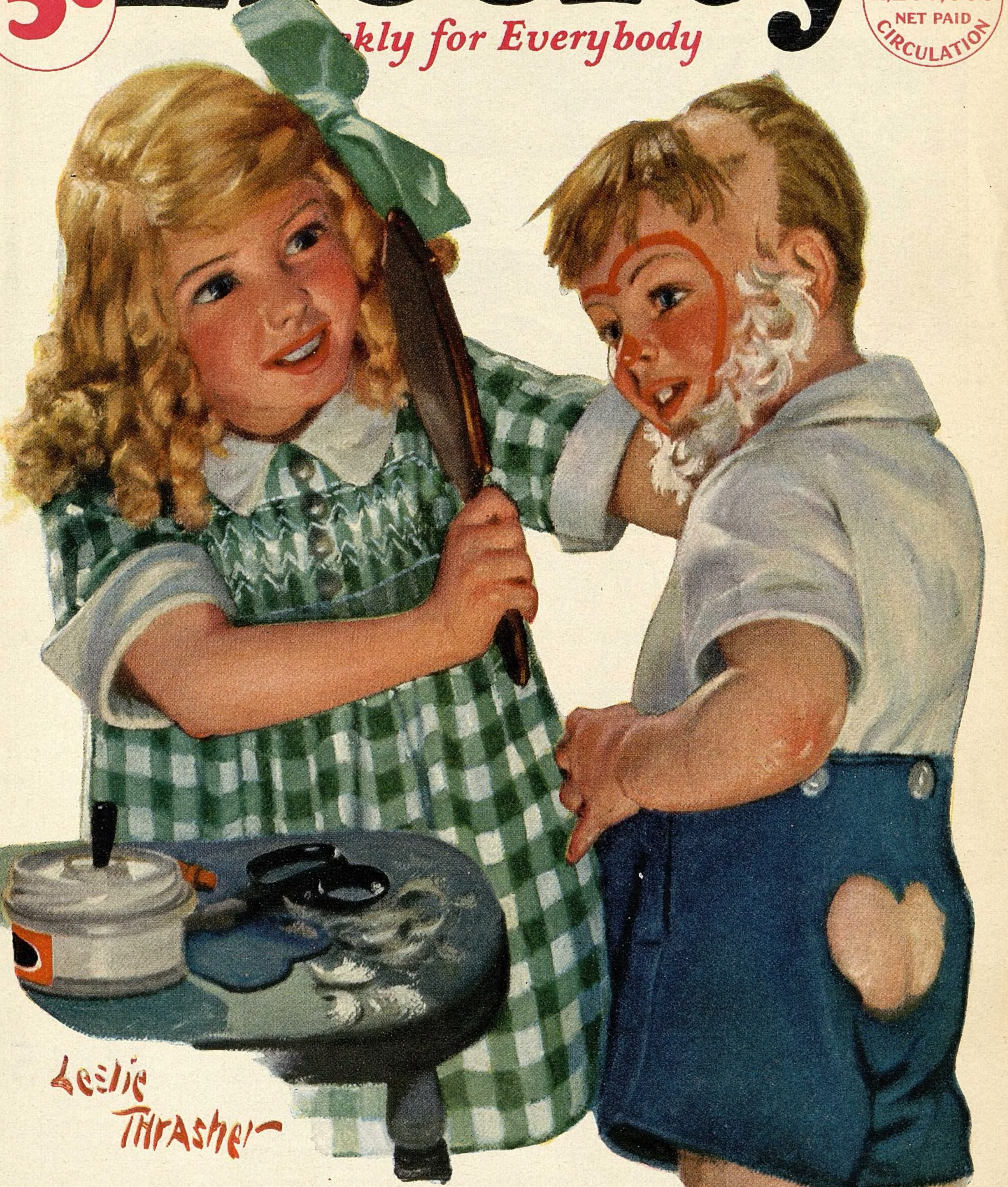
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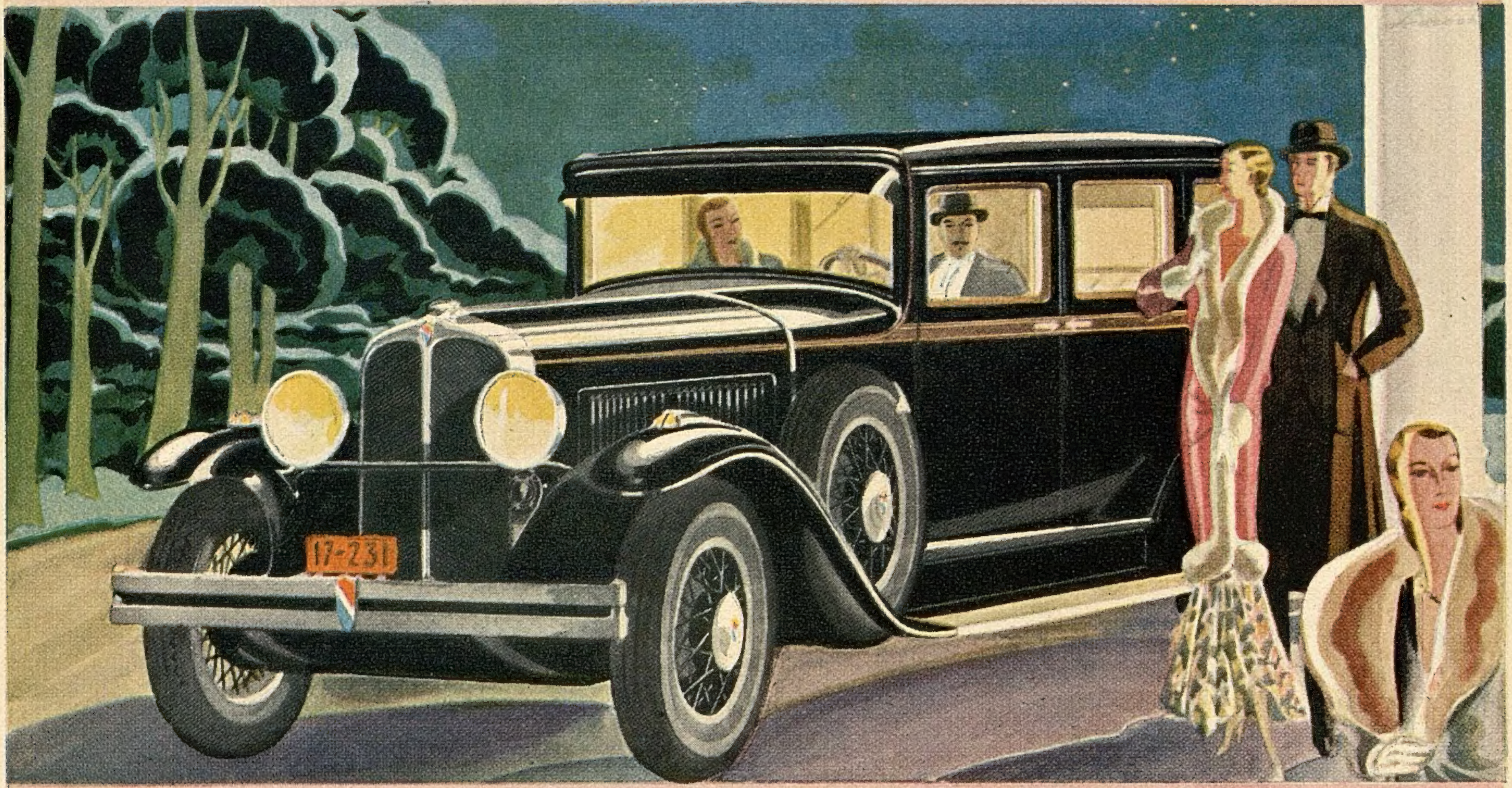

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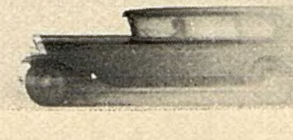

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

MORE ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES

An argument in favor of independence for the Philippines has been advanced by beet-sugar farmers and others in the United States, who say that the entry of cheap Philippine sugar into this country without tariff hurts their industry and profits.

No sooner was this point raised than the answer was made by American publicists that it was a very low and gross-minded view to take. Even to consider Philippine independence in reference to the prosperity of American farmers was, they said, ignoble and base.

Well, we don't see why.

One reason for keeping colonies—a valid reason throughout all history—is to increase the prosperity of the mother country: not to decrease it.

It is foolish to go into the colony business if it interferes with the prosperity of the home folks. And we think it is perfectly proper and reasonable to be frank about it.

There are other things to be taken into consideration, however, as to why colonies should or should not be kept.

First, no doubt, is the question of the money to be made by home investors. Well, the restrictions here are such that probably not one in the United States is making much if any money out of investments in the Philippines.

Nor do the islands provide good jobs for worthy patriots, as in the case of the colonies of European countries.

Most of the good jobs are held by the Filipinos themselves. White men find it hard to adapt themselves to the climate. They don't thrive there physically, and mentally and spiritually they don't like being there.

Another traditional reason for having colonies is to provide opportunities for settlers. But American farmers cannot live well in the Philippines and don't want to try it.

It is maintained by some that the islands get us trade with China, but of course that is absurd. They don't help us get any trade with China, or our other far-eastern customer, Japan.

But they do get us into trouble. And that brings us to still another favorite argument of the advocates of keeping the Philippines—the argument of national defense.

As we have said before in these pages, the Philippines, instead of being a source of strength to our military and naval forces, are a source of weakness. They extend our lines much too far.

There they are, 7,000 miles out in the Pacific, and we have agreed not to fortify them. If anything could be an incentive to some Japanese Bismarck to dream dreams of an easy victory over the United States, our present situation in the Philippines is the thing that will do it.

There would be no possibility of our holding the islands if Japan wanted them. They are ours by Japanese sufferance only.

Should the Japanese take them, as they took Port Arthur from Russia, Tsingtao from Germany, and Korea from the suzerainty of China, we could not get them back, save possibly by means of a long and costly war. And if we did get them back they would be of no more use to us than they are now.

There seems to be some nationalistic trend of mind as regards real estate.

Keeping what we have acquired, no matter what happens, seems to have something to do with our national honor.

We suppose we'll just leave the Philippines out there in the Pacific until somebody takes them. What else can we do, unless we make them as great a naval base as Singapore?

When they are taken, we hope we will have the good sense to let them go. Because we couldn't get them back if we tried, and if we did get them back (to repeat what we have just said) they would be of no more use to us than now, which is precisely nothing at all.

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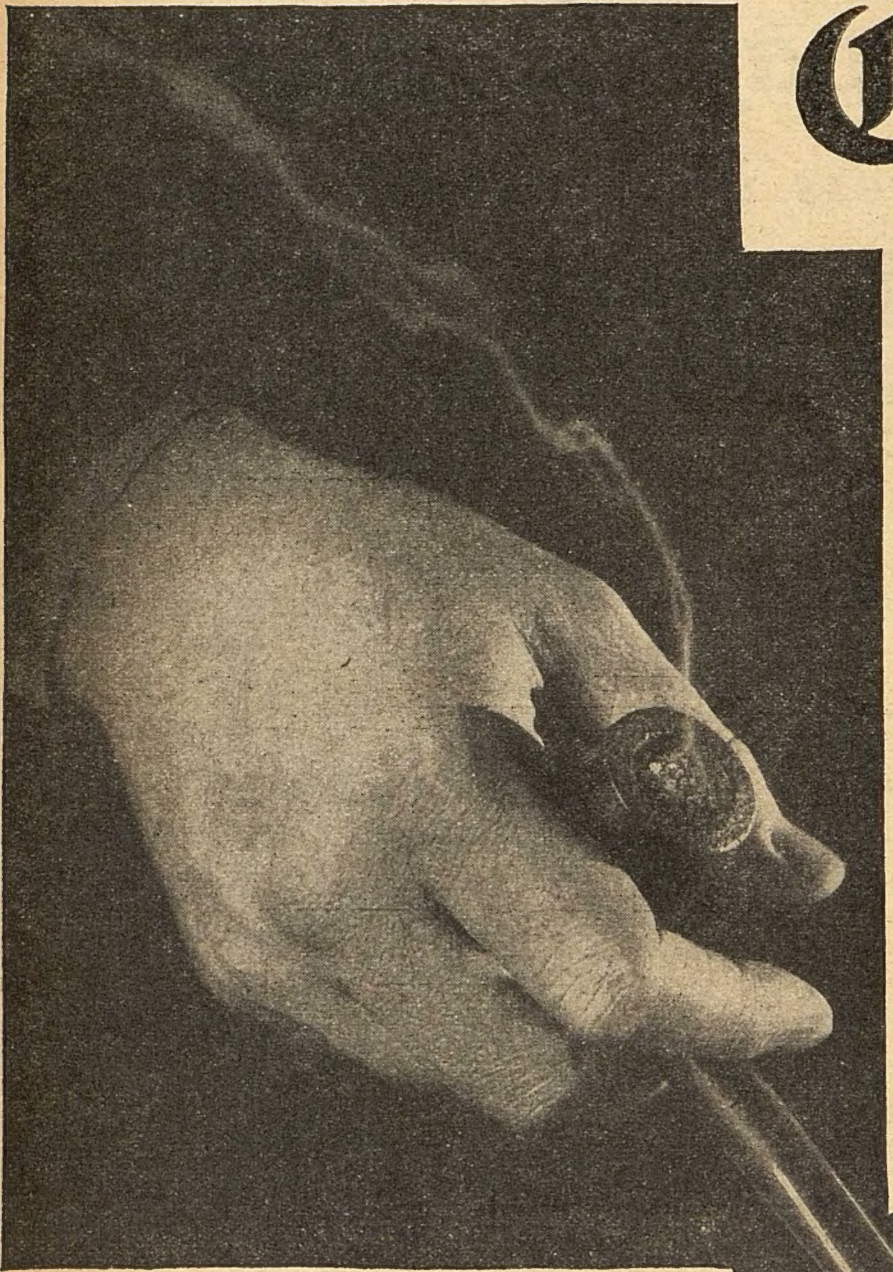

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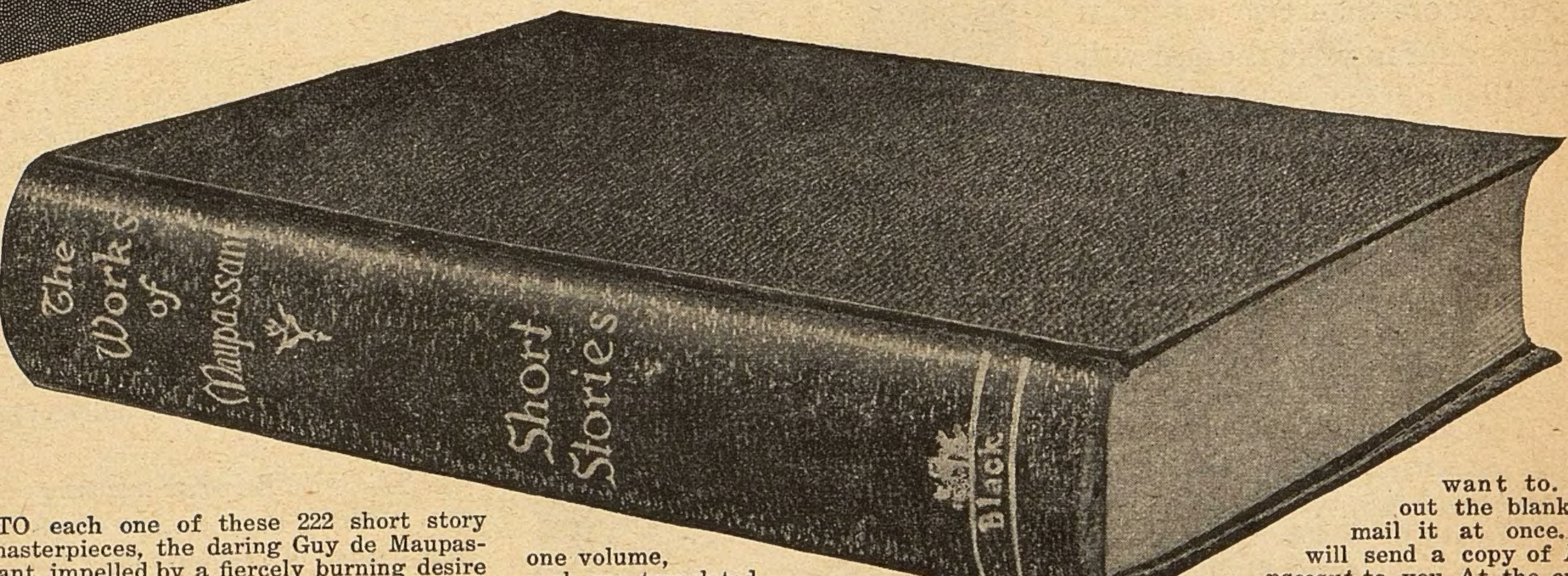

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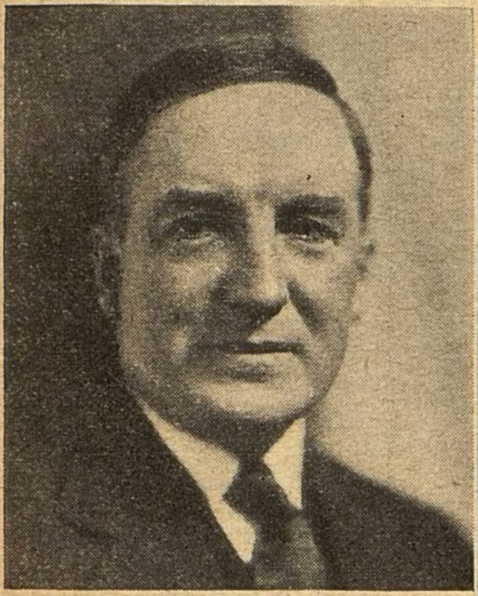

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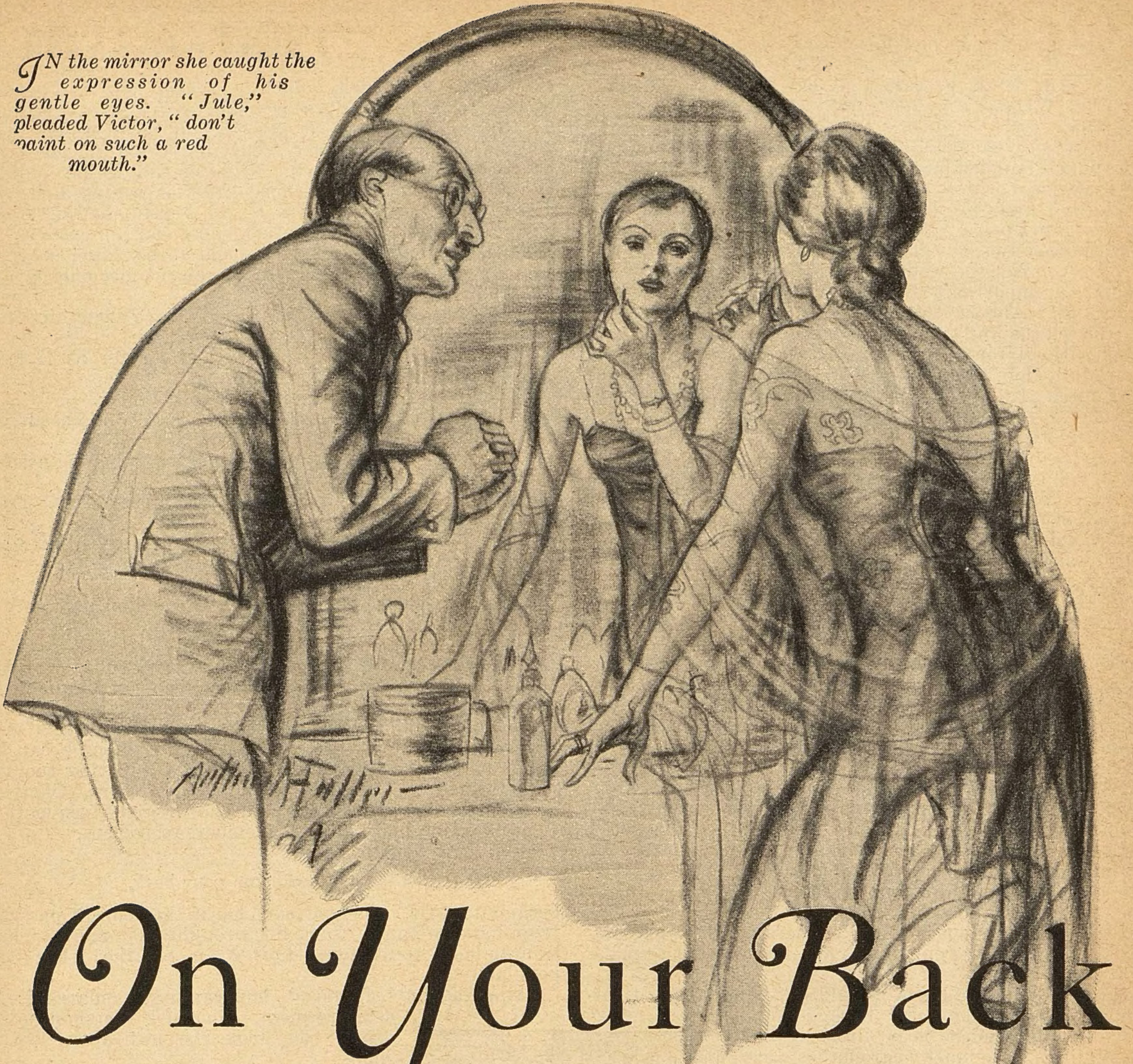

IN the mirror she caught the expression of his gentle eyes. "Jule," pleaded Victor, "don't paint on such a red mouth."

On Your Back

The Story of a Success that Failed

By

RITA WEIMAN

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

I SHALL not humiliate Julianne by an introduction. At least, to women she needs none. The name is a glittering star at the pinnacle of style. Not Madame Julianne, nor Julianne anything else. But merely "Julianne" scrawled across a label. Independent, unique, carelessly insolent—that signature is magic. It can rouse the slumbering passions of jealousy, covetousness, hatred. It has led directly or indirectly to the breaking of nine of the ten commandments. Husbands have learned to fear it. That is, when presented on the first of the month by their wives. On other occasions, when presented at some propitious moment by—but I am getting ahead of my story.

As a matter of fact, my story is a matter of fact. Not fiction. Not melodrama. Not a mosaic of plot and action. But a chronicle, to the best of my knowledge, of what actually occurred behind the gray façade of a house in the East Fifties. The house, once a millionaire's home, offers to passers-by the broad, bland countenance of accustomed luxury. There is no visible indication that it has lost any of its pristine aristocracy, save, perhaps, the item of a modest bronze plaque at one side of the entrance.

Iron-grilled glass doors are swung back to admit you. A butler conservatively uniformed in gray ushers you over thick, gray, chenille carpet that muffles the rudest tread. You are piloted upward in a smooth-sailing lift. You land in a long arena, all gray. Softly scented. Discreetly lighted. Inviting.

At the extreme end are steps which might lead to heaven—woman's heaven, that is—a stage hung in the same neutral tone, the color of clouds taking tints of sun, moon, stars; changing chameleonlike to the reflection of mood, stormy or gay. Elusive, perfect background for feminine caprice.

For the establishment of Julianne has been built up through Julianne's astute knowledge, not of dress design, but of human nature. The very simple conclusion that women love clothes and men love women has been the cornerstone of her temple of fashion.

She originated in Brooklyn. At least, recollection starts there. Her actual origin occurred in one of the

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miniature countries now dignified by the title of Balkan States. This memory she has laid to rest in the buried past. And let it be said that her English, while not exactly Websterian, has no suggestion of foreign nativity.

She was seven when dumped with her parents on Ellis Island and huddled later in the tenement rooms of lesser New York's downtown section. To this day, she is grateful to her male progenitor for selecting the other side of the East River. Since she never goes there, she takes less chance of encountering old associates.

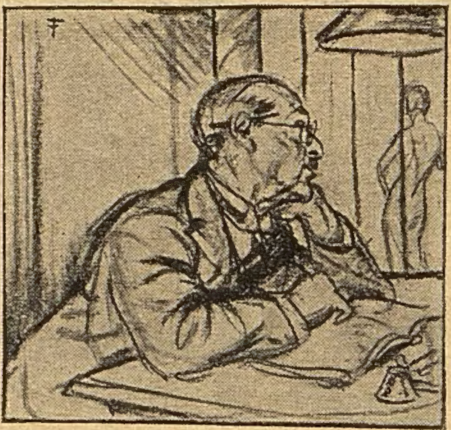
At seventeen she went to work for Victor, whose last name is unimportant. He dealt in used garments, bought and sold. Almost twice her age, lovable but dumb, Victor fell instantly at the feet of the sparkling-eyed girl who, without formality, took over the management and reorganization of his business. Her name at the time was Julia. He called her Jule. In his soul, he spelled it Jewel.

At nineteen she married him. Chiefly because building up the business fascinated her to the extent of a proprietorial interest and she could not take the time to fall in love. Victor could be depended upon to give her her way in everything. That was more than most wives of her social status were accorded. He adored her with silent, sloe-eyed worship which granted unquestioned supremacy.

In the progress of graduating from used to unused clothing, Julia granted him a few kisses and bore him a son. The last oversight was not repeated, though Victor's ambition had been a large family circle. Babies to grow up around him, sweet dirty little faces raised to his, bruises to caress away, tears to kiss into smiles, youth to restore his youth when it was gone—these had been his dreams. One son! Only one jewel to reflect his priceless treasure. No girls? No clinging arms? No curls the glistening brown of Jule's? No laughing, dancing feet? Girls made the home. Boys went away from it. But Julia was firm. She had work to do.

Besides which, the love she had never thought of giving her husband now concentrated on her sole heir. For him, success. For him, ambition. For him, a place unchallenged in the world. Only when she looked at him did the sparks in her eyes dim to the warmth of glowing coals. For him, the epitome of what she meant to make life give her.

Harvard must be his Alma Mater. And all the trimmings that make its background. Socially, there must be no limit to his possibilities. He must wear clothes—as she intended some day to wear them—with the careless grace that would signify he had been born in them. He must be trained to know instinctively whom to look at and whom to look through. That uncultivated nonchalance, the casual word tossed into the air, the indifference to money because of long association with it must characterize him. Victor and she must slave, work their fingers to the bone, if need be, to make these things possible.



Victor would sit for hours, gazing out through the bars at his efficient wife.

MEANWHILE, for no reason Victor could understand, she named the boy Harvey. He was a lively baby. His little feet kicked incessantly. His tiny hands gathered to themselves whatever they happened to touch. He had his mother's energy, his father's dark eyes, with lashes indecently curved for a male child.

The first step toward the ultimate East Fifties was Avenue B, Manhattan. Julia's seven-league boots then covered the distance to upper Broadway with a rapidity which only singleness of purpose can generate. Bewildered, anxious, loving, shadowlike, Victor accompanied her, first helping to serve customers, then concealed in a little cubicle to keep the books. Victor was too kindhearted. One hard-luck story and the price instantly came down. It was bad for business.

Growing more shadowy as the years advanced, he took on similar tones in Julia's life. Never vitally important, it was odd the way he receded, helplessly, hopelessly, until the woman he loved scarcely acknowledged his existence. That little cubicle where he kept the books became his prison. Here he would sit for hours, gazing out through the bars at his efficient wife, wondering why he should be so lonely, why they could not have at least a few hours together. Night as well as day found her at the shop. Their home life was represented by two rooms whose order was all too gently administered by an Irish maid. But their son had a visiting governess until he was old enough to be sent to boarding school. Victor's protest at this last arrangement met only arbitrary silence.

"He's my boy. I got the right to have something to say about him."

Julia stared through her lord and master as if his transparency were unquestioned.

"I tell you, I'm his father," persisted Victor.

"You don't have to convince me of that," Julia assured him.

"And you take him away from me just when he needs me."

"When I get through, he won't need either of us. I'm going to make him independent for life."

"But love, Jule. You think about everything but giving the boy a home and love."

"Don't be a sentimental fool!"

Julia, considering the discussion terminated, said nothing further. Harvey went away to school.

BY the time he was ready for preparatory college training, his mother's dress shop was the most frequented in the neighborhood of Broadway and the Forties. It bore the name "Julianne" scrawled across the plate-glass window. Despite narrow quarters, or perhaps because of them, the place was always crowded. Fitting rooms were formed by screens adjusted before mirrors. Chorus girls made it a rendezvous and chorus girls frequently eventuate into more affluent members of society.

Julianne's slogan:

Wear your brains on your back,

became famous. The engraved cards that bore it passed from hand to hand. Curiosity brought customers. The leading-lady contingent drifted in on the wave of popularity.

Julia suddenly found it imperative to enlarge her establishment. She took the shop next door. She took the loft above both shops.

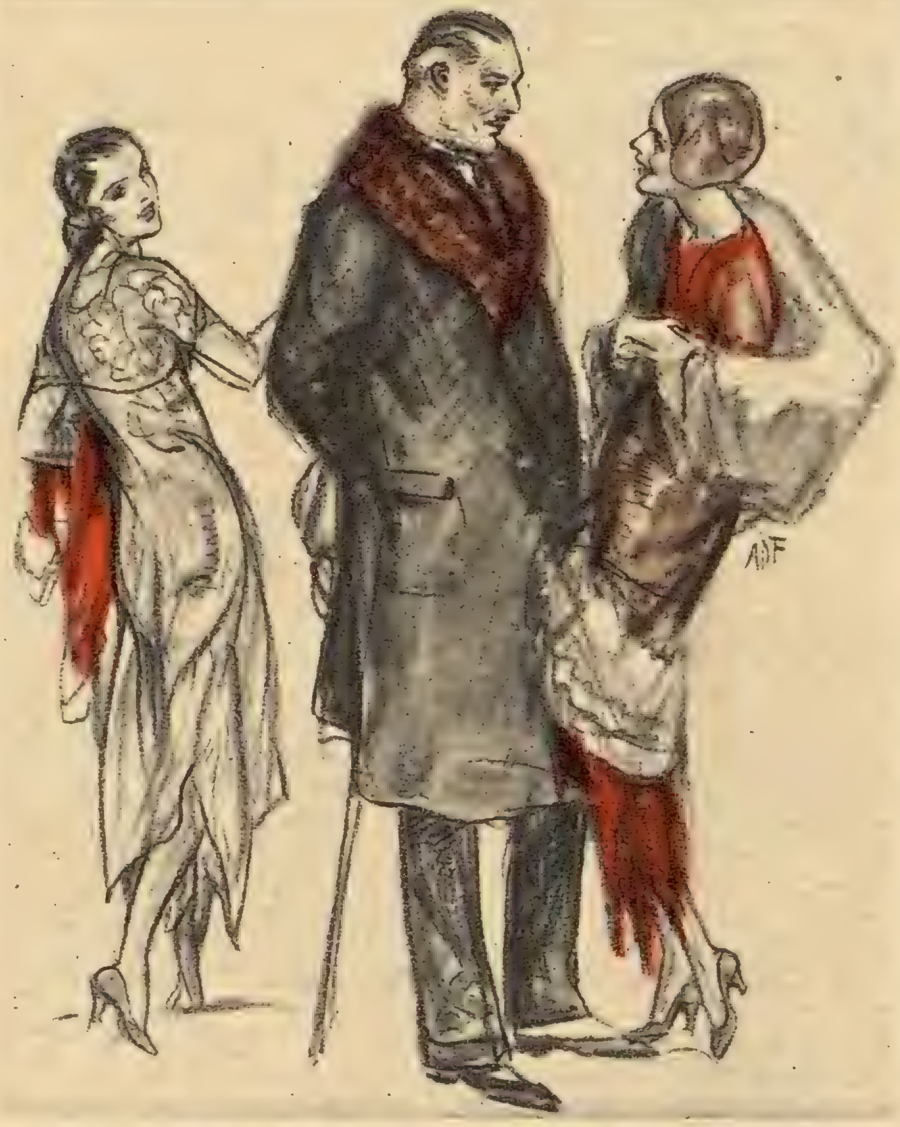
Dresses became gowns, displayed by mannequins. They were given names—the gowns, not the mannequins, that is. The more choice were bought from exclusive wholesale importers. Then Julia hit upon the plan of becoming creator instead of purveyor. Why not her own dressmaking department? Consistent with her dynamic brushing aside of all opposition, she lured the French designer from one of these expensive wholesale houses, and advised her clientele that Julianne would henceforth create her own models.

Not until she gowned the star of a popular Broadway success, demanding no other remuneration than theater-program credit, did society tap at her door. With the opening of that door on a new vista strewn with roses, lined with orchids, scented with gardenias, the ready-to-wear garment became merely another milestone on the cobbled road of the past.

Yet one thing Julianne knew conclusively; she could not hope to maintain a Fifth Avenue clientele on Broadway. She figuratively closed her eyes, dizzy with the possibilities at the vista's end, and took the plunge. A precipitous plunge that landed her at the East Fifty-some-odd address. It meant practically tying up every penny that might otherwise have gone into first mortgages; in fact, mortgaging her success in bonds of the future.

Her first lease covered only the two lower floors, the upper ones being occupied by an interior decorator. She had not been installed a week before she called upon the latter with the suggestion that they exchange cards and courtesies.

"We ought to be very helpful to each other," she told him, casually naming a few of the recent additions to her books.



In ten minutes they were chatting gayly, laughter tinkling the bell of more familiar acquaintance.

The decorator "did" her place as the first courtesy. Modern art had not yet made its angular advent. Her French salon was a dream in gray and the faint fleshlike tint of a rose at dawn. Tea was served each afternoon in eggshell china that would have done credit to any drawing-room. Women who came there liked to stay. So did men.

Julianne encouraged wives to bring their husbands. She knew the effect of amusement on the elasticity of a man's purse. Beautiful mannequins who seemed to be utterly without bones trailed down from the stage or draped themselves over the furniture. Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies stepped from the lift and into the fitting rooms to divest themselves of furs and satins with due modesty. Literally Julianne staged a show as diverting as any on Broadway.

Herself as omnipresent as an attentive hostess, she chatted with groups and individuals, soothed tempers, adjusted complaints, and administered bromo seltzer. Her eyes reserved their sparks for scenes with employees. They had grown inscrutable, with a smile that could be drawn over them like a veil. Her hair had achieved smoothness and gilded copper tints. Her broad face, never pretty but alive—tremendously alive—wore make-up magnolia-white that blocked out her natural color like a mask of clay.

"Gott!" exclaimed Victor at his first vision of the replacement. "Jule! Wipe it off! You look like you been three days dead."

Victor disapproved of the new quarters. He disapproved of the models displaying their allurements so guilelessly. Often he stole along the corridor from his office and peeped into the salon with its mingled scent, semidraped women, and smugly smiling men. Then, shaking his head, closed the door and went back to sanctuary.

TO see this new Julianne crowding out his Jewel was tragedy.

They were living now in a three-room suite in an apartment hotel. He never saw his wife except when she was dressing to go out to some party that might prove helpful to business.

Tonight she stood before a mirror, wearing a gown completed that day. Shimmering green and gold brocade, it had no visible means of support other than paste emerald bands over the shoulders. The hem, cut unevenly, hung like the petals of a tulip to conceal the fact that Julia's legs were slightly bowed. Save in a reclining position, she had never been able to make her knees touch. But those were the days when the contour of calves was still a matter for speculation. A scarf of emerald chiffon trailed gold-lace ends on the floor.

Julia paid no attention to his comment. In the mirror she caught the expression of his gentle eyes. Two ridges appeared between her own. She was in the mood for irritation, keyed to showing her teeth in anything but smiles. Her business had expanded rapidly, but to her dismay so had the demand for credit. Broadway spoke in terms strictly of cash. Fifth Avenue used the more fluid language of settling bills every six months—if then. By a sardonic quirk of circumstance, as Julianne's prosperity increased her cash balance decreased. It became correspondingly difficult to meet her own bills. And Julia was worried.

"JULE," pleaded Victor, "don't paint on such a red mouth."

"Oh, quit finding fault with me!" she snapped, turning on gold heels, and slammed the door.

The ridges, erased between her eyes, remained in her mind. Harvey, whose last name had become Leighton, was a sophomore at Harvard. Long, slim, dark, with the glowing eyes of a young sheik, he fulfilled her dreams in every detail. So far realized, those dreams must not now be frustrated. Debt was an ugly dragon at the gate of ambition.

It was a chance word from a gambler, well known as occasional backer of theatrical ventures, that gave her the first vague suggestion of how to meet her difficulties. He had been in the habit of dropping in at the Broadway shop. Sometimes his accompaniment would be blonde, other times, brunette. His tastes, catholic, impartial, were altogether a matter of mood.

"How are the new works?" he put to Julia at the party that night.

"Great! Why don't you drop in some time?"

"Me? Not much! If I meet some jane there who knows me, it'll cost me a cool five hundred to get out. You'll have to play up your millionaire trade now."

"What do you mean—play up?"

"Well, must be a lot of old boys too conservative to send their cards in at the stage door. And you got the niftiest gals on Broadway coming to your place."

Something clicked in Julia's agile mind. However, she let down the veil of her inscrutable smile.

"Nonsense!" she scoffed. "I conduct a dressmaking establishment. My clientele includes some of the smartest women in town."

"Apple sauce! What's that got to do with it? Who pays the bills? Who are the suckers? The men. No difference whether it's wives or sweethearts. Except that conscience money gets paid out quicker."

Conscience money. Odd phrase. Provocative. Elastic term. Possibilities which had never occurred to her. Conscience money!

Lovely—and persuasive—beauties of musical comedy were frequent visitors at the establishment of Julianne. So were jaded men of wealth. Suppose the jaded men of wealth dropped in from time to time unaccompanied by women of their households. Suppose the beauties of

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musical comedy should be invited at the same time. How many more gowns would be ordered and the bills settled immediately upon delivery?

It was all accomplished with the utmost discretion. Outwardly nothing changed. Merely an occasional telephone message from Julianne to the sumptuous office of some cautiously selected man who had previously visited her place:

"Oh, Mr. A, I've just completed a new model that would be perfect for Mrs. A. I thought you might like to drop in today after business hours and order it as a surprise."

There were times when Mrs. A actually received the costume. More often she remained blissfully ignorant of her husband's interest in clothes. But invariably as the gown was being exhibited, some exquisite creature hurried from a fitting room, paused, apologized to Julianne for keeping her so late, and the man examining a creation as a surprise for his wife was presented. Not obviously, by any means, but rather with a laughing introduction such as:

"Oh, Miss So-and-So, tell Mr. A what you think of this gown. I don't want him to take my word."

"It's divine!" This, a longing sigh.

"I don't know a thing about women's clothes, you know," with the sheepish smile of the male. "Now, take me to a tailor and I'm perfectly at home."

In ten minutes they were chatting gayly, laughter tinkling the bell of more familiar acquaintance.

The lovely creature's gratitude to Julianne could be expressed only by extensive—and expensive—orders. Heavily furred evening wraps, fans, bags, dainty underthings, paste jewelry especially designed for each frock—no end to the accessories a smart costume required. All these were, of necessity, cash transactions.

Amazing how swiftly the place assumed a secure footing, how magically indebtedness melted away. Equally amazing, the far-reaching results of the good will of influential men. Julianne received tips on the stock market, casually tossed her way. She went to the races, as chic as any woman who wore her label. Frequently the man whose horse happened to be a favorite could be numbered among the select at what might be called her late afternoon salons. It was no uncommon occurrence to find a bet placed in her name quite without her knowledge.

WITHIN a few years Julianne discovered herself independently rich. She took over the upper floors of the house. It became the cushioned lap of luxury it is today. Inevitably, Victor was eliminated from the business. As inevitably as he had been eliminated from Julia's consciousness. A broken old man, he sat at home without occupation, without ties, wondering from day to day whether the next life would be kinder and find some place for him.

Harvey returned from college. It was the event toward which Julia's plans had pyramided. In the past years, she had supervised his vacations, sending him abroad each summer in groups of boys who traveled with a tutor. Once he had broken away from this ruling and gone tourist third with several glee-club companions who were joining an American jazz band on the other side. Julia's horror froze speech. Christmas and Easter saw him at fashionable resorts with her or visiting one of his classmates. His spirit, his "go," his facility at song and dance, made him a leading light in college theatricals. Harvey was popular.

She counted on his grace at entertainment to smooth his path into society. As a step along that path, she interviewed one of her customers whose family background was more substantial than its bank account. This woman, a familiar figure at Newport and Palm Beach, augmented her negligible income by sponsoring newly created millionaires. The expense of elaborate parties at which she acted as hostess was customarily borne by one of the guests. Julianne merely proposed to gown her for nothing in return for luncheons and dinners at an exclusive dancing club at which Harvey would be present.

As for his financial career, she meant to secure the boy in the banking world. Raymond Hotchkiss Pryer, senior member of a big bond house, found the atmosphere of Julia's salon a great relaxation. A querulous wife, four unmarried daughters, and the cumulative irritations of the office frequently got on his nerves. At such times, around five-thirty, he would drop in for a cocktail and contact with beauty. His appreciation of Julianne's hospitality made her boy's position with his firm a foregone conclusion.

Meanwhile, following Harvey's graduation, she planned their summer at Juan-les-Pins. This Riviera resort would offer opportunities to meet the best brand of débutantes.

It was something of a shock to learn that a trip abroad was not on Harvey's schedule.

"Nothing doing, mother. I've got to look for a job."

"But, darling, I have a job for you. In Wall Street."

"Bond salesman?"

"Yes. It's a splendid start with a splendid firm—Pryer, Granville & Company."

"I'd thought of something with a little more pep."

"But my heart is set on this, dear. It's all arranged. You begin in September."

"September nothing! I start now." The eyes like his father's twinkled with a keener intelligence. "If I'm to tackle the bond business, the sooner the better."

"You don't mean you want to spend all summer in the hot city?"

"Not want to—got to."

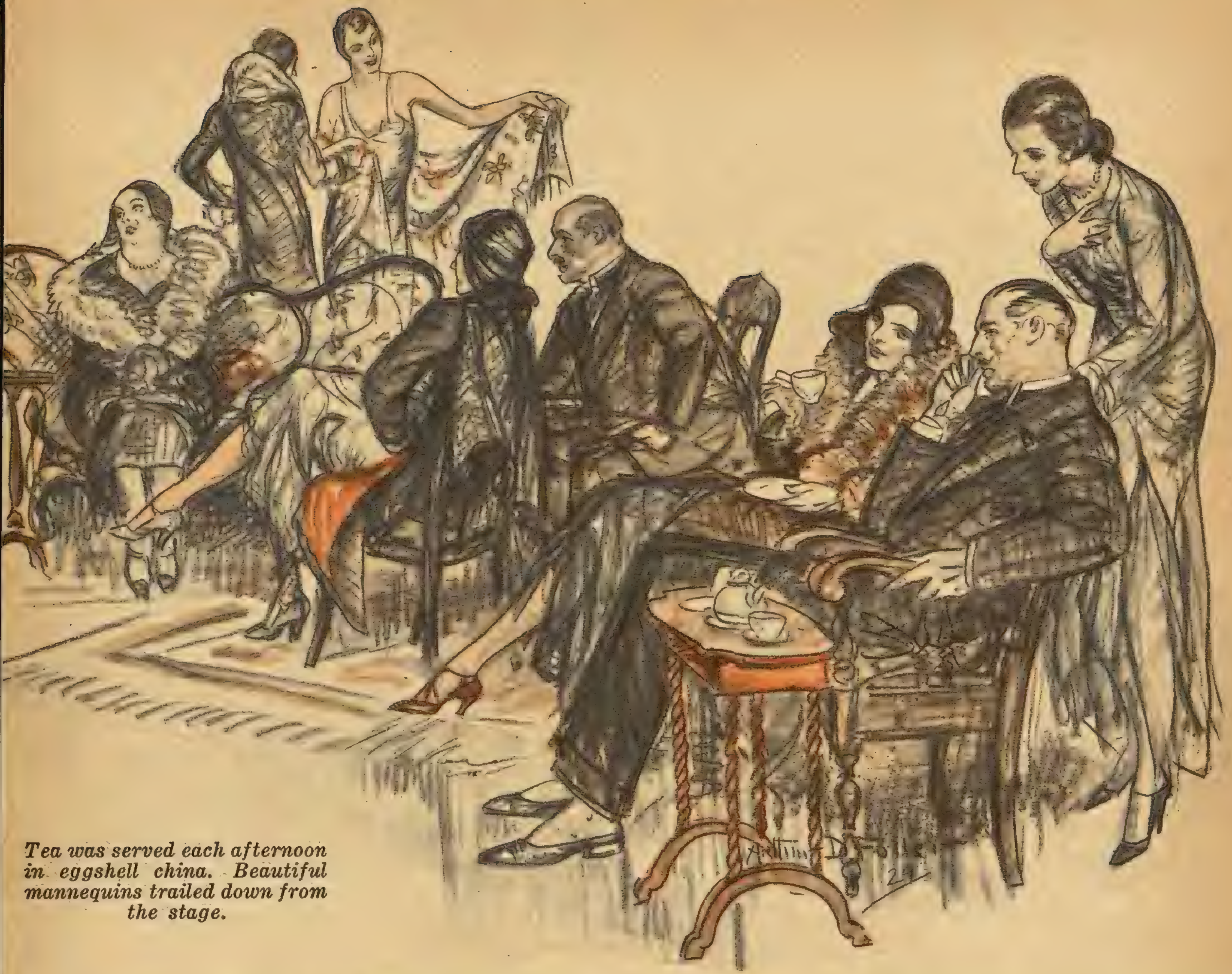
"Nonsense! I expect to continue your allowance."

"Can't make a lap dog out of me, old sweetie. I've lived off a woman long enough."

IN her sophisticated career, Julia had become a keen psychologist. It was not the moment to persist in discussion. Midsummer weather would prove more eloquent than words.

But here she was wrong. Harvey's determination made him immune to wilted spine and collars. Thoroughly disliking the details of diplomatic bond selling, he was still bent upon mastering them. And he lived with almost ludicrous economy, even going so far as to insist upon taking an inexpensive room in a bachelor hotel, despite his mother's eagerness to house him at the Harvard Club. To her dismay, Harvey displayed a startling maternal inheritance of determination.

Julia's sole consolation for an enforced summer in town was the evening drive with him to one of several roadhouses where chiffons floated to the strains of jazz.



Tea was served each afternoon in eggshell china. Beautiful mannequins trailed down from the stage.

A dinner on the terrace, acquaintances pausing for a word and, incidentally, introduction to her handsome son, gave her at least a sense of utility. Julia hated idle moments that could not be made to eventuate advantageously.

They were perched high above the Hudson one June night, the moon outshining previous records. Glowingly, luminously light—conducive to langour, its warmth an invitation.

Out of this drenching moonlight, like part of it in filmy white, a girl came up the steps and along the terrace. The transparent brim of a tantalizing summer hat drooped over her eyes. Her elongated frail shadow seemed more substantial than she. Following her, the large loose figure of Harvey's employer was unmistakable.

Julia instantly turned her attention to the river. She knew the girl; knew as well where and how these two had met. But as they approached, Harvey's glance strayed in their direction.

"Molly!"

"Harvey!"

THE girl stopped short. Harvey rose. Her hand rested in his. The little rose-crested lamp on the table vignetted their two young faces. The boy was smiling with unaffected pleasure.

"Nice seeing you again." His glance had not encompassed Pryer standing stolidly in the background.

Julia promptly raised her voice: "Why, Mr. Pryer, of all people! How are you? Harvey, dear—"

Her son turned. The girl's hand slipped from his.

"So sorry," he laughed easily. "I didn't recognize Molly's boy friend."

The complete lack of embarrassment, the utter absence of awed respect which, twenty years ago, would have characterized the attitude of a junior clerk toward his employer, staggered Julia. Such formalities as "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," she knew had been struck from youth's vocabulary. But Harvey's casual persiflage—"I didn't recognize Molly's boy friend"—seemed to his anxious mother to border on insult. Her gaze sought Pryer's. His smile, however, bespoke flattered self-consciousness.

The girl's expression was more difficult to read. Partially veiled by the hat brim, her eyes fastened on Harvey with curious, tense fixation.

"Like a swimmer calling for help," flashed for some reason through Julia's confused thought. Unaccustomed to confusion, she was annoyed by it. Harvey and Molly Burke . . . How . . . When . . . Where?

"By the way, Molly, I want you to know my mother," he was saying.

"Oh," the girl's lips relaxed into smiles, "Julianne and I are old friends, but I hadn't an idea you and she belonged to each other."

"Sure thing! For as long as I can remember. May I look you up some time?" he added quickly as Pryer showed signs of impatience.

"Of course. I've got a cute little two-by-four flat"—she mentioned the address—"give me a ring."

"Diamond preferred," broke in Pryer with lively display of wit.

"What a brilliant wag that old boy is!" observed Harvey as they moved on, escorted by one of the several head waiters. "Honestly, some of these Wall Street potentates must have made their millions with their feet."

"That's not a very respectful way to talk about your

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boss," Julia remonstrated, trying to tone her voice to lightness.

"That wasn't a very respectful way for him to talk about Molly," Harvey came back.

"What do you know about Molly Burke?"

"My dear little mater," he grinned, "I know about every chorus girl who's landed in Boston during the past four years. What do you think college is for?"

"Harvey—"

"Sure! We poor grubs at learning need all the amusement we can get. The chorus supplies it. Molly's one of the nice ones, though."

"Oh—is she?"

"Yes—she is. And don't say that as if you didn't believe it."

"How did you meet her?" Julia thought it wise to switch the method of attack.

"She came out with a couple of girls to help us in the art of make-up and ensemble dancing when we put on our show two years ago. She was playing in Glad Rags at Hollis Street Theater. We saw quite some of each other."

"Have you seen her since?"

"Why the cross-examination?"

"Oh, I'm just interested, naturally."

"Well, I gave her a tinkle at her old address when I was down last spring. But she'd moved. Wonder if they're giving her parts now? Great little dancer. She looks prosperous—"

"She ought to," put in Julia crisply. "I make her clothes."

"Go on," chided Harvey. "You mean to tell me that kid can afford your burglarizing?"

"My dear child"—and Julia's laugh was not altogether pleasant—"do you think for one minute that all the women who get gowns at my place pay for them out of their own pockets?"

Harvey frowned. His gaze fastened to his mother's.

"Molly would."

"Oh, would she?"

That was all she said. But it was gratifying to note the effect of those few words on her son. His face seemed to harden, the jaw set. Thank heaven he was sufficiently sophisticated to give her no cause for alarm. After all, his experience with more or less casual young females during the past four years would stand him in good stead.

AS a matter of fact, Julia had cautiously withheld certain details. Molly Burke, floating along the terrace in one of Julianne's latest creations, was horribly in Julianne's debt. Six months ago, on the strength of her first part in a musical revue, she had gone to the establishment with the intention of ordering one gown, and had fallen victim to half a dozen. What woman with natural spun-gold hair and eyes the color of a moonlit sky could resist the lure of silver evening wrap topped by an ermine collar that dipped miraculously over soft shoulders?

"My dear! . . . Divine! . . . You must have it!"

Or the white and silver tule, named with fairy-tale simplicity, "Snow White."

Going to Julianne's was like smoking hasheesh. The habit locked one in a vise.

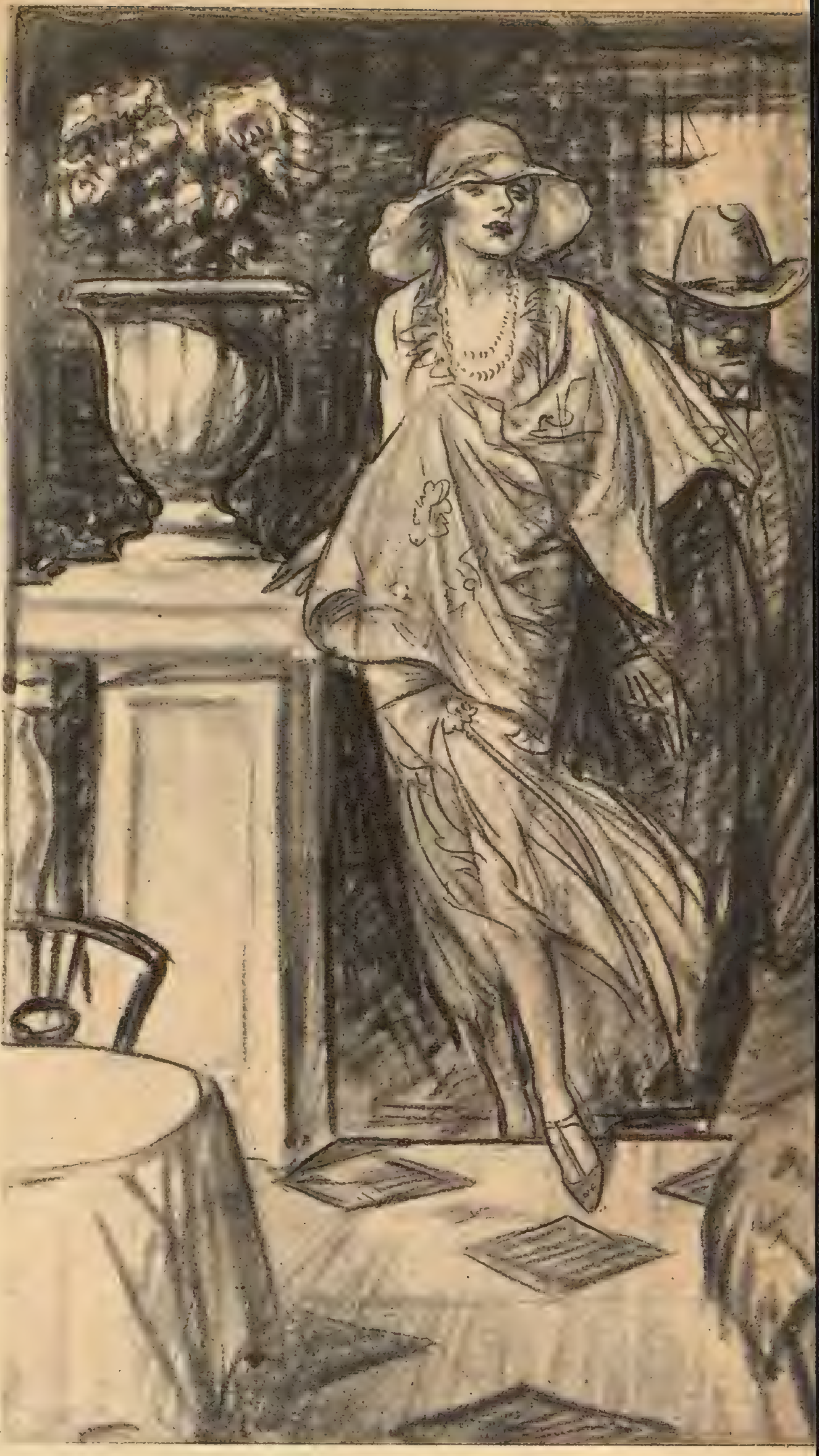
"We're bound to run straight through the season," had been Molly's alibi, spoken half to herself, half to Julianne.

"It's all right, dear. Don't even think about that end," came the serpent urge in reply. "I'll adore dressing you—"

The revue, bound to run straight through the season, had come to town, curled up, and died the drab death of banality.

Two weeks after it closed, Julianne, shrewdly checking up as she always did on people of the stage who might be affluent today and broke tomorrow, made a strategic move. She telephoned Molly Burke.

"I just wanted you to know, dear, I'm not a bit worried over your account . . . No, don't call me a darling . . Of course you're blue . . . Tell you what—come over this Saturday afternoon when the shop's closed and let's have a talk. I may hear of a part for you. . . ."



Out of this drenching moonlight, a girl came up t
loose figure of Harvey's employ

On Saturday afternoon, quite by accident it seemed, Mr. Pryer had strolled in.

"Thought I'd drop by for one of your delightful cocktails. Didn't think you'd be busy," he explained.

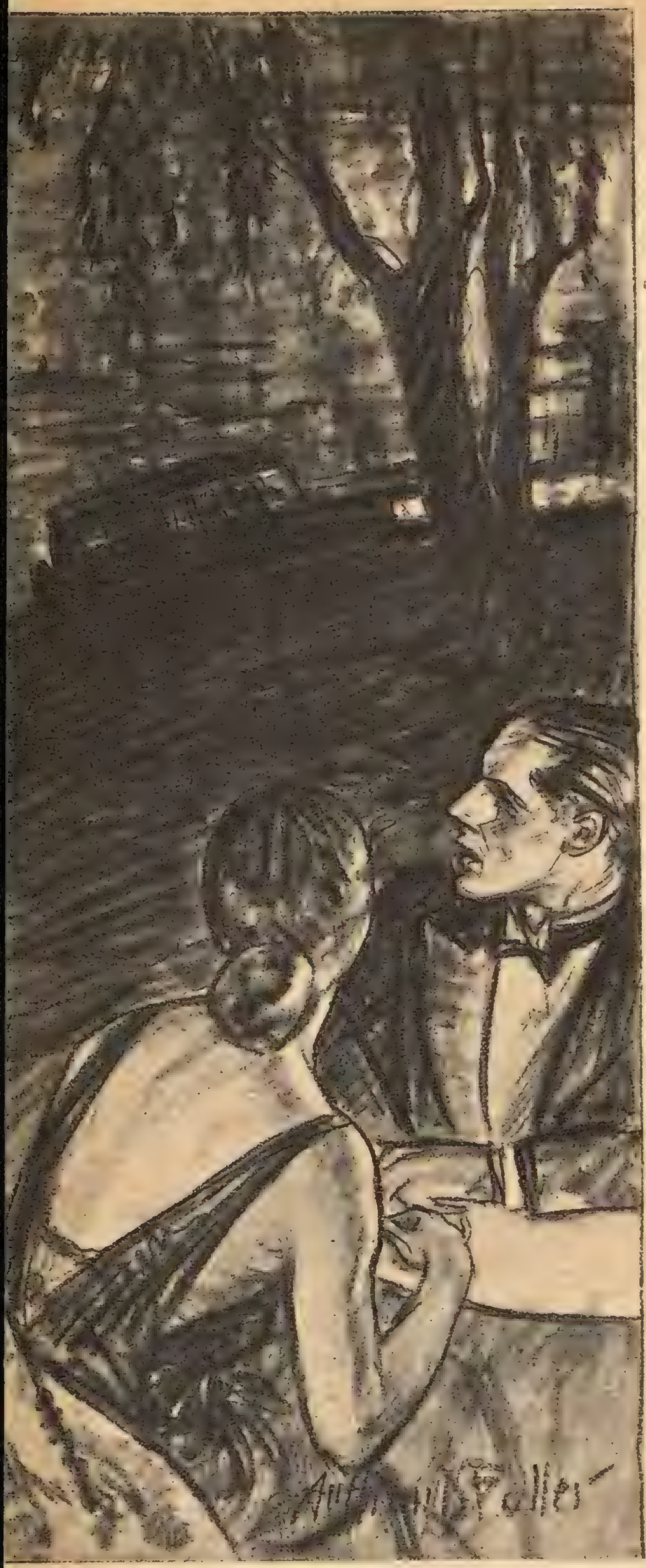
"We're not. How nice of you! Molly dear, I want you to meet Mr. Pryer."

A girl in debt and minus a job carelessly introduced to millions. Subtle, keen, shrewd Julia!

Sitting with Harvey on the terrace that particular summer night, she wondered how far Ray Pryer had progressed with the exquisite morsel of femininity placed in his path. The girl had not yet settled her bill, not even a small sum on account, as frequently occurred in such cases. Nor could Julia distinguish the sparkle of a single jewel. Molly looked absurdly virginal for a chorus girl dining with a millionaire.

"Wonder how she can stand that walrus." Harvey was turning to glance at them across his shoulder. "She never played round with boys his age in Boston."

The question evidently disturbed him. He flicked his cigarette over the balustrade with a gesture of disgust, muttering something which Julia's straining ears could not catch.



teps. Following her, the large
vas unmistakable.

At this silent, significant moment, a waiter came from Pryer's table and paused beside theirs:

"The gentleman would like you to be his guests."

Julia spoke quickly:

"Tell him I'm sorry, but we've finished dinner."

"Not a bit!" Harvey's chair jerked back. "Say we'll be glad to have coffee with him. No objection to having coffee on him, is there?" he put when the man had gone. "Here, waiter. Check, please."

Annoyance compressed Julia's lips. Knowing Ray Pryer, she concluded that the invitation had come through Molly's insistence. Not like him to transpose a duet of this particular type into a quartet that included anything so attractive as Harvey. Well, she'd seize the first possible chance to get the boy away.

But they had not been seated five minutes before he addressed his host with an apologetic smile:

"Wonder if you'd mind, Mr. Pryer, letting me have a dance with Molly?"

Mr. Pryer did the only thing possible—nodded. Harvey's diplomacy in referring to him placed the request on a completely inoffensive basis. Julia, however, guessed that here was her son's reason for instantly joining the others. He wanted to hold Molly. Absurd, of course, to get upset about it. Why shouldn't he?

A waltz had replaced jazz. The dance floor on the other side of long glass doors was for the moment unpopular. Conspicuously the only couple, the two glided from outside into the circle of light. Harvey laughingly pulled off Molly's hat, dropped it to a chair against the wall.

Dark smooth head bent above pale gold. Held close, with the rhythm of one being, seeming not to step but rather to drift on the tide of sound, they moved softly, intimately. In the sheer beauty of it was a strange emotional hypnosis. Murmurs came from near-by tables. Faces turned toward the dance floor. Eyelids drooped. Shoulders swayed. It drew close the whispers of tree branches, singing of waters, sighing of scented breeze. It was Lethe. It was magic.

Panic choked Julia. Fear laid fingers on her throat. If she felt the fascination, if men and women around her fell under the spell, what of those two clasped in each other's arms? What of the rhythm of life surging from girl to boy, from youth to youth?

She raised a hand dizzily to shut out the sight. It had to stop, here and now, before it could go one step further. She must put this girl out of Harvey's reach.

"Take her away," she heard herself murmuring to Pryer. "Get her out of New York."

"Don't be funny," the words fell like dry, charred wood. "She won't go anywhere with me, except to a place like this."

"Do you mean to tell me—in all these months—"

"That's just what I mean to tell you," he interrupted ruefully. "And with my family all in Europe, it's a shame, too. I'd say she was making a fool of me, only she hasn't done a thing but be sweet and entertaining and let me pay for her dinners. What's her game, do you think?"

"I don't know"—Julia's teeth clicked—"but we'll soon find out."

THE waltz melted to its final lingering breath. Spontaneous applause met the last note. It came from groups eager to sense once more the joy of perfect cadence. But Julia rose hastily.

"Gee! That was great," Harvey called, coming toward her.

The girl's eyes were kindled as if a light had suddenly been struck behind them.

"I love to dance," she sighed. "You'd think anyone who did it for a living wouldn't be so crazy about it, but I'd rather dance than eat."

"With you," Julia fancied the curved lips wanted to add, smiling up at Harvey.

Quickly she picked up bag and wrap before the boy could sit down.

"You're not leaving us so soon?" Molly's smile died. And again there came the suggestion of a swimmer beyond her depth. "Please don't go."

"I'm sorry, my dear. We must run along."

Harvey shook hands with Pryer.

"Thanks heaps. I'll do as much for you some time. Good night, Molly."

It relieved Julia's anxiety to note that Harvey appeared to dismiss the girl from his mind. On the drive home, he did not refer to their meeting, but sat silent in a corner of the car, smoking incessantly. Then, with a suddenness that took Julia completely off guard, he approached an altogether different subject.

"Mater, why did you chuck dad out of the business?"

The abrupt, direct thrust left her without words to parry.

"Did he tell you I chucked him out?"

"No. But I've been thinking a lot about it since I got home. Not a chance in the world the old man stepped down of his own accord."

Julia's breath caught.

"You're worldly enough, dear, to understand that your father would be impossible in a place like mine."

"Why? You don't have to exhibit him like those girls who float around."

There was queer crisp arraignment in the boy's tone, a demand for explanation which she could not give. How tell him that she had feared the intrusion of Victor's old-fashioned ideas upon her fruitful late afternoon parties?

"Your father's happy enough."

"He isn't."

"How do you know?" Julia was not used to contradiction. "He has everything."

"He hasn't occupation. And every man needs that. Seems to me you could manufacture a job for the poor old chap. After all, he started the business, didn't he?"

She turned away uncomfortably. Difficult to meet the appraisement in his eyes.

"My dear Harvey," she struggled to bring firmness to the words, "you must admit I'm responsible for its success."

"I admit it. And I suppose that's all that counts."

The finality of the way he said it tunneled a gap be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ON YOUR BACK
Continued from page fifteen

tween them. Abruptly he seemed miles away. Julia trembled. This was a new aspect of her son's character. He had always been so sweet, never questioning anything she did or did not do.

A moment later he was his old self, teasing her with the gayety she adored.

But for the first time in several years, Julia spent a sleepless night. With no actual basis save intuition, she blamed Molly for his antagonism. If those two had not met tonight, Harvey would not have been in the mood to criticize his mother! Of this she felt instinctively certain, and it made her no more friendly toward Molly Burke.

In the morning her plan was definitely formulated. But she waited a week before making a move. A mistake to intimate by too great haste that her request to see the girl was related to anything but business.

"I didn't want to send for you," she announced when they were seated in her private office and the door closed. "I try to be lenient toward girls in your position. But it's six months now and I must have your account settled."

"Julianne—I can't! If you'll just wait until fall, I'm promised a part. But the show won't go into rehearsal until August. You know I'll pay you something on account the minute I have a cent. I went drunk, Julianne, buying clothes. I hadn't any right to. But if you'll just be lenient—"

Julia did not flicker an eyelash. The eyes that held Molly's had the cold, hard surface of a stone rubbed smooth.

"I must have half, at least, by the first of the month."

"You might as well ask me for the Woolworth Building," the girl choked.

"Get the money somehow. I've got to pay my bills. I can't run my business on the thousands owing me."

"You think I don't know it! You think I haven't made myself sick, worrying about the whole thing? But what am I going to do? I'm broke."

"YOU little fool!" struck out Julia sharply. "What are you doing running round with Ray Pryer and getting nothing out of it?"

Molly's eyes brimmed.

"I'm getting as many dinners as I can without having to pay for them. I know I'm a fool," she added unsteadily. "Lots of girls would have diamonds by this time. But I can't, Julianne. I just—can't."

Julia stared through her.

"You should have considered that before you ordered clothes you couldn't pay for. It's just as unscrupulous—stealing money out of my pocket. More unscrupulous. Pryer can afford to give you all you want and not miss a penny. I can't."

"Do you want me to borrow the money from him?"

"I don't care how you get it. I must have sixteen hundred and fifty dollars by the first of next month. And the rest by the first of August."

"Julianne, won't you please give me a little more time? I'll be able in the fall, I know—"

"I can't afford to. Sixteen hundred and fifty by July first—"

"Don't say it again! Don't!" Molly clapped hands over her ears. "I've been saying it in my sleep. You'll drive me crazy."

"If I have to go into court with this thing," Julia pursued, "I'll get judgment, of course. And a lien on your salary when you do land a job will mean that you won't have a cent in the world until this debt is paid up."

The girl flung out her hands as though to prove their emptiness and went blindly toward the door. Watching her go, Julia experienced no compassion. She was fighting for something too vital to be concerned with the misery of a little dancing coryphée. She was fighting for the security of Harvey's future, for the realization of her dreams.

On the twenty-ninth of June, Molly Burke appeared and handed her sixteen hundred and fifty dollars in cash.

Julia glanced at the white face, deep circles under the eyes, the pinched look of fright. And glanced away. What business was it of hers what Molly had gone through?

"I'll have the rest by the first of next month," came quietly.

WITH nothing more than a brief nod, Julia turned to lock the money in a drawer. She wanted to terminate the interview without asking questions.

At five o'clock the following afternoon, just as she was about to leave for home, Harvey came up the gray velveted stairs.

It had been a sweltering day, very little doing at the shop. Julia, standing before a mirror in the large salon with hopeless efforts to make dabs of powder stick to her nose, did not hear the approaching footsteps. When the boy spoke, he startled her.

"Well—I chucked my job today."

The hand holding the puff went slowly downward, much as a piece of mechanism moves, through no power of its own. The blank look so expressive of terrific shock seized her features viselike.

"It was a question of that or being fired," he hurried on. "I simply made the goal first."

"What's—happened?" Julia heard her voice like a distant foghorn. "What—how could you do such a thing?"

"Well, you see—I biffed my boss in the jaw last night. You'd hardly call that good business ethics."

Julia sat down slowly.

"Please—explain."

"Sorry"—he went to her, took the hand still holding the puff in both of his—"awfully sorry, old sweetie. But it couldn't be helped. I dropped in at Molly Burke's flat last night unexpectedly and found him there. He"—Harvey paused, fumbling for words—"he was making things damned uncomfortable for her."

"But what business was it of yours?"

"Any man would have knocked him down!" His head went up defensively. The gaze meeting hers was clear as crystal. "He's a swine."

Julia's voice leaped hotly from her then.

"That's ridiculous! Ray Pryer's a gentleman. If you found him at Molly's flat, he's probably been welcomed there before. You came along, and she played the maiden in distress. I didn't think my son could be taken in so easily."

Harvey continued to stare. His clasp loosened, dropped away.

"What have you got against Molly Burke?" he asked very low.

"Not a thing—not a thing," she came back stridently. "She's no different to me from any other chorus girl who buys clothes here and has some man pay for them."

For a second he stood ominously still. Then he turned without a word and started for the stairs.

"Harvey!" Julia was on her feet, following, catching his arm, drawing him back into the room. "I didn't mean that. You've upset me so, I don't know what I'm saying."

"Sorry," was all he said.

"It was a dreadful thing for you to do. Won't you go to Mr. Pryer? Beg his pardon?"

"Certainly not."

"But he's not only your employer. He's my friend."

"Sorry—it can't be helped. The thing's done. I wouldn't go back to work for him if it was the last job on earth."

"Will you please tell me how the row happened?"

"I can't talk about it."

"Please—just some idea."

"Oh, what's the use? You wouldn't understand."

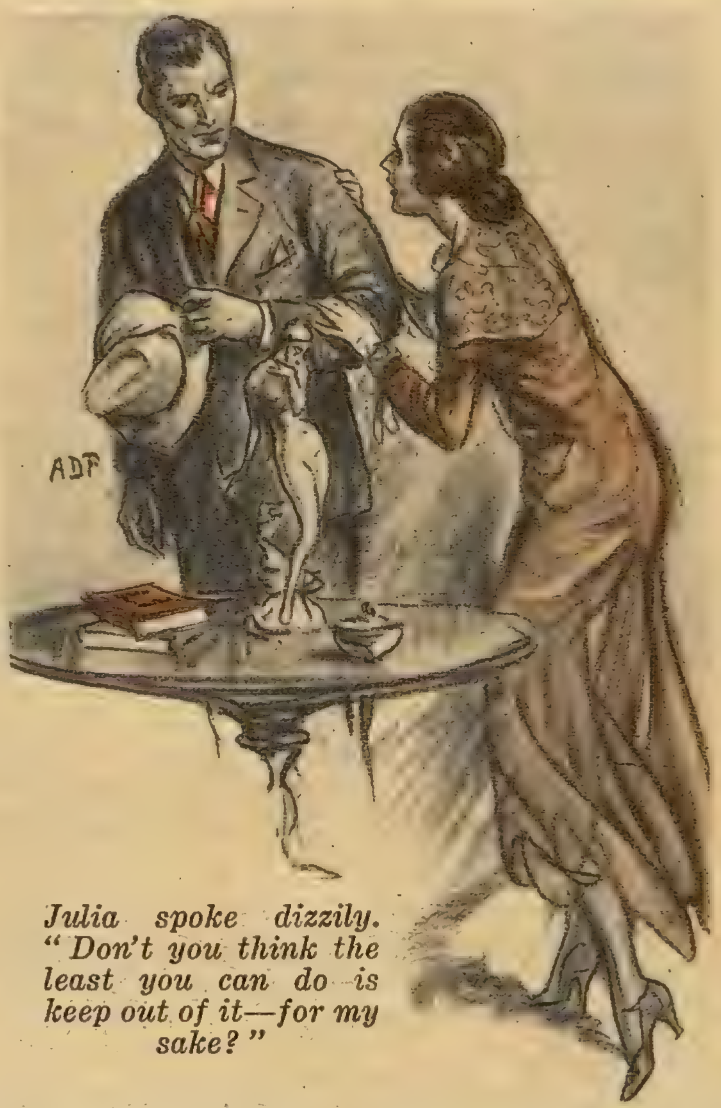
"Harvey!"

"It's true. You'd blame Molly. And she's just a reckless foolish kid."

"No, I won't. I promise. Please, boy, don't hurt me—"

"I don't know anything, except that she was stony broke, absolutely up against it. She told me that much after he left. He loaned her fifteen hundred dollars or so just a few days ago, and thought that gave him the right"—he broke off curtly. "Fifteen hundred dollars—less than fifteen cents to him. Wish to God she'd come to me!"

Julia's eyes closed. Of course, she'd known it, known from the moment he made his announcement that somehow this thing would curl back to herself, would pivot round in a hideous circle like a snake swallowing its tail.



Julia spoke dizzily. "Don't you think the least you can do is keep out of it—for my sake?"

"I'd have got the money for her," Harvey was saying. "I'll get it for her now—to pay him back."

Julia spoke dizzily.

"Don't you think the least you can do is keep out of it—for my sake? Don't you owe me that much?"

"Your sake?"

"I begged this position from Pryer. He did it for me—through friendship. I did it for you—through love."

"I know. But, mater—you can't see—"

"I see—more than you know. You've done a terrible, a humiliating thing to me. Harvey—please, please promise you'll consider my wishes now."

Tears welled into her eyes. How many years was it since she had cried? She couldn't remember. They felt strange, streaking down her powdered cheeks.

"Harvey?"

"I can't. I'd be all kinds of a swine not to stand by Molly now. The poor kid's frantic. She only borrowed the money from Pryer because some rock-ribbed creditor was dunning her within an inch of her life. And they're after her for the rest of what she owes—the dirty pigs!"

"But if I promise you—" Julia caught herself up with swift, hysterical caution. "If I give her the money! I'll have her round here the first thing tomorrow morning and advance her anything she needs. I'll be her friend. Harvey, I'll look after her—"

"But you don't like her. I know you don't."

"I'll do it for you."

To win him back! To keep him from the danger of playing sentimental savior to Molly! In the morning, alone with the girl, she could handle this situation coolly, with all her old acumen, find some way to accomplish a definite separation. But tonight she must placate her boy, must reëstablish confidence. Tonight she must pull him into her arms again.

"HARVEY, leave it to me." And to meet his continued silence, "You trust me that much, don't you?"

"Sure! Just let me phone Molly that everything's going to be all right."

"No, Harvey!"

"Why?"

"Because I'd rather not."

"Why?"

His brows came together. Puzzlement and a touch of calculation were concentrated under them. He turned, went deliberately to the telephone hidden behind a silver lacquer screen.

Julia started toward him, then stopped. Well, why not? What matter if he did reassure the girl?

He called Molly's number. The sweltering stillness of the room thumped the sound into Julia's brain.

"Molly? . . . Yes, Harvey. Want to see you for a few minutes. . . . Just a few. . . . Please. . . . Be with you right away."

"I didn't like to tell her over the phone," he explained. "She'll feel better the other way."

"Harvey, dear—"

"Please don't try to stop me. I've got to see her." This time their eyes did not meet. He picked up his hat, turned, and walked away. "I won't be long—but don't wait here. See you later."

Julia, standing helpless, watched him go down the stairs and out of sight.

She went home and waited. Harvey did not come. Somehow she had known he wouldn't. Toward eleven she telephoned his hotel. No answer from his room. She began to reason with herself. . . . There was nothing to worry about—absolutely nothing. Then she telephoned Molly's flat. Again no answer. Of course, they'd gone out to dinner—probably driven up the road somewhere.

BUT attempts at the calm control habitual with her were useless. She could not even go to bed. Victor, seeing the light under her door, knocked to ask anxiously:

"You sick, Jule?"

"No."

"What's wrong? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. It's too hot to sleep."

The woman who had forgotten to wash her tear-streaked face sat beside an open window, watching the gradual light of dawn point out glittering jars and perfume bottles, all the aids to beauty that littered the glass top of her dressing table.

She was still sitting there when her maid, who came each morning, brought in a letter.

"By special messenger, madam. Is there any answer?"

Julia did not need to glance at the handwriting on the envelope. Almost before the hastily scribbled words of the letter itself were actually read, fear wrote them for her:

DEAR MOTHER,

When you receive this, Molly and I will be married. I'm sorry it had to be done this way, but under the circumstances any other way was out of the question. Molly wouldn't tell me until tonight who's been pressing her for the money; not until I gave her the glad news that you were going to advance it. Then she laughed. I don't wonder.

We're going away for a week. When we get back, we begin an engagement as a dancing team at the new Gaiety Night Club. The management was after me at college, but I turned them down—didn't think you'd like me to do it.

The Club will be very exclusive—the last word in swank. We're starting at five hundred a week. So Molly's debt to you ought to be wiped out in no time.

I couldn't make that much money selling bonds. Anyway, they're out of my line. This will be fun—and that's what life should be.

We're terribly happy. Molly's the sweetest kid in the world. And it's all due to you. Funny, how things work out.

Give my love to Dad—I know he'll love my girl.

HARVEY.

"Any answer, madam?" repeated the maid.

"No answer," said Julia.

THE END

If You're Thinking of FLYING—

The City of Los Angeles on its maiden flight, with Lindbergh at the controls.

A Search for the Facts About Safety in the Air

By

LORIMER HAMMOND

A COWBOY celebrity boarded a New York passenger plane bound for the west. The star I refer to is famous for his rope twirling, his gum chewing, his grin, and his wisecracks. He also shines as a booster for air travel. He flies often and far—despite the fact that his zest for flying is not shared by his stomach.

"You'll be O. K. this trip," the pilot assured him. "No danger of airsickness on a calm day like today."

"Listen, friend," drawled the sagebrush philosopher. "When we get up there in the clouds, if we're half as sure about everything else as we are about me being sick, we'll be sitting pretty."

Waggish or not, that remark goes straight to the heart of the touchiest problem prospective air travelers now have to contend with. How much can any of us be sure about—when we get up there in the clouds?

With thirty-one air transport lines expanding their passenger business by every legitimate method known to the arts of publicity; with irresponsible hangers-on adding their ballyhoo; and with government policy more or less arranged to defeat adverse criticism—how far can we actually trust all this air-mindedness of ours?

What about the accidents we see reported time and again in the newspapers? Are such stories exaggerated? Is air travel really safe? How safe?

It would take a regular cowboy Diogenes to rope the whole truth and nothing but the truth out of the thundering herd of pros and cons. Here are some of them:

In a New York skyscraper, not far from the Grand Central Station, a bureau has been established where flights may be booked over any air line in the United States. The manager meets prospective air travelers as a specialist. He answers inquiries, he gives advice—he sells tickets. Putting myself in the shoes of someone desiring to be an air tourist yet feeling a little nervous, I called on this gentleman recently and asked him, man to man, how safe he really considers passenger flying to be.

"I believe it is the safest means of motor travel we

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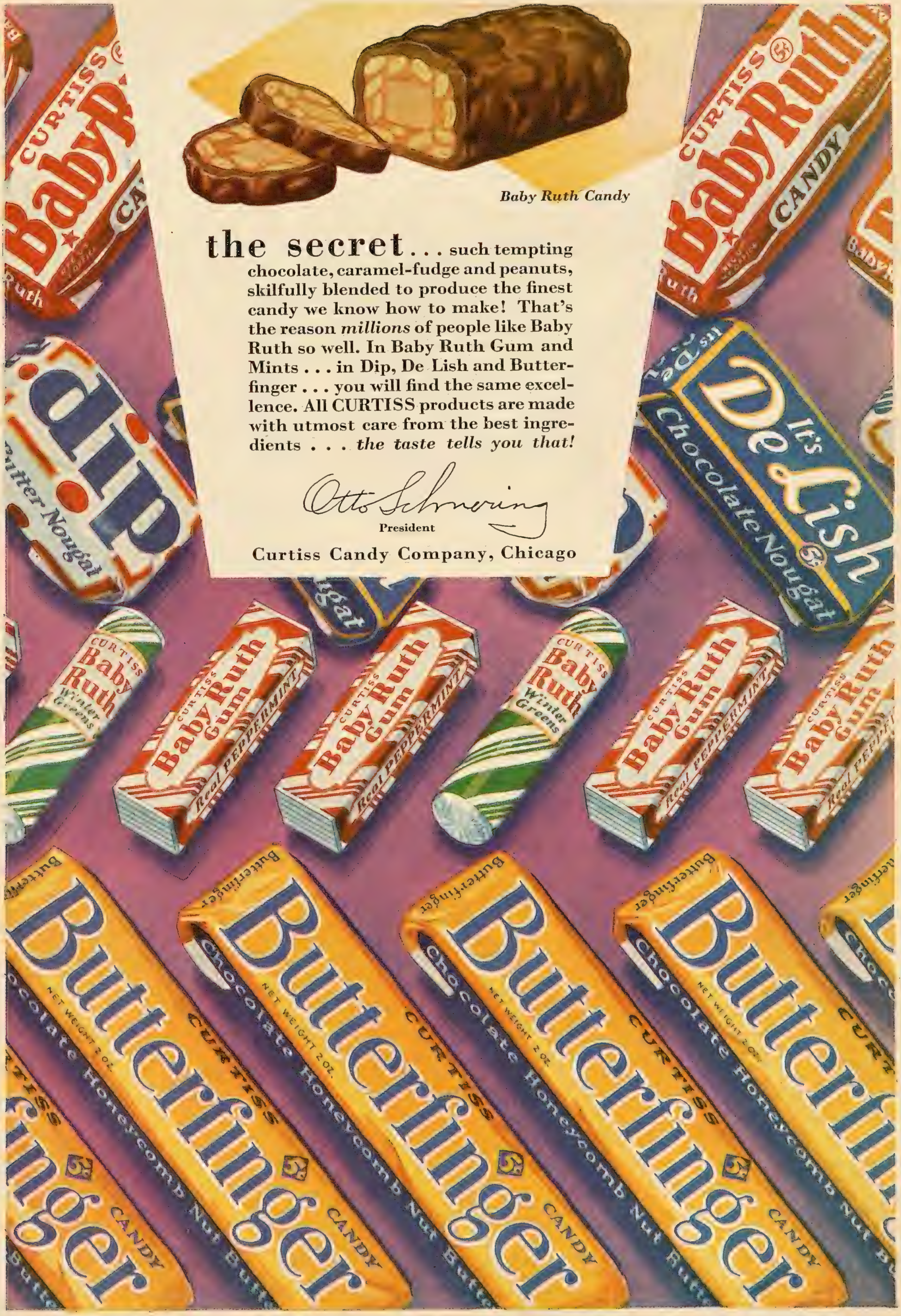

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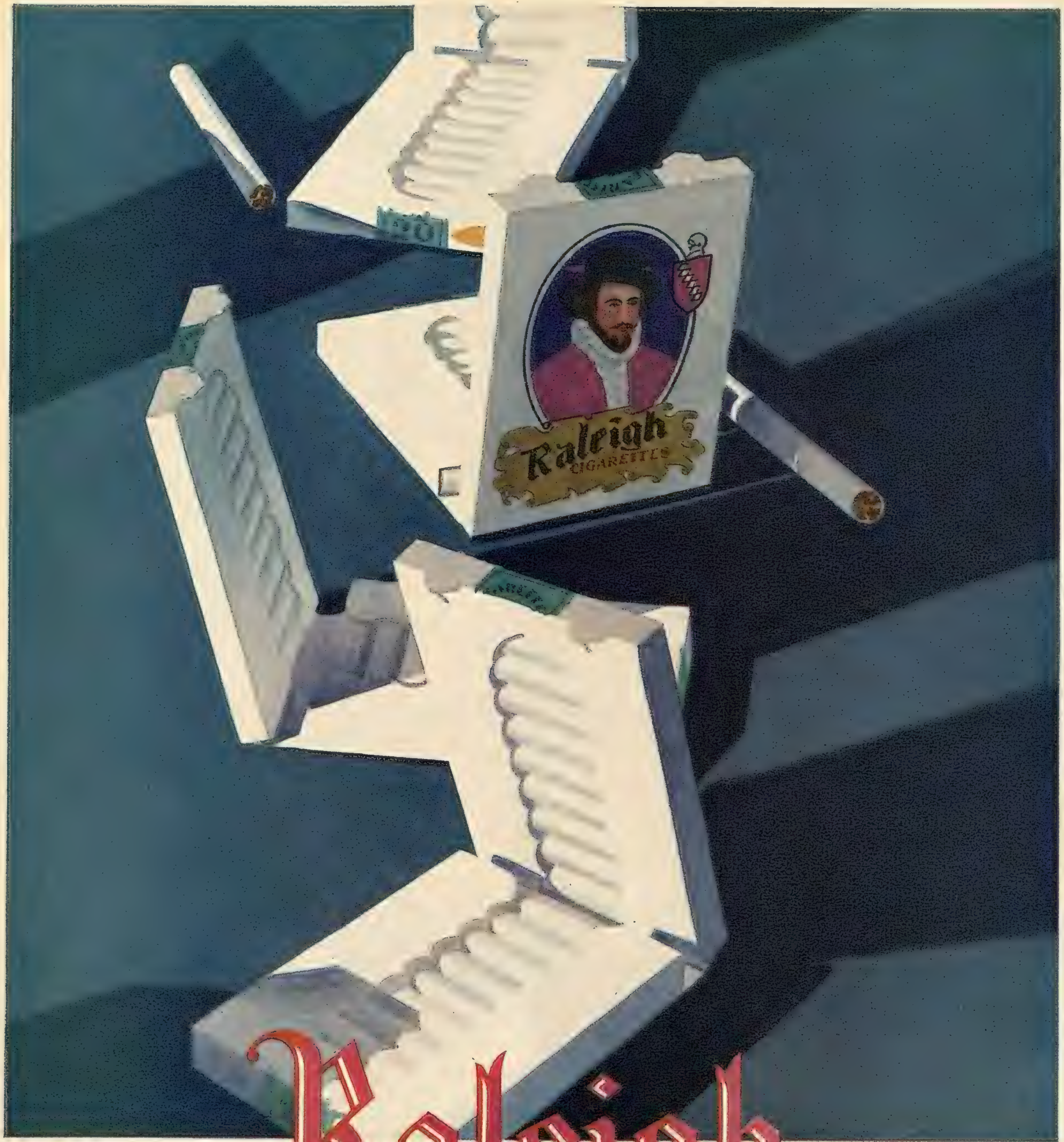

(PLAIN OR TIPPED)

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

have today," he answered without a moment's hesitation. "As far as accidents are concerned, I would rather travel by airplane than by train or automobile."

So that's what he tells the customers.

Next I solicited the opinion of an air-mail pilot whose flying experience has been particularly long and distinguished. I chose him because he happens to be one of the picked veterans now giving after-dinner speeches and radio talks on the subject. He too considers air travel very much safer than train riding or automobiling.

"Remember the Vestris!" he exclaimed. Whereupon he proceeded with the utmost conviction to teach me why airplanes must be safer than ocean liners.

And that's what he tells the world.

Now tune in on my third interview. The man I quote next is no unfriendly critic of aviation. He is no alarmist, no stranger to the achievements, hopes, and realities of transport flying. He's in the air industry too—not as a pilot or a ticket jobber, but higher up.

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The Aircraft Accident Board of the Department of Commerce. From left to right, Earle R. Strong, Pendleton Edgar (chairman), E. P. Howard, Elmer McD. Kintz, Kenneth M. Lane; and in the back row, James L. Kinney and Dr. L. H. Bauer. Among them are two pilots, a flight surgeon, an engineer, a lawyer, and a statistician.

His name is Colonel Paul Henderson. As Second Assistant Postmaster General he directed the reorganization of our air-mail service in 1923. As executive vice-president both of the National Air Transport line and of the Transcontinental Air Transport system, he now manages two of the busiest commercial airways in the country. What he has to say comes from the top. When I asked Colonel Henderson, "Is passenger flying as safe as they claim?" this is what he told me:

"Those who claim that airplane travel is just as safe today as travel by railroad, automobile, or steamship are either overenthusiastic or they are misinformed.

"Certainly there are people who exaggerate the safety of flying. Aviation has its fanatics. You might call some of our best transport pilots slightly unbalanced on the subject. They get that way because the technical problems they encounter absorb them so intensively. They talk nothing but aviation, read nothing but aviation, think nothing but aviation. In one way this is beneficial, in another way it is not. At any rate, air transport is an industry, not a religion.

"It seems silly to me to try to sell the public a new business of this kind without facing all the facts and without permitting all the facts to be presented."

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Colonel Paul Henderson.

FOLLOWING this direction of thought, suppose we now ask ourselves how much truth we have been told about the safety of air transportation.

Have you ever been told that only about 50 per cent of our life insurance companies care to underwrite aviation risks, and that those firms which do accept such risks demand extra-hazard premiums from policyholders who fly more than six or eight times a year?

Have you ever been told that, before leaving the ground, air passengers are obliged to sign formal acknowledgment of the fact that they do so entirely on their own responsibility, with no one to blame but themselves if anything happens to them?

Have you ever been told that air transport lines still operate as private carriers even when they form interlocking systems with railroad lines, and that they do not assume the public responsibilities borne by rail and other transport services conducted as common carriers?

Have you ever been told that for this reason—since special liability laws are not yet fixed by test and precedent—air travelers can be guaranteed little or no legal protection in case of mishap?

While these air travel truths are, indeed, seldom mentioned, do not entertain the idea that aviation promoters keep more secrets from the public in this country than elsewhere, that the best of our air transport lines are not safer than the others, or that the safety of American flying lags behind that of Europe. The contrary is the case.

BY constant safety vigilance, some of our air lines have completed five or six years of scheduled passenger service without a passenger fatality or injury.

Army and navy observers, who manage by one means or another to learn what goes on abroad, know that Europe's leading air power suffers approximately four times more accidents than ours do. And though facts concerning any particular crash are never divulged by the Aircraft Accident Board of the Department of Commerce, which investigates all civil aviation accidents for the government, it should be added that no foreign government takes the pains to collect and digest air accident data in such a thoroughly constructive fashion.

Nor does any other country maintain a high court of air judgment equaling the weight and dignity of our National Advisory Committee on Aëronautics, the members of which are all eminent scientists, engineers, admirals, and generals personally appointed by the President. Between the Accident Board and the National Advisory Committee, crash causes are analyzed, classified, and removed by corrective regulations whenever possible.

All this expertizing is immensely helpful to the future of aviation, but it does not tell us what we want to know.

Let's ask the statisticians.

There are three central sources for figures which can be used to compare the safety of railroad, automobile, and airplane travel. The Interstate Commerce Commission records all railroad data. The American Automobile Association keeps tabs on motor-car happenings. And a great deal of air transport arithmetic is worked out by the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce.

However, their totals seem to be reached by such varying factors that comparison by an outsider is difficult. In some cases, published figures appear misleading.

For instance, the annual report from the Director of Aëronautics to the Secretary of Commerce for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1928, prints on page 45 a table of airway fatalities and miles per fatality for every year since 1918. In the 1929 edition of this report the same material—partially brought up to date—appears as Table B, with no change in the figures I am about to quote.

For the year 1927 this table advertises only one passenger fatality in contract mail flying, *no* passenger fatal-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IF YOU'RE THINKING OF FLYING—
Continued from page twenty-one

ities in Post Office mail flying, and *no* passenger fatalities under the heading, Other Airway Operations.

Yet the " morgue " of any metropolitan newspaper will reveal the fact that on September 18, 1927, five passengers, including a mother and her two young daughters, were killed outright when a big Fokker monoplane, flown as a sight-seeing ship, developed engine trouble and plunged to destruction among the fruit-laden apple trees of a New Jersey farm.

That didn't count. It wasn't a scheduled airway operation. No records of such accidents appear in Department of Commerce bulletins. Yet air transport promoters use the contents of these bulletins repeatedly, setting them against railroad and automobile statistics which give accident figures en masse, irrespective of classification.

Discrepancies of this kind make it extremely difficult to estimate travel hazards. Insurance actuaries do not believe there are any accurate figures to show exactly what risk a person takes when boarding a train, an automobile, or an airplane.

Figures for 1929 not being available in full, we'll see what we can do with those of 1928.

Table B Fatalities in airway operations and airplane miles per fatality
calendar years 1918-1929

FATALITIES IN AIRWAY OPERATIONS

Calendar year	Post-office mail			Contract mail			Other airway operations		
	Miles	Fatalities		Miles	Fatalities		Miles	Fatalities	
		Pilots	Passengers		Pilots	Passengers		Pilots	Passengers
1929 (6 months)	(3)	(3)	(3)	6,379,776	6	0	(4)	3	7
1928	(3)	(3)	(3)	7,846,296	7	9	2,827,154	2	4
1927	1,320,435	1	0	4,223,142	5	1	148,076	0	0
1926	2,583,056	1	0	1,958,144	3	1	77,680	0	0
1925	2,621,758	1	0	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
1924	2,161,077	3	0	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
1923	1,870,422	5	1	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
1922	1,756,803	1	0	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
1921	1,912,733	7	2	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
1920	1,048,444	8	6	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
1919	461,295	4	0	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
1918	102,548	1	0	(5)	(5)	(5)	(6)	(6)	(6)
Total	15,758,571	32	9	20,407,358	21	11	3,052,910	5	11

1 Miles flown both in scheduled operations and in ferry, test, and other nonscheduled flights.
2 Miles flown in scheduled operations, not including ferry-test, or other nonscheduled flights.
3 On July 1 and Sept. 1, 1927, the Post Office Department turned over their operations to private contrantors.
4 No complete data available at this time.
5 No contract mail prior to 1926 save for the 2 foreign routes from New Orleans and Seattle. No casualties on either of these.
6 From 1911 to 1925 there have existed from time to time passenger lines between various points in the United States, but there is no official record of their operations.

Table B in the 1929 report of the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. The underlined figures for 1927 are those which are discussed in this article.

Civil aviation killed 368 persons that year. The number of miles flown by civil planes was 70,472,000. Dividing the number of miles by the number of deaths, we have 191,500 miles flown for every person killed. But in scheduled airway operations—that is to say, established air lines—the total number of fatalities, including airmail deaths, was only twenty-two for a mileage of 10,673,450—which averages about 485,000 miles per fatality.

Railway statistics show 6,509 persons killed during 1928, with a total of 1,122,997,000 miles traveled, making 172,530 miles per fatality. But this includes employee casualties, as well as 2,496 grade-crossing deaths.

FROM these figures it might be argued that air transportation is as safe if not safer than rail. But such a contention does not compare the number of passengers carried with the number of passengers killed.

Here again we must delve back into the past. We have no complete figures more recent than 1927. In 1927 the number of passengers who traveled by plane over scheduled airways was 8,679. Two were killed. Therefore the fatality rate was one passenger killed for every 4,339 passengers flown.

That same year 840,029,680 people journeyed by train as passengers. Those who lost their lives doing so totaled 102—but this last figure takes no account of the nonpassengers who were killed on trains; while again the year's gross total, 6,821, includes thousands of grade-crossing deaths and others outside a fair estimate.

Even so, the iron horse appears to have been many times safer than the airplane in 1927.

Like almost every other comparison, those offered above are subject to attack by sharpshooters on both sides of the argument. Air transport defenders may easily say that the prevalence of short-haul railway journeys makes it unfair to match that means of transportation against flying on a basis of passengers carried per fatality. On the other hand, railroad adherents can just as well contend that an unqualified miles-per-fatality comparison is also unjust, since short-haul accidents add to the death total as extensively as any other kind, while passengers generally use airplanes for long journeys.

Automobiles traveled 143,115,477,750 miles in 1928. The number of deaths attributable to them was 23,000. Therefore the rate of miles traveled per death was 6,222,412, which *would seem* to show automobile transportation ten or twelve times safer than flying. In giving these figures, it must be added that the passenger fatalities are not separated from the pedestrian fatalities.

ON one point the statistical proof is certain. When flying throws you it throws you hard. Automobiles injure thirty persons for every one they kill, trains cause thirteen injuries per fatality, but in air accidents the hurt outnumber the dead by only two to one.

An air transport operator who prefers to remain incognito has suggested that the fairest estimate may be reached by comparing the performance and the accident history of one particular airway service to those of one particular train service.

Because the " Century " express between New York and Chicago and the T. A. T. (Transcontinental Air Transport) line are both well known and have each had one major accident in recent years, they were suggested as suitable for such a comparison. On September 3 last, the T. A. T. air liner City of San Francisco crashed at Mount Taylor, New Mexico, killing eight passengers. On December 9, 1923, two sections of the Century collided at Forsythe, New York, killing eight passengers also. T. A. T. performs approximately 9,600,000 passenger miles per year. The Century does about 200,000,000 passenger miles. Carrying our figures out to cover the six-year period involved, 1923-29, we can credit T. A. T. with 7,200,000 miles per fatality, and the Century with 150,000,000.

This calculation gives railroad travel a safety factor between twenty and twenty-one times greater than that of scheduled transport flying over an established air line.

No doubt every word and every figure you read here will be contested by some air transport enthusiast. The flying fans are rigid protectionists. They accuse newspaper editors of playing up aviation accidents in an unduly sensational style. They want all the publicity they can get—but not that kind.

Such charges against the press come from every department of the air industry, including the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. Go to depart-

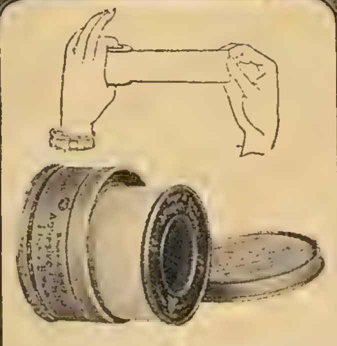
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Authorized to save a life ...but not to send a bill

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the handy package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent.

BAUER&BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

Gauze Bandage
2½



BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

BAUER & BLACK Blue-jay Corn Plasters. For over thirty years the standard corn remover

A CRASH at the corner. A gathering crowd. Somebody hurt. "Take her in there!" . . . "In there" is the drug store.

The Druggist is not a physician. But because he has been carefully educated in many of the things the physician must know, he is authorized *by law* to administer first aid when immediate medical attention cannot be had.

He is not allowed to take pay for this. Nor does he want to. It is not his business—the public interest forbids any division of the physician's burden of responsibility. The Druggist is merely performing one more phase of the endless service that we have come to expect of him. How constantly we use this service! How seldom we pay for it even in thanks!

Every community breathes more easily because there is a Druggist at the corner. And there is an added assurance, full of comfort, in the fact that on his shelves are the trusted products of Bauer & Black, America's foremost producer of sterile surgical dressings — an institution identified these thirty-five years with a high and unbending standard of quality.

Sterile gauze and cotton, adhesive plaster, mercurochrome swabs and bandages —these are only a few of the many invaluable Bauer & Black articles that your physician approves and your Druggist keeps ever ready for your call.

BAUER & BLACK Pal Athletic Supporters give protection and de luxe comfort at work or play

BAUER&BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

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DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
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IF YOU'RE THINKING OF FLYING—
Continued from page twenty-two

ment officials for statistics, charts, and booklets from which to boost air travel, and you can stagger away with a truckload. Go to them for detailed information concerning accidents, and you'll get the gate.

For example, take the nine cases listed by the Accident Board as the major crashes of recent years. All have been investigated officially, their causes determined as nearly as possible, and certain recommendations made for the increase of safety. Yet for publication no facts save the date, place, and number of persons killed are available from the Department of Commerce. If you wish further facts, you will be obliged to trust the newspapers.

I have already mentioned the crash of the Fokker sightseeing ship in which five passengers met death, in September, 1927; and that of the City of San Francisco.

Here are the other eight accidents listed as major crashes by the Department of Commerce:

On September 4, 1928, a Universal Fokker monoplane flying mail and passengers was wrecked, making a forced landing near Pocatello, Idaho. Five passengers, including a woman, a six-year-old boy, and an eighteen-months-old baby girl, were fatally injured. The pilot was a veteran of ten years' flying experience.

On December 1, 1928, Homer D. Ballard, his pilot, his mechanic, his Filipino cook, and his chauffeur were burned to death when Ballard's Sunbeam plane fell in flames. The accident occurred in Texas. Ballard was president of the Denver Air Line.

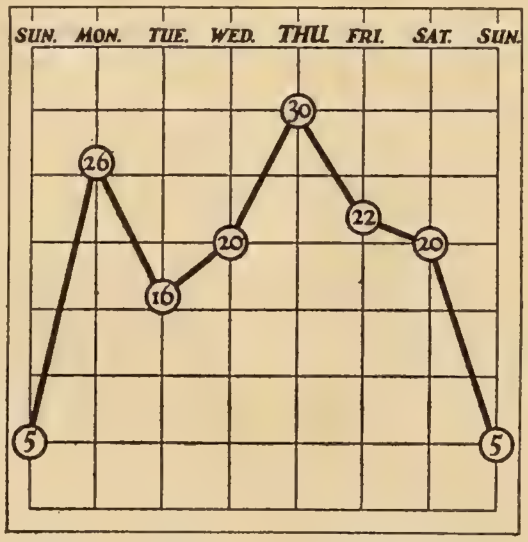
Five passengers were burned almost beyond recognition on December 23, 1928, when a six-passenger cabin monoplane operated by Interstate Air Lines, Inc., between Atlanta, Georgia, and Chicago, crashed.

On March 22, 1929, three employees of the Curtiss Aviation Corporation and one commercial passenger were lost at sea while attempting to fly from Norfolk, Virginia, to Curtiss Field, Long Island.

On March 25, 1929, a monoplane en route from Columbus, Ohio, to New York, crashed in dense fog at Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania, killing three.

At San Diego, California, on April 21, 1929, an army plane collided with a large passenger plane bound for Phoenix, Arizona. The collision occurred at 2,000 feet. Six died, including two girl passengers.

On March 17, 1929, in a big trimotored Ford, thirteen passengers started from the Newark Metropolitan Airport on what was to have been an aërial sight-seeing trip over the Manhattan theatrical district. Crippled, apparently by engine trouble, the plane dove into a steel freight car on the Newark meadows. All thirteen passengers were killed. Lou Foote, the pilot, was a flyer of ten years' transport experience.



The mysterious "Thursday jinx" in flying, as shown on a Navy Department chart of accidents per week days.

ANOTHER giant trimotored Ford carried four to their death at Spokane, Washington, on November 23, 1928. The occupants of the plane were returning from an air carnival at Colfax, Washington. When a sudden fog developed, Williams, their pilot, dove earthward through a rift in the mist, but the fog closed up too quickly.

The disaster near Newark remained the worst in the history of American transport flying until January 19 of this year, when fourteen passengers and two pilots lost their lives as a trimotored Ford crashed and burned in an attempted landing at Oceanside, California. The plane was returning to Los Angeles from Agua Caliente, Mexico. Motorists saw it flying low, apparently in trouble for which a squall has been blamed. Suddenly it came down, plowed the earth a hundred yards, and with a loud explosion burst into flames, in which all on board perished.

In Washington, two weeks after the crash of the City of San Francisco, Senator Bratton of New Mexico introduced a Senate resolution calling for open publication of all facts discovered about this tragedy by the Department of Commerce Accident Board.

No action was taken. Senator Bratton's resolution was successfully contested by Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, and was shelved. In the House of Representatives nine days later, Congressman John L. Cable of Ohio went a step further. Congressman Cable introduced a bill which, if passed, would take the control of transport flying away from the Department of Commerce and give it to the Interstate Commerce Commission, making interstate air lines (practically all of them come under this classification) subject to the same government rules applied to railroads and other common carriers.

This project has strong champions and opponents.

FRIENDS of the plan declare that uniform laws must be applied to commercial flying before that industry can develop as a real public convenience. Senator James Couzens, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, is said to be not unfavorably inclined toward the idea. Among the theories less openly discussed by those who mean to continue this project in the Senate and the House is the suggestion that eastern railway companies may be financing associate air lines in order to penetrate new western territory which would ordinarily be closed to them under the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Enemies of the scheme say the air transport industry would be cramped and crippled by such control during this formative period of its growth. The rate fixing and competition restricting regulations imposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission would, they assert, benefit the large established air lines at the cost of those which are now struggling for a foothold.

There you have the line-up according to both sides.

Army and navy experience offers few statistics of value to an estimation of safety in civil transport flying. Maneuvers in formation, combat practice, weather hazards at sea, and the difficulty of landing on carrier ships, raise dangers to an abnormal degree. Worth noting, however, is the fact that both army and navy find about 50 per cent of their crack-ups due to pilot errors. The Accident Board of the Department of Commerce attributes a similar proportion of crashes in civil flying to the same cause.

Navy practice contributes one interesting suggestion for increasing the safety of long-distance ocean flying. Fleets of twelve, sixteen, or eighteen large seaplanes fly together when the navy undertakes voyages of this nature. When trouble forces one plane down, two others go along with her for assistance or rescue. If transoceanic air travel ever does become practical, it will be achieved, in navy opinion, by adopting this fleet system, which greatly lessens the perils of sea flying.

Navy experts are also the discoverers of the mysterious "Thursday jinx." From records covering an eight-year period, they have discovered that for their airmen Thursday is the unluckiest day in the week. For no reason which they are able to learn, accidents occur on Thursday with peculiar frequency.

They account for the prevalence of Monday crashes by blaming the proverbial "Monday blues," and in civil aviation the heavy week-end air traffic makes Saturday and Sunday crashes numerous. But why so much trouble in the air on Thursday?

However, the Department of Commerce does not believe in telling all it knows about flying accidents. The department has its reasons. They are explained here in a statement prepared for Liberty by William P. MacCracken, former Director of Aëronautics. Mr. MacCracken resigned from that post on October 1, but Major Clarence Young, who succeeds him, has assured the writer that no change in the department's policy is contemplated. Mr. MacCracken's statement applies to the present and the immediate future as well as to the past. He says:

Accidents in civil aviation are investigated by the Department of Commerce to gain information which may increase the safety of flying—not to fix responsibility for individual accidents.

The aim is to determine, in the interest of public safety, whether existing air regulations should be amended, whether changes in the administration of existing air regulations should be made, and what additional aids to air navigation may be furnished by the Federal government.

The policy of the Department of Commerce not to make public the reports of its investigators, or the findings of its Crash Board concerning the circumstances of individual accidents, is based upon various grounds:

(1) The exact causes of such accidents are frequently difficult to determine. Often no eyewitnesses can be found. When eyewitnesses are obtained, in the majority of cases such witnesses do not possess sufficient knowledge or experience of aviation to give trustworthy descriptions of what they have seen. Their view of the accident has usually been from a distance too great to insure accurate vision. Under these conditions, findings by the investigators of the Department of Commerce in each case are not as accurate as we should like them to be if they were to be made public. And yet . . . they do serve our purpose in advancing safety.

(2) From pilots and from employees of aviation companies involved, the investigators for the Department of Commerce can obtain more complete and more accurate statements concerning accidents if such persons know that their statements will not be made public. Pilots and aviation employees might hesitate to supply full information if, through open publication, they ran the risk of becoming involved in civil suits for damage brought against them or their companies.

(3) Members of the Aircraft Accident Board which conducts investigations of all civil aviation accidents for the Department of Commerce might, it is believed, be hampered in making their decisions if they knew such decisions were to be made public. They would be inclined to resolve doubt in favor of the pilot, and their findings under the headings "unknown" and "doubtful" would have a tendency to increase, with a resulting loss to the cause of safe flying.

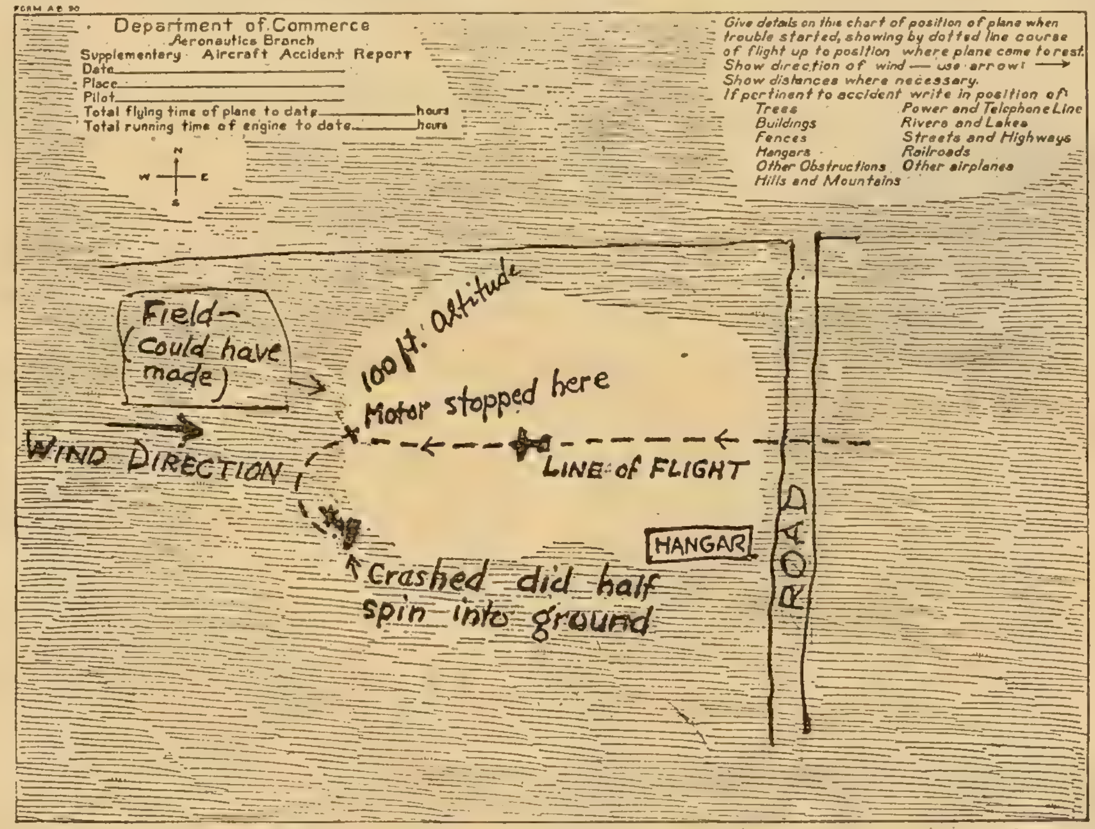
(4) Public hearings would be necessary if the results of investigations carried on by the Accident Board of the Department of Commerce were to be made public instead of being kept confidential. Such hearings would double or treble the expense of conducting those investigations, through the necessity for increased personnel and increased appropriations.

(5) If this policy were to be changed it would necessitate not only additional expense but also additional authority to compel the attendance of witnesses for the purpose of examination and cross-examination by any parties in interest.

Air transport operators are not unanimously in accord with the policy of the Department of Commerce concerning accident information. After the wreck of the City of San Francisco, the owners of the ship entered a special request asking the department to publish all its findings, but the request was refused on the grounds of irregularity.

Among the executives of the big aviation companies there is a trend of opinion which holds that while air transportation may be "in its infancy" as is so often said, it is by no means a weakling or backward child, and can very well afford to stand on its own feet as an industry.

The attitude of the larger airway operators toward safety, toward public information, and toward the future, was summed up for me by Colonel Henderson.


FORM AB 90
Department of Commerce
Aeronautics Branch
Supplementary Aircraft Accident Report
Date
Place
Pilot
Total flying time of plane to date hours
Total running time of engine to date hours
Give details on this chart of position of plane when trouble started, showing by dotted line course of flight up to position where plane came to rest.
Show direction of wind — use arrow! ⟶
Show distances where necessary.
If pertinent to accident write in position of:
Trees
Buildings
Fences
Hangars
Other Obstructions
Hills and Mountains
Power and Telephone Line
Rivers and Lakes
Streets and Highways
Railroads
Other airplanes
N
W
E
S
Field—(could have made)
100 ft. altitude
Motor stopped here
WIND DIRECTION
LINE of FLIGHT
HANGAR
ROAD
Crashed did half spin into ground

An example of the "crash maps" sketched on the scene of every accident in civil aviation by inspectors for the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. The maps are sent to the Aircraft Accident Board for record and analysis.

"IT would be criminal of us," he said, "to promote air travel under false pretenses just for the sake of making money. I could not instruct our passenger department to go on selling tickets unless I believed we had a moral right to do so.

"Now consider this: Air travel at present is less than one generation old. Remember the dangers of rail and ocean travel thirty years ago.

"All around us, the conveniences and pleasures of life are greater than they ever have been before. Rapid transit by land, water, and air has increased our profits and our opportunities to an almost immeasurable extent. It has also increased our perils.

"Most of us lead a fuller though more complicated existence than our parents led. Certainly we live faster lives—and don't forget the added kick we get out of it.

"I am forty-six years old. My father died at the age of seventy. Yet if I should be killed this week I believe the advantage, in terms of living, would be mine. I know I've already had infinitely more fun out of my forty-six years than my father had out of his three score and ten.

"To get back to the subject of flying safety, I want to say this: All the scientific knowledge we can command is being employed for the purpose of increasing the safety of air transportation. All the mental agility of which we are capable is directed toward that goal. Our results are encouraging. Improvement is constant. Danger is on the decrease. Transport flying grows steadily safer as it grows older. A certain amount of insecurity remains. That is to be expected. You can't have speed without some risk. You can't have thrills without some danger."

As Colonel Henderson describes it, the safety issue seems, at present, to be one which may be decided, for the most part, by prospective travelers themselves.

To fly or not to fly? Evidently it depends on what you want.

If safety's your deepest concern stick to Mama Earth when you do your traveling. For that matter, you'll be safer still if you don't travel at all.

But if it's speed, style, and convenience you want, with all the interesting people of this day and age for your fellow passengers, with new wealths of beauty for your eyes to admire, with a thrill or two on the way, perhaps, and with something to talk about afterward—then hop to it. Catch a plane. Up you go.

THE END

Who's Who Among the Breaking Hearts

Presenting a Group of Heroes Who Mostly Love and Forget

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The Grand Parade was written, produced, and directed by Edmund Goulding, who expertly tailored The Trespasser to fit Gloria Swanson and lift her from partial eclipse. The Grand Parade hardly can be called much of a tax upon a playwright's ingenuity, any way you look at it.

Goulding's direction isn't good, either. He overplays most of his scenes, letting little Helen Twelvetrees, who does the wistful, faithful wife, tear her scenes to emotional tatters. At that, she shines out of The Grand Parade as a young Gish-like player of promise, when she acquires dramatic reticence.

Two newcomers, Helen Twelvetrees and Fred Scott, bid for fame in The Grand Parade.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Mary Brian gives Richard Arlen a send-off in the racing-car talkie, Burning Up.

★ ★ THE GRAND PARADE

IN the modest way of Hollywood, Pathé's The Grand Parade comes heralded as a "thrilling epic of old-time minstrelsy." Actually, it is just another variation of the musical picture theme of last year: the theatrical couple headed for the matrimonial rocks because of the domestic lapses of one of the players.

This time it is a minstrel's wife who has the breaking heart. He is something of a drunkard and, more than that, he has a weakness for the improbably blonde charmer of a burlesque troupe.

The little wife is brave, steadying the great black-face tenor as much as possible. But it is not until he sees her with the Tiny Garments that he realizes—and announces his reform.

Another newcomer, Fred Scott, is the minstrel and he does little with the part.

The Grand Parade is the s'teenth talkie yarn with this plot or a variation.

★ ★ BURNING UP

This Paramount film, presenting the newly starred Richard Arlen in his electric-light début, is a pleasant enough adventure of a young racing-car driver. His duty is to make friends during his exhibition racing at country fairs. Then, when another racer pulls unexpectedly into town and challenges him, he gets the betting backing of the honest townfolk. Of course, he lets the unknown win the race—and the gang departs with the town's coin.

This time the lad falls in love with the pretty daughter of the local banker, who has bet $25,000 on him. Will he race honestly or throw the contest to the gang?

Arlen is the dare-devil of the dirt tracks and Mary Brian is the girl. They transform the picture into ingratiating entertainment with something of a punch.

★ ★ HIT THE DECK

Radio Pictures' filming of the musical comedy Hit the Deck is disappointing, I regret to report. Maybe you remember Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill in Shore Leave. Before that Frances Starr and James Rennie played this comedy by Hubert Osborne behind the footlights. Then it was the yarn of a brash young sailor who makes love to a lonely little spinster—and promptly forgets. Later, Shore Leave was built into a musical show, Hit the Deck, with tunes by Vincent Youmans. This, then, is the fourth appearance of the fable.

Hit the Deck offers, for your entertainment, June Clyde, Polly Walker, Ethel Clayton, and Wallace MacDonald.

The time, the place, the girl, and the gob: Anita Page and William Haines in a scene from Navy Blues.

Jack Oakie has the rôle of Bilge Smith, the philandering gob, and he is the best of the cast.

A young woman named Polly Walker, who has appeared in musical comedy, makes her first screen appearance as the girl. She is just fair in the part.

Hit the Deck is merely a musical show filmed with minor variations and very little screen adroitness. The song-and-dance pictures passed this milestone in their development with The Love Parade.

You will find the one-time star, Ethel Clayton, playing the minor rôle of a society matron.

★ NAVY BLUES

A gob of another color—a wise cracker—is played by William Haines in his newest Metro-Goldwyn comedy, Navy Blues. He, too, is forgetful. When a nice girl falls in love and leaves home to join him, he walks out on her. Later, he comes back, hunts up the girl, and a reunion is staged. There are sordid intimations of what has happened to the young woman in the meantime and these hardly go hand in hand with the sailor's comic antics. Haines works so hard in this film that his efforts are embarrassing, even at this distance from Hollywood.

Anita Page is the gob's sweetie.

Do you know that—

Sharon Lynn, late of the Fox Studios, and Carol Lombard, late of the Pathé forces, will be Buddy Rogers' leading women in Safety in Numbers? . . . Jeanette Loff, also late of Pathé, has been signed by Universal? . . . Dorothy Mackaill sings three songs in Bright Lights?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

(A new list for your convenience in keeping track of current offerings.)

Three stars—The Laughing Lady, Hot for Paris, Sally, The Marriage Playground.

Four stars—Lummox, Devil May Care.

Two Men

A Story of Hate

By

WARWICK DEEPING

of Surrey, England, who studied medicine to please his father and then cut short his practice by eloping with a brown-haired girl and beginning to write. He was in the medical corps at Gallipoli and in Egypt and France. Since the war he has produced many fine novels, including Sorrell & Son.

Pictures by ROBERT TODD

THEY disliked each other from the first, meeting like two dogs who growl and pass each other with bristling hair.

For in the very nature of things they were antipathetic; Garland, fair and high colored and intense, Costello, yellow and faded and complacently corrupt. Costello was some ten years older than Garland; he had been in the East, and he had come back with the East in his blood and in his skin. He drawled. He smoked innumerable cigarettes. To Garland he was somehow a thing of slime.

They met at the tennis club.

"Who's the babe in the bib?"

Costello had a scurrilous tongue, and Garland, overhearing that remark and hearing it addressed to the girl whom he wished to marry, went hot about the ears. For Garland was vexed by a youthful and impetuous awkwardness, a sensitive self-regard. He was wearing a tie, and he knew quite well that he should not have been wearing a tie, but a taffeta shirt with the collar flopping open. He had had to put on a tie and a collar because his conventional shirts were both in the wash. But after all—

He kept an eye on Costello. He had marked him down, for young Garland, unlike most of his generation, was a good hater, a lad who in the old days would have whipped out a sword and made ugly thrusts. He was high colored, and thin and long in the head, and his blue eyes would grow brittle like glass.

He asked some one about Costello.

"Who's that smeary chap?"

"That? Oh, new member. Here from India or China. Believe he's rather hot stuff."

Life, as though for the fun of it, chose to push young Garland and Costello on to a court to play singles. Costello's face and throat might be yellow, but his forearms had a kind of muddy grayness. He looked as flabby as a slug, and yet he wasn't. When in play a little satisfied smile seemed to trickle down his chin.

He took the first three games from young Garland as though he were taking candy from a child, and yet Garland rather fancied himself and was playing in the club team. He felt himself going hot about the ears. He whipped himself up; he put more sting into his drives; he rushed up to volley. But always, on the other side of the net, that other fellow with the grayish-yellow face returned his shots and beat him.

Costello's strokes were made with a kind of easy languor. Without appearing to move he was always in the right place, and from the tip of a long nose, which gave him a curiously goatlike look, the little smile seemed to trickle.

Garland knew that they were being watched; Betty Lambert was watching them. Also he knew that he was losing his temper, while knowing that he was a fool to lose it. This sniggering, complacent fellow was putting shots out of his reach, and doing it easily, and enjoying the doing of it. He would lure Garland up to the net, and then pass him down the side lines with a kind of mocking neatness.

Garland had not won a game. It was his service, and he served a stinger.

"No."

Now, Garland was quite sure that the serve had been a good one. His anger was sure of it. He paused, racket lowered, his fair head up.

"All right?"

"No, fault."

Garland glanced at the row of spectators on the green seats. His blue eyes were angry and accusing.

"No! Fault, Ronny."

It was Betty's voice and it stung him.

"Oh—all right. Sorry."

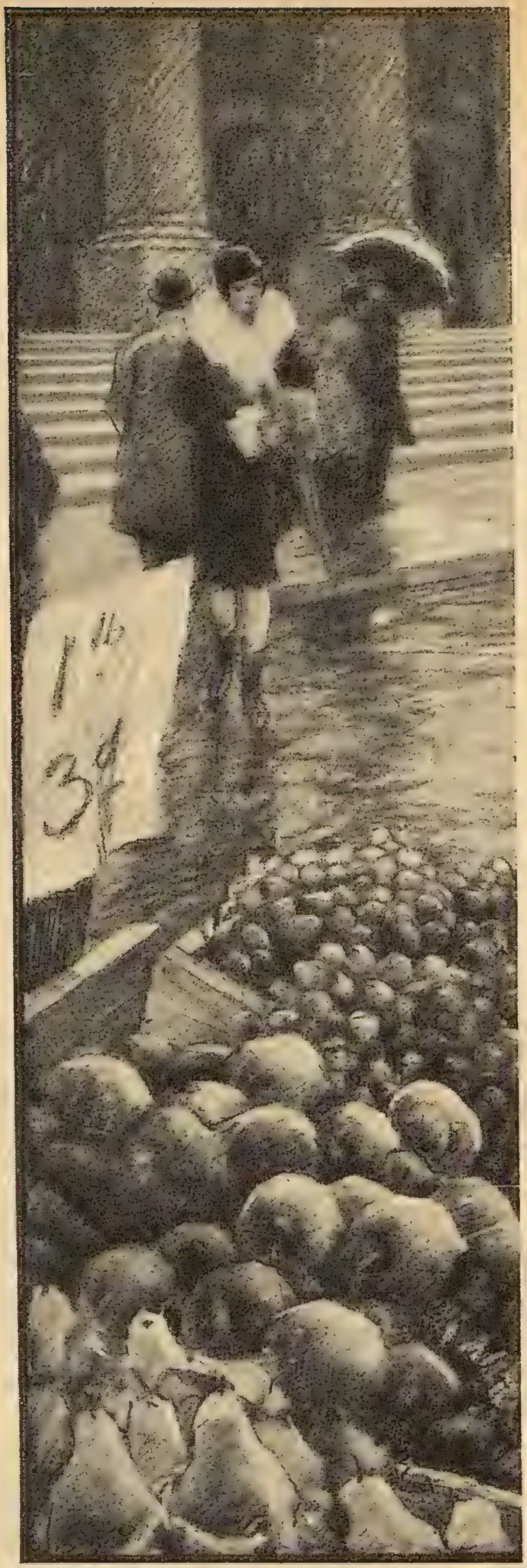
But from that moment he played atrocious and tempestuous stuff, and knew that he was doing it, and was making a nasty ass of himself, and somehow could not help it. And at the end of the affair, Costello, strolling round with his languid shuffle and picking up his coat to extract a cigarette, asked Garland for a match.

"Got a match?"

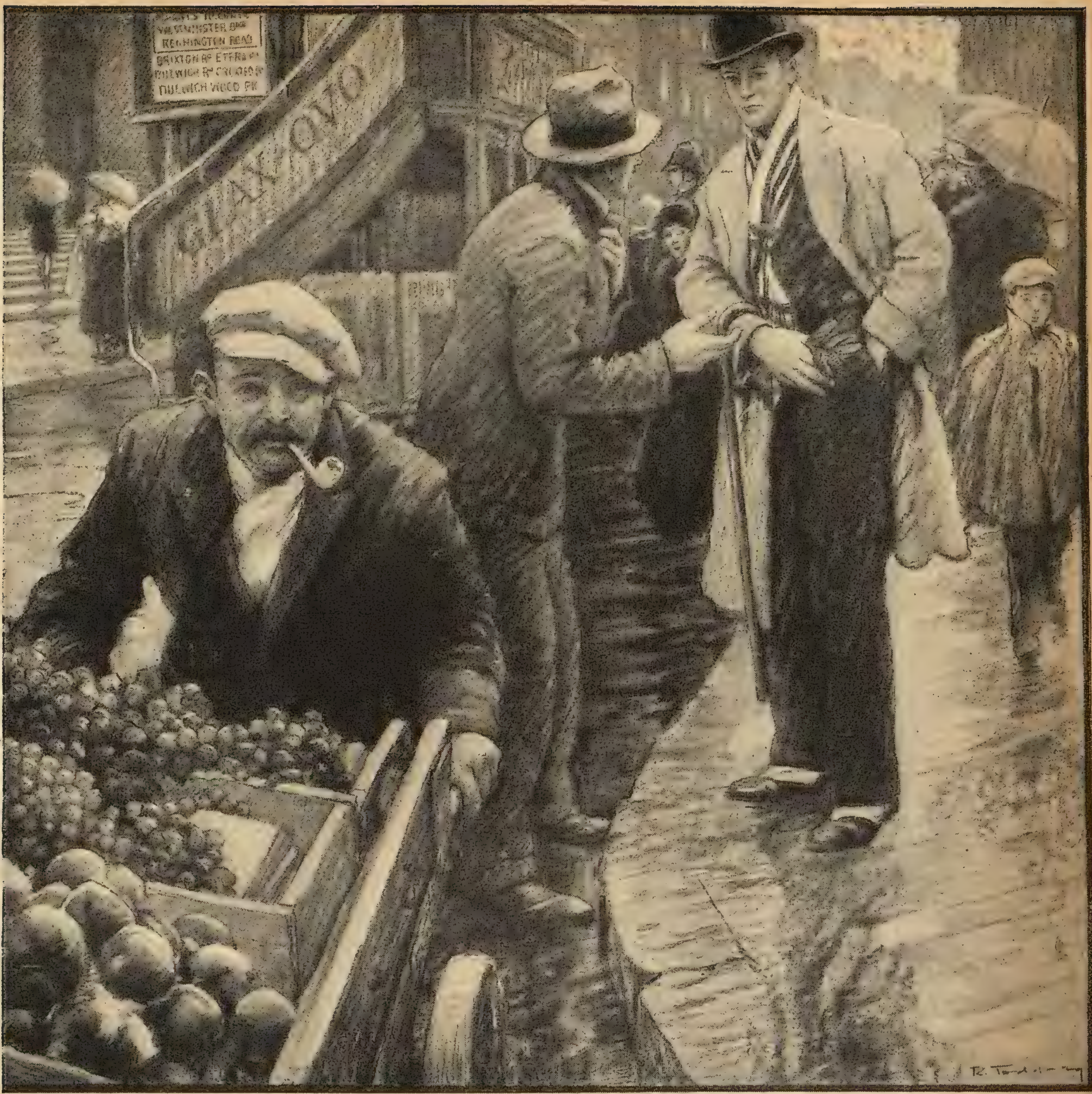
Garland, wondering at himself, produced a box.

"Here. Off my game, rather."

Costello lit his cigarette.



"Couldn't lend me a quid, could



you?" Costello's face was eager. Garland pulled out his pocketbook. "I'll give you a quid. I don't lend money."

"Your backhand grip's all wrong. Besides—you hit too soon."

Garland repocketed his matches. Damn the fellow!

They met at the club during week-ends for the rest of the summer, and nearly every week-end they played singles together, not because they liked it, but because of their mutual hate. It was a perpetual attack and repulse. Garland was most furiously urged to beat Costello at the game, but never was he able to overcome the other man's sallow complacency or to remove that little trickle of a smile. It became a joke at the club.

"Hallo! There's Garland having another shot at Costello."

Invariably he was licked, though he spent a week of his summer holiday being coached by a pro, and another week of it playing at one of the south coast tournaments. He came back in September and found Costello waiting for him, and played him and was beaten as usual.

For it was not that Garland was a poor sportsman and a bad loser. He was not. But in Costello he had come against his blood enemy, his dog with an offensive smell. He hated him, and hated him without reason. He hated Costello's trousers, his nose, his sallow skin, his smeary little smile, the way he walked, the cigarettes he smoked, the very chair he sat on. His hatred made him take Costello with a kind of frantic seriousness, whereas the rest of the club took Costello rather casually. He was disliked. He had a nasty tongue and unpleasant ways.

He was both servile and insolent. He seemed to have picked up something from the East. He was a cadger. He cadged cigarettes and matches. He would forget to pay for his tea. He never had tennis balls of his own. And having with an air of friendliness borrowed something from somebody he would go behind the lender's back and mock him.

On one of the last days, Garland, having received his usual licking, asked Costello a question in the middle of the tea room:

"I say, Costello, have you ever bought a tennis ball?"

There was a laugh, but Costello had his answer ready:

"Oh, no need. I expect the rabbit to provide the balls."

Some one gave a tug to Garland's sleeve. It was Betty

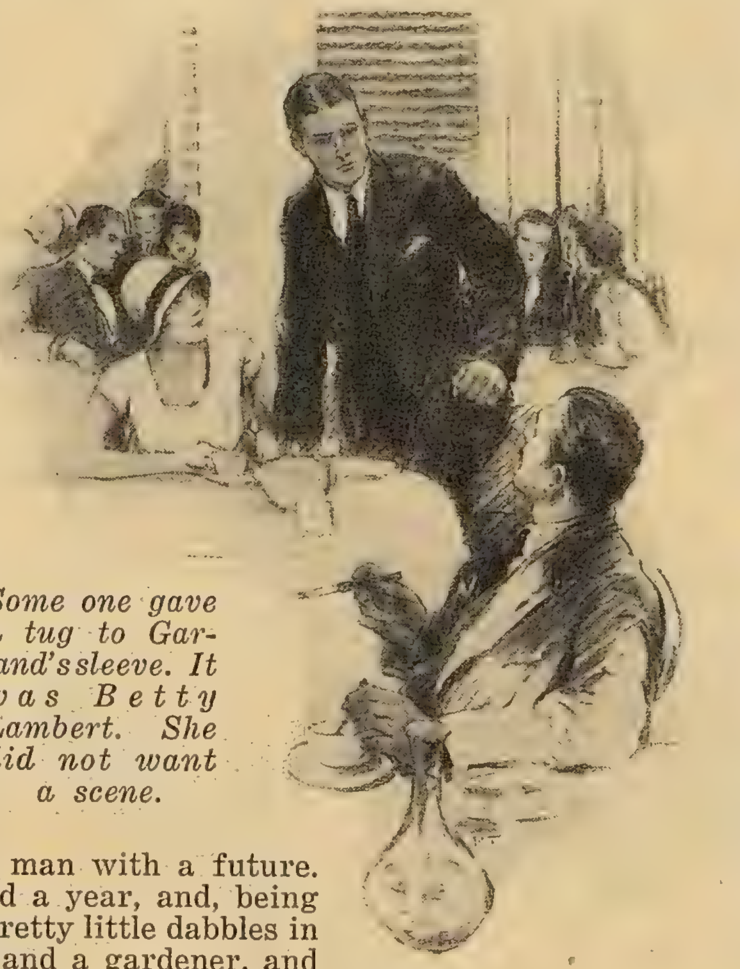
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TWO MEN
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Lambert, for there was something in young Garland's eyes that frightened her, and she did not want a scene. Scenes are absurd. They do not happen.

"Ronny—I want the cakes."

He gazed at her with a kind of blind stare, and then suddenly sat down. He had felt like going for Costello's throat.



Some one gave a tug to Garland's sleeve. It was Betty Lambert. She did not want a scene.

Another year came, but Costello had departed, leaving various unpaid bills behind him, and an unpleasant memory among the local tradesmen. He had borrowed money from his landlady, and had left her in the lurch. The club itself had some trouble in recovering one of the cups that Costello had won and held for the year. An Agag of a fellow.

And in due course Garland married his Betty, and rented a nice new house, and gave himself to gardening and domesticity. Garland was a bright lad, and a junior partner in the firm of Phips, Heath & Garland. He had character and keenness, and a flair for the particular business in which he was engaged, and since the firm prospered exceedingly, Garland prospered with it. He was a somebody on the morning train, and he traveled first, and wore spats, and was known as a warm young man with a future.

He was making his two thousand a year, and, being in the know, had opportunities for pretty little dabbles in financial ventures. He kept a car and a gardener, and two little Garlands, and had forgotten to vex himself needlessly over games. The Garlands were people. They dined and danced and bridged with the best people, but always young Garland maintained a strenuous attention to business. He was prosperous, happy, and healthy.

EVERY morning he caught the 8:57 train to Waterloo, and took the tube from Waterloo to the city. He had a walk of three or four hundred yards, and his walking was rapid and purposeful. His keen, fresh profile was turned toward the day's adventure, for his successful career was very much an adventure. He loved it; he was absorbed in it. And then, one morning, he ran up against Costello. Almost they collided on a crowded piece of pavement in Threadneedle Street.

Their eyes met, and Costello's face looked grayer and less yellow, but it wore that little trickle of a smile.

"Morning, Garland."

Something flared in Garland. He shouldered past Costello.

"Hallo! Still pothunting?"

And he passed on. But in the flash of Costello's reappearance he had realized something about the man; a shabbiness, a sickliness, a smeary, seedy surface. Costello's face was thinner; it had lost its sallow, larded complacency.

It did not occur to Garland that Costello might not have enough to eat, for that is the last thing to occur to a man whose blood is warm and who has breakfasted well and who proposes to breakfast well for the rest of his life. Garland had very definite views upon success and failure, and like most practical men he had a shrewd idea that most of the woe of the world is made for themselves by the woeful. But Costello had given him the impression of shabbiness, and he was glad of Costello's shabbiness—healthily and humanly glad about it.

He walked on to the office of Messrs. Phips, Heath & Garland with an added zest for the day's work. That smeary old cad was fulfilling his destiny, and if he fell to hunting for fag-ends instead of for cups, so much the better for civilization.

But Garland did not foresee that the meeting with Costello would be repeated. It was. Their morning time-tables were so synchronized that they happened to pass each other in Threadneedle Street three mornings out of six. And Garland found himself expecting those meetings and looking forward to them. His enemy was his enemy still, a man whom he had never had the satisfaction of taking by the throat.

He would look Costello in the face with an air of amused and casual scorn.

"Morning, Costello."

He addressed the man as he would have addressed a groom, and a bad groom at that.

"Morning, Costello."

It was the flick of a whip, a nod and a patronizing word to the shabby dog, and Garland enjoyed it, for men do enjoy such things, whatever the moralists may have to say about it. Hatred is elemental. Your enemy is not worth while unless you can trample upon him.

AS for Costello, he still wore that little smeary smile, but he wore it with a difference. It was surreptitious and a little forced, more ingratiating, less complacent. It had an edge of hunger and worry and haste. It sidled past people, and fawned on them, and was false and shameful and shameless. It was the smirk of the shabby cad and the cadger betrayed at last in the very failure of his cadging.

Garland told his wife:

"Funny thing! Met that fellow Costello looking like a bookmaker's tout. Pretty down, I should gather."

He spoke of it with pleasure. Also, he was taking pleasure in observing the details of Costello's person. He observed them minutely and with an interest that was obvious to the man observed. Costello's face was a mass of little wrinkles; his lips were pale, his teeth yellow. His hair had grown thin, and Garland could postulate a bald patch under the gray felt hat. The hat itself suggested a greasiness; it needed a new band. The fellow's soft collar was frayed. The insides of his trousers where they rubbed against his boots would be thin and shiny. The sleeves of his coat were badly wrinkled.

Pleasurable realities. Obviously Costello was not hitting the business ball very cleanly. His game was not bringing him cups, and his cadging had been found out. The world would not lend him anything on the security of that smeary smile. Excellent! Garland felt good. It was right and proper that the world should call the bluff of such creatures as Costello.

Then, one morning, Costello hesitated, smiled his smile, and stopped.

"Garland."

"Hallo."

"Still down at Malton?"

"I am."

"Tennis club still going?"

"Yes. Don't go there often. Something better to do."

"Making money?"

"Oh, plenty."

He talked down at Costello. He let his voice drop on him like coppers tossed to a street singer. He was easy and casual and successful.

"Couldn't lend me a quid, could you?"

Costello's face was gray and eager. It had no smile. Its eyes were shifty and anxious.

Garland pulled out his pocketbook.

"I'll give you a quid, Costello. I don't lend money."

"I'll pay you back."

"I don't suppose so. It's a chuck-away."

He offered Costello the note, and Costello's fingers accepted it, and something in Garland exulted. Miserable sponger! He watched Costello slip the note into his pocket. So the fellow could squirm and accept.

"Thanks awfully, old chap."

Garland's blue eyes hardened.

"You needn't call me that. I'm not charitable."

And he walked on feeling that he had left Costello in the gutter.

Again, on going home, he told his wife about Costello, and Betty, being the mother of two children and more kind to the world, perhaps, because children are not always kind, looked gravely at her husband.

"I'm glad you gave him the money. Poor devil."

But Garland did not wish to be misunderstood.

"Oh, I didn't give it out of pity. One doesn't pity a thing like Costello. One kicks him."

"Ronny!"

"It's a fact. Some dogs seem to be born mangy. The thing is to make a chap like Costello realize that he is mangy. Ask any normal man and he'll tell you the same thing."

She looked shocked.

"Is it because he used to beat you at tennis?"

It was a thrust, but to her surprise her husband accepted the charge, and dealt with it as he would have dealt with a business problem.

"Partly, perhaps. But that's only what the highbrow people would call symbolism. Because there is something about a chap like Costello that makes the ordinary clean man see red. He belongs to that slimy sort of world that includes lounge-lizards, and hangers-on to pretty ladies, and young men who are deuced clever and superior and sponge on their fathers, and backstair poets."

Mrs. Garland opened her brown eyes more widely. She had known the babe and the passionate child in man, but even quiet and successful husbands could supply you with surprises.

"You men are very hard to each other."

Her husband pointed the stem of his pipe at their garden.

"Have to be—sometimes. Life means that, and you and the kids. Peace here, Betty, and war in the city. But there are rules to a game even when it is a bit rough, and Costello is one of the fellows who plays to no rule. That's why we out him, push him off the field."

"Deliberately?"

"Certainly. Yellow men and red men are no use to us."

IN Threadneedle Street Garland continued to meet Costello, and Costello appeared to grow grayer and shabbier. He had made no attempt to return Garland's pound note, and Garland would have been disappointed had Costello returned it. He had painted his portrait of Costello, and the fellow had to be like his portrait—sinister and shameful and futile. He noticed that Costello glanced at him with a kind of furtive insolence. His smile remained, but it had assumed the suggestion of a snarl.

"Morning, Costello."

Garland still gave him the casual, patronizing flick of the voice. Costello's snarl pleased him. It was more significant than mere servility, for it betrayed the fact that Costello could be rubbed on the raw, and that like a cur he showed his teeth, but dared not bite. Yes, life was flaying Costello and rubbing in the salt, and Costello winced and snarled and got shabbier and shabbier.

Came a raw morning in November when Costello faltered and stopped. He had a grizzled, gray, starved look. His nose was blue. His voice seemed to come stiffly as though half frozen.

"Excuse me, Garland."

"Well?"

"I'm rather put to it this week. You couldn't let me have a fiver, could you?"

Carefully and deliberately Garland took silver from his trouser pocket, selected two half crowns, and offered them to Costello. Neither man spoke. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment with scorn and hatred. Mutely they said to each other terrible things.

Then Costello's claw of a hand came out and took the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"*When February's cold appears A glowing pipe my spirit cheers.*" —*Anon.*

A *cooler* smoke in a drier pipe

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD—AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

For your pipe's sake:

By all means, choose *cool-burning* tobacco. A venerable briar that was never overheated is worth a dozen "burned" bowls.

Granger is made *and cut* to keep pipes sweet. Its "rough cut" flakes smoke cool, burn slow and even. No scorched wood, no clogged stem —just smooth, cool smoke.

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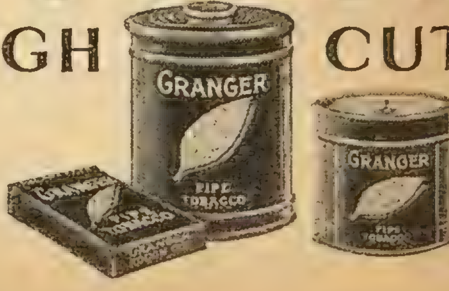

TWO MEN
Continued from page thirty-one

five shillings. It made Garland think of the pecking beak of a hungry, cold-eyed bird.

They glared and went their ways, and Garland knew that he had planted the steel of his scorn deep in the other man's body. He saw Costello as a body, not as a soul. Such a fellow had no soul. And Garland went on to his day's work and enjoyed it, and lunched well at his city club, and entered his first-class compartment on the 5:34 train, and felt warm. He lit a pipe.

It was a raw evening, and the London night was blue and blurred, and the lights looked huge. Garland watched them, and the glare of an occasional street, and the dreary and dead faces of the strange houses. Dim back yards, and little squalid gardens, and chimney pots and slimy roofs. Probably Costello slunk home to some such kennel—and Garland was glad. All the bad things were good things when they happened to Costello.

Three days passed. It snowed, and then a raw, drizzling thaw set in, and people hurried in the streets. Breath steamed. Garland was strong and healthy, but even he enjoyed rubbing his hands in front of the office fire. His room was comfortable; it had a Turkey carpet and well padded chairs; and a thick Harris tweed overcoat hung behind the screen. He remembered that on the last occasion when he had seen Costello the fellow had had no overcoat.

Splendid! Let the beast freeze!

Yes, he had not run up against Costello during the last few days. Probably Costello was feeling a bit pinched, and wished himself back in India. Garland sat down to read his morning's letters.

A clerk opened the door.

"Some one wanting to see you, sir!"

"Who?"

"A man. He wouldn't give his name. Looks rather a seedy customer."

"What's his business? Shut that door, Spicer; there's a deuce of a draft."

"He said he would tell you his business, sir."

"You can tell him I don't see strangers who refuse their names and won't state their business."

The clerk vanished, to reappear half a minute later. He closed the door.

"The fellow looks funny, sir."

"Funny? What d'you mean?"

"Well, he looks almost as though he had been fished out of the water—frozen stiff. He wouldn't give me his name."

"Did you tell him—"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, tell him again. It's perfectly absurd."

The door closed on the clerk and Garland heard voices. He could not help hearing them, for one of the voices was like a hoarse and rusty hinge, and both voices were raised. The hoarse voice was saying, "I don't care a damn. I'm going to stay here till Garland comes out. You had better tell him to come out. My name's Costello."

GARLAND'S hands gripped the arms of his desk chair. He got up and went quickly to the door and opened it. The clerk was holding open the glass door leading into the vestibule, and in the open doorway stood Costello, with the gray steps and the gray street behind him. Almost he stood there like a man who was intoxicated and making a great effort to keep his balance. His feet were wide apart; he swayed.

Garland was angry. What the devil did the fellow mean by coming to his office and making a scene? He advanced upon Costello.

"Look here! Clear out."

A little, thin smile trickled down Costello's face, but his eyes were smileless; they stared.

"I always licked you at tennis."

Then something happened to him. He seemed both to crumple at the knees and to stagger backward. He went down the steps like a man forcibly ejected, and lay there with his legs pointing up the steps and his head on the pavement. His deplorable felt hat had fallen off; he looked skull-headed and bald.

A man who was passing and the clerk hurried and bent over him. They got him by the shoulders.

"He's fainted."

Garland stood at the top of the steps.

"Better carry him in. Bring him into my office."

So Costello was carried into Garland's office, and they laid him on the hearthrug before the fire and put a cushion under his head. The clerk happening to touch one of his hands found it as cold as stone.

"He looks pretty bad, sir."

"Undo his collar."

THE clerk was kneeling beside Costello and the other two were bending over him. The clerk unbuttoned Costello's waistcoat and unfastened his tie and collar, and the thin shirt, lacking buttons, came open and disclosed Costello's chest. He was wearing nothing but that thin shirt, and the ribs stood out under the yellow skin.

The clerk looked scared.

"Good Lord! No wonder his hands felt cold. Regular skeleton."

Garland had gone to his desk and had picked up the telephone. He spoke to the exchange:

"Put me on to the nearest doctor, please. Some one very ill here. You probably know a doctor and his number. You do? Thanks, very much. It's urgent."

Holding the receiver he looked at the group before the fire. The clerk had risen and was standing staring at Costello, and over Costello's gray and shrunken face with its beak of a nose and bony forehead the firelight flickered.

"He's not breathing, sir."

"Oh!"

"I believe he's dead."

When the doctor arrived his problem was of the simplest. He looked at the gray face and the ashy lips. There was no need to listen for heartbeats. The stark stillness of the figure was sufficient.

"The man's dead. Starvation and cold—by the look of him."

Garland traveled home by the usual train. He walked from the station, and entered the house rather silently, nor did he rush upstairs to the nursery. His wife found him sitting and smoking before the drawing-room fire, with the lights switched off. She was a woman who noticed things and especially things about her husband. She switched on the light over the sofa and sat down, and became busy with some piece of mending. But though she did not remark upon it, she was conscious of her husband's silence.

"The Cuthberts have asked us to dine tomorrow. Shall we go?"

"Not very keen."

She gave him a mother look.

"Not feeling seedy, old thing?"

"No. Just thinking—that's all."

She allowed the silence to resettle itself. If her husband was preoccupied it was probably a matter of business.

But suddenly, holding his pipe by the bowl, he spoke as though addressing the fire:

"One shouldn't scorn some things. No, not in a particular sort of way."

She was surprised. She let her hands rest in her lap.

"What—are—you talking about, Ronny?"

"Oh, nothing. Just meditating. Had a rather hectic day."

"Worries?"

"Oh, much as usual. Nothing to worry about—really. But sometimes one sits and thinks."

THE END

I Knew Them WHEN

A Star-Gazer's Memories

By

MARY EVELYN MARTIN

who began her career as a news-stand girl in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York; continued it as appears in this article, and included marriage. "The best job I ever did," she says, "is now seven, and tells me he can lick any kid on our block."

© Aimé Dupont, from Albert Davis Collection

Mary Garden as she looked when the author watched her rehearse.

CECIL B. DE MILLE pays his regiment of leading ladies—if you are to believe, as you should, his regiment of press agents—anything from $2,500 a week up, apiece.

When I was his leading lady—not merely one of his leading ladies, but all the leading lady he had—my salary was seventy-five dollars a week when I got it; and I didn't get it.

When Cecil B. De Mille wants to negotiate a new contract with one of the expensive leading ladies already mentioned, he and Mrs. De Mille invite her for a week-end on his yacht. I haven't seen it, but I understand it is quite a nice yacht.

When he wanted me to sign that seventy-five-dollar-a-week contract, he took me to dinner. The check was two dollars, and he borrowed that from me.

Something is wrong somewhere.

Brown Bros. photo

When "beauty" meant Julia Marlowe.

Brown Bros. photo

Fritzi Scheff in the season when Kiss Me Again was brand new.

Last season, After Dark, a burlesqued revival of an old melodrama, put on by Christopher Morley and Cleon Throckmorton at the old Rialto in Hoboken, was turning away theatergoers from New York, across the river. Seats sold for eighteen weeks ahead.

When I was playing in Zaza at the old Rialto in Hoboken, if anybody conceivably had tried to buy seats even one week in advance, I think our box-office man would have leaped through the window and kissed him, hoping all the time that he was no worse than a harmless eccentric and that no keepers would pounce upon him before he got out of the foyer.

And I always dreaded that ferry ride home after the show, because I was always the only woman on the boat, and often enough the only passenger.

As I said before, something is wrong somewhere.

When I first met Peggy Hopkins Joyce, her only admirer was a reporter getting fifteen dollars a week; and when Walter Kingsley introduced us he begged me to help her cook up some story that would get her name in the papers.

Yes, something is wrong; and the trouble is that although I know very well what it is, I don't know what can be done about it. It is just that all these things happened such a long time ago.

These particular things began, so far as I was concerned, behind the news stand in the old Waldorf, or rather the one in the new Plaza—it was new then, and I had been transferred uptown from the Waldorf to take charge of its stand when it opened. It was then that the romance and the glitter that had covered every angle of the Wal-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

dorf's tumultuous life began in some mysterious fashion to concentrate, for me, in the world of the theater.

Perhaps it was the fact that most of the Plaza's denizens were so much more stately, so much more socially and morally impeccable and more remote from the news-stand girl's orbit than the Waldorf throng had been; perhaps it was the presence there, passing daily through the corridors, of two such utterly unlike, yet alike, glamorous figures as Fritzi Scheff and Julia Marlowe.

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John Bunny, who preceded Chaplin as king of film clowns. Above is an early "nickelodeon" in New York City.

But I am inclined to think that behind them, and behind all this, was the fact that for the youngsters of that day the theater was still in its great days; still the unique and incomparable institution.

Over in New Jersey a man named De Forest was experimenting with a "wireless telephone"; and all over the country humble folk were crowding into converted grocery stores which they called "nickelodeons" to watch pictures that invariably wound up by sending the entire cast careering madly across back fences and through vacant lots.

But nobody yet saw any threat to the great institution—the stage of Irving, of Booth, and Mansfield—in these things, or even in the fact that nickelodeon proprietors were finding that they could increase their crowds by advertising The Biograph Girl.

To be sure, here and there a critic had condescended to notice that John Bunny's gifts of pantomimic comedy seemed actually to have gained rather than lost by his queer decision to risk social damnation by playing in the pictures. And a little English comedian named Chaplin was playing a drunk sketch in small-time vaudeville, and not doing it very well, either.

But there before my eyes went daily all the flash and sparkle of the stage—the only real stage—in Fritzi; and all its dignity and beauty in the incomparable Julia Marlowe.

Probably it has been my fate to remember those glowing first impressions too vividly and well.

Cecil De Mille shrewdly and successfully deserted the sinking for the rising sun. How many people today even remember that he was the author of The Return of Peter Grimm?

Peggy Hopkins, from what I have heard, must have seen no future in the theater to compare with that offered her by matrimony.

BUT it is in the blood of us Irish to give our hearts to lost causes.

The small push that translated me, whether for good or ill, from behind the news stand to behind the actual footlights of my dreams came from a man of whom many have tried to tell me evil, but who was never other than a good and completely disinterested friend to me. He was then and still is no small figure in the theatrical world, and he had no particular reason to take the time to interest himself in the ambitions of a stage-struck little news-stand girl. But he did.

He revealed his friendly interest utterly without warning one day by coming up to the stand where I was on duty, bringing with him a gentleman of what I would describe as a deliberately Satanic appearance—at sight of whom my heart entirely stopped beating.

"Young lady," said my friend abruptly, "this is Mr. Ziegfeld, and he is planning a Nell Brinkley number for his new show. He needs six or eight girls who can look the type and plenty of snap and go. I've already found him one—a little girl named Mae Murray. I think she has talent, but I don't think she has any more promise than you have—if you'd like to try it."

Would I?

But my mother wouldn't. She heard me out quite calmly, and informed me emphatically that no daughter of hers would ever go on the stage as a show girl. Even to be a show girl in an ordinary show would be bad enough; but everybody knew what a wicked man Mr. Ziegfeld was, and what abominations his shows were. Why, it was reported that in his latest, the chorus girls wore gowns that were slit up one side until you could see nearly to their knees!

STILL, indirectly that lost chance proved an open door; for my tearful pleadings and my bitter disappointment won me a consolation prize. Since I was so set upon a theatrical career, I might aim for the starry heights of "legitimate drama."

One month later I enrolled as a pupil at a much-advertised "school of dramatic art." That, at least, I am sure, has changed little in all these years; for the merry game of cashing in upon the ambitions of youth is always the same—a rock amid the shifting tides of time.

Of course it was not until long afterward that I realized that when I strode into that school with the light of a great purpose in my eye, to most other people I was just another sucker. Those things do take so long to dawn upon you! But I had chosen the stage name that I was to make immortal; and everything intervening between my matriculation and the appearance of "Ruth Roger" in electric lights on Broadway was to be mere minor detail.

The queer thing about that dramatic school as I look back upon it is the fact that there really were things useful for an actress to know, to be learned there. But there is a wide gap between learning how to do the things that an actress must know how to do, and learning how to be an actress—a thing which nobody took the trouble to tell us.

All (or almost all) of us worked hard and faithfully. Of course there were (there always are) one or two bored young beauties being "educated" at some kind gentleman's expense, to whom the school was just one more way of killing time.

But the rest of us went religiously through all the motions—our fencing lessons and our dancing lessons and our posture drills and French and voice culture and make-up instruction and what not—and felt proudly that we were becoming actors and actresses at an impressive rate. And when the great stars of the stage of those days—Mrs. Fiske and William Gillette and the others—came and preached to us, we listened with every nerve strained to permit no drop of inspiration to escape.

Just one little thing, I know now, did escape us—a trifling quality that I can only, and inadequately, describe as the feel of the stage. It isn't anything you can put in words, that sense of the art of the theater as a living reality and itself at the same time, for you, a part of the job of life. But I cannot conceive of anybody getting anywhere on the stage without it, any more than I can conceive of their learning it at my dramatic school—or any other.

Perhaps I am being unjust; it may not be the school's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Broadway Stars pass merciless Close-up Test · ·

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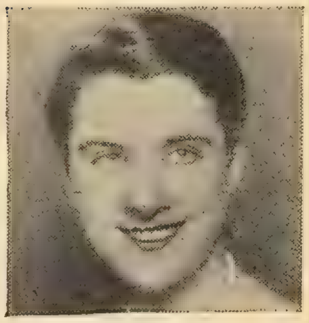
Gertrude Lawrence: "I'm enthusiastic about it."



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Peggy Wood says: "I *always* use Lux Toilet Soap."

Lux Toilet Soap

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NOW 10¢

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

fault. Perhaps it is the curse of all schools that they can never take on the authentic atmosphere of reality. You cannot make yourself believe that you are really working at anything, even acting, when you know all the time you are only playing at it.

Of course we took our prescribed courses (and ourselves) with tremendous seriousness. The amateur almost always takes the game more seriously than the professional; and perhaps somewhere just there is the very reason why the professional excels—I don't know.

Still and all, there were girls whose stage careers don't seem to have been entirely ruined by their course at that same dramatic school. There was, for instance, Jane Cowl; and there was another girl with whom, in the inexplicable way in which such things happen among youngsters, I fell into a particularly confidential friendship.

In those days she was "Gyp," but that ancient nickname has probably long since been forgotten. She had, then, just one specialty; she could make up and play in character as an old woman in most uncanny and convincing fashion.

The world has had a chance to see Mary Alden since then in a great many other rôles, but she still takes an old woman part superbly. If she should happen to see this—I wonder, Gyp, if you still remember that little furnished room in Brooklyn, and the long talks about our "art" across the luncheon table in the little old Hotel Grenoble?

There was another and a greater Mary in those days whom we both worshiped from afar. Thanks to an old acquaintance with the press agent at the Manhattan Opera House, I had the treasured privilege of the run of the place; and rehearsals usually found me tucked into an orchestra chair or a stage box, following with eyes, ears, and soul everything that went on upon the stage.

No more magnificent theatrical venture than Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company was ever tried; and I was looking on at the very birth of its glories. Upon a single afternoon, there and then, you might hear and see in rehearsal Jeanne Gerville-Reache, Lina Cavalieri, Lucien Muratore, Pol Plançon, Maurice Renaud—no greater singing actor and few greater actors of any type than he ever lived—and yet, in that company, it seemed to me, watching, one woman, by the sheer force and fire of her personality, mastered them all.

International photo

Hammerstein in that hat of his. Above, Cecil B. De Mille as he looked "when."

The first time that, in fear and trembling, I slipped mouselike through the door into the huge, dark auditorium, scuttled down the aisle, and made myself as inconspicuous as possible in a middle-row orchestra chair, a rehearsal was just beginning. Up on the stage the mixed crowd of young music students and veteran professionals that composed the chorus were being taken through the opening scene of Sappho.

DOWN by the footlights was a little table with one or two men standing beside it. Over at the foot of the left aisle, just back from the railing of the orchestra pit, stood a little dark pot-bellied man in a frock coat, his hands jammed in his trousers pockets and a most extraordinary hat—a shiny black truncated cone with a broad, flat brim—on his head.

He had his head bent forward and was watching the stage from beneath his heavy eyebrows, and was talking in an undertone to another man who stood beside him, without once glancing in his direction. To graceless me, the thing to be remembered was the comical way in which his little graying goatee vibrated up and down as he talked.

No matter how many times after that I saw Oscar Hammerstein at rehearsals, I never, that I remember, heard him raise his voice. Nor did I ever see him sit down, or even stand long in one spot. He was always present; always wandering like an unquiet ghost in the vast dark cavern of the auditorium; his eyes always on the stage.

But just now there was bustle and commotion there. The scene roared upward to a climax. In from the wings burst a tall woman with red hair, in a glove-fitting black satin gown and white gloves which the fiery energy of her hands made the most conspicuous feature of her costume. So tempestuous was her rush down to the footlights, so instantaneous her complete domination of the whole scene, that at first it did not even occur to me that she was also beautiful.

She had scarcely reached the front of the stage when she stopped short; and the whole scene stopped with her. There must have been an official stage manager somewhere around, but he had probably already learned his place. Mary Garden was in command.

"Don't be so scary!" she blazed out upon the chorus, who were supposed to rush hilariously about her, and who had done so with about as much freedom as you would expect from chorus men in approaching the star. "Grab me! Maul me! What are you afraid of? I won't hurt you! Put some life into it!"

BACK she went again and repeated the impetuous rush of her entrance, this time with better effect; but she had not sung ten bars before once more she halted.

"Wait a minute," she called, "that isn't going so well. Try that last bit over again," and as simply and naturally as a child and as gracefully as a cat she walked over to the prompter's box and curled down on top of it for a second attack upon the high note that had baffled her.

This time, as she came to the critical point, she broke into a laugh that came so easily and naturally and seemed so spontaneous and appropriate to the scene, that once again it dawned upon me only gradually that she had inserted it deliberately for the sole purpose of deftly evading a note beyond the compass of her voice.

That was Mary Garden—not a great singer; in fact, from the point of view of voice alone, scarcely a mediocre one—but a great, a superb actress; and, what is more than that, a great personality.

Mary Garden's career was achieved in a field that, at least in those days, still seemed to most American minds a highly exotic one.

And that fact has, it seems to me, obscured the thoroughly American character of her whole personality and temperament. No other country in the world could possibly have produced her.

In fact, it has always seemed to me that of all the people I have ever known, Mary Garden and Theodore Roosevelt were most alike—as much alike as it was humanly possible for a woman opera star and a politician to be. They were amazingly alike in both their native characteristics and in the tricks of personality they both knew so well how to use—such as an appearance of devastating frankness that covered, in reality, much caution and an extraordinary intuition for the right moment and the right person for its employment. To say nothing of a news sense that would have made either of them a great managing editor.

Manhattan rehearsals went much more smoothly when Garden was not in the cast; but also much more tamely from the point of view of the unconsidered spectators. Best of all, however, were the occasions when that other great artist, Renaud, was singing opposite her, as he did in Thaïs. It was delightful to watch the mutual respect and courtesy which marked the work of both in every detail.

Back at the school, all this while, we had an instructor in stage direction and management to whom we all looked up in awe, because, unlike practically all our other instructors, he was "real"—that is to say, he had himself written and helped to produce a couple of plays that had gained some measure of success on Broadway.

What also counted for much with us, he both looked

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

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DODGE BROTHERS

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

and behaved precisely as we firmly believed a stage director should and did. Which means that he was tall and thin and bald, with a long, intellectual face and long thin hands, and dressed as a playwright should, even to the broad black ribbon on his eye-glasses. His name was William C. de Mille.

Of course it was not until we became “advanced students” that we came under his supervision, but the experience was one worth working and waiting for. Billy de Mille possessed an excellent sense of theatrical values; and he never in his life gave a better demonstration of that fact than he did in creating, for our benefit, his own rôle of stage director.

Certainly no mere commercial stage manager of my later experience could, or did, shake both clenched hands at heaven or brandish them at the stage with quite such convincing fury; and though I have many times since been yelled at more loudly, none of the phrases used for my benefit have stuck in my memory quite as vividly as Billy's—

Brown Bros. photos

The old Rialto Theater in Hoboken, New Jersey.

“F'Gahd's sake, Roger, put some GUTS into it!”

Unfortunately, at the time, after I had heard this daily for several weeks, with variations and amplifications, the conviction began gradually to worm its way into my mind that Billy was picking on me. I tried to keep count of the relative frequency and violence of his explosions when aimed at me and when aimed at the other girls, and had no trouble at all in concluding that I was getting considerably more than my share.

From this it was a short step to seeing myself as the goat of the class, and to losing all the joy I had taken in my stage career. These things are bad and tragic medicine when you are twenty. From looking forward eagerly to each new day's work I began to dread the moment when that cutting voice would concentrate merciless attention upon some tiny slip—and of course the slips themselves became more numerous as I grew more rattled and sullen.

It was perfectly plain to me—as such things are to you at twenty—that either he had taken an intense personal dislike to me, or as stage material I must be utterly hopeless. I tried desperately to believe it was only the first, and to carry it off defiantly; but in my heart I knew it was my own incompetence, and that my career had already ended in failure—in blank, utter failure and black despair! At twenty, things are like that.

FORTUNATELY, I had in Gyp Alden a tower of strength and a never-failing consolation; Gyp with her hard young wisdom and her shrewd cynical philosophy. Gyp Alden at twenty knew more about life than I ever will; and knew that she knew it, too.

“Forget it, Roger,” was her counsel (in sign of our terrific sophistication, we always addressed each other, at the school, by our last names, as everybody in those days knew real actresses were always addressed). “As a matter of fact, it's the other way around. It's because he sees more possibilities in you than he does in any of the rest of us, that he jumps you hardest.”

That was wonderfully consoling but, of course, impossible for me to believe. At twenty you cling too fiercely to your grievance and your chance to suffer and despair. Still, I did permit Gyp to coax my emotional barometer up far enough to take me through each day's ordeal.

We were working, then, with all our might upon what was to be the climax of the school year—a performance of The Good Hope in which I was to have the rôle that had been created by Ellen Terry.

Somehow the great day came; and at the last moment, while I was waiting in the wings, Billy de Mille came up to me—to me, alone of all the class!—and remarked quite casually:

“Miss Roger, why don't you go down to my mother's office and have a talk with my brother Cecil? You know, mother is an agent and play broker, and Cecil is there with her. He may have something interesting to offer you.”

It still sticks in my mind that for a green youngster I gave rather a good performance in The Good Hope that day.

IT was just a “school show”; my audience was a little knot of teachers, fellow pupils, and friends and relatives of the cast. I doubt if a single disinterested person was present; if there were one he must have wandered into the theater by accident. But if someone did just that, he did not waste his afternoon.

I can remember so well the feeling of immense power, the tremendous force and vitality that were in me in those days. There was no hill I could not climb, no obstacle I could not subdue. Green youngster as I was, I hurled myself into that starkly tragic rôle with a passion of sincerity that, I know, made itself felt even by that queer parody of an audience. That was so long ago—so many, many years ago!

Mary Alden—whom the author knew as “Gyp.”

The school term ended that day. I was an actress. But I needed more than that knowledge. I needed, and badly, a job. But, as it happened, I did not go then and there to Cecil De Mille as his brother had suggested; quite by accident I met upon the street that same good friend who, by bringing Flo Ziegfeld to my news stand, had started it all—and he sent me to Hoboken.

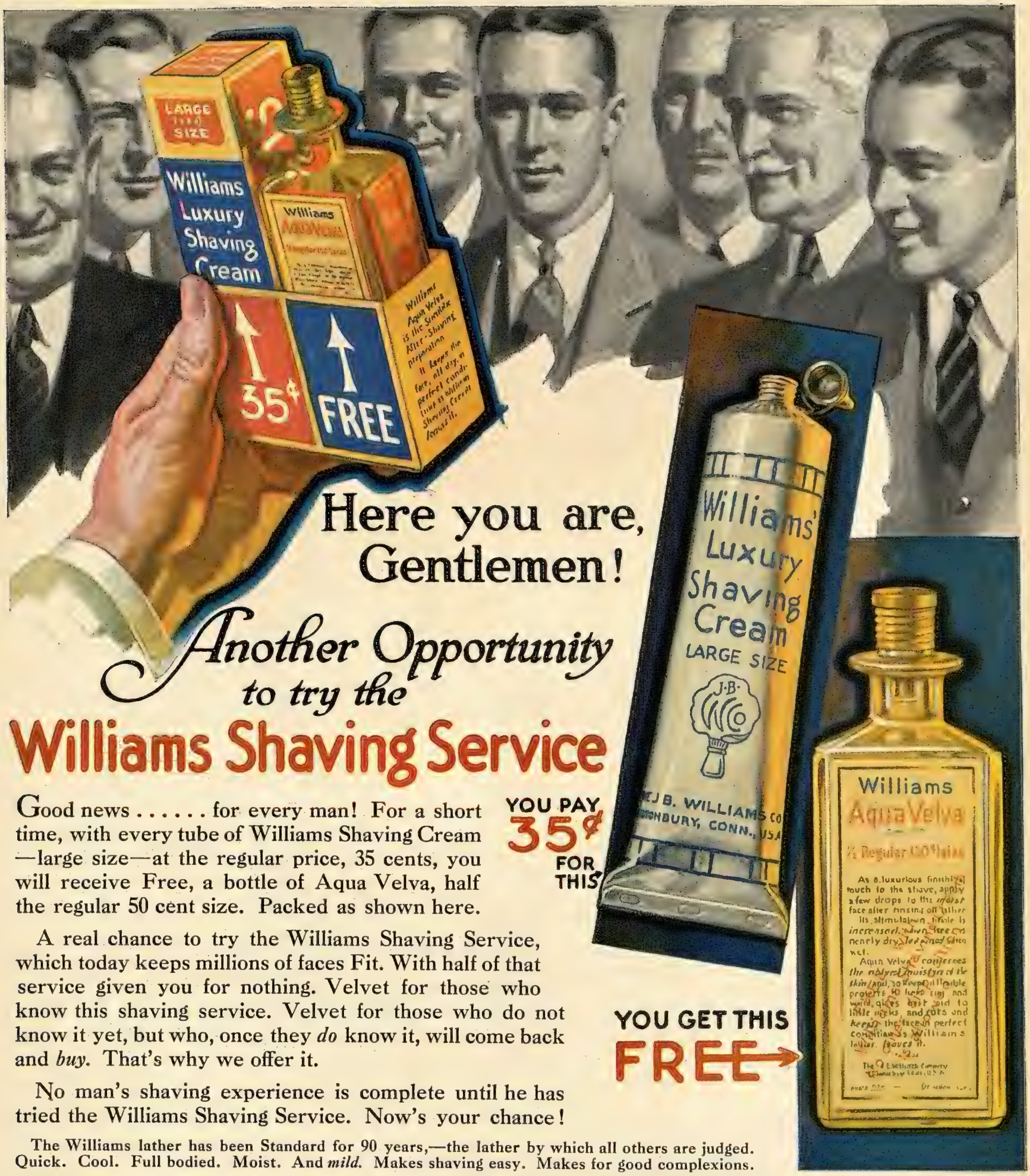
“Don't look for too much at first,” was his advice. “You aren't ready for Broadway in your first jump. But there's a fellow named Travers Vail who has organized a stock company and taken over the old Rialto in Hoboken. Go tell him I sent you, and he'll give you a job.”

There is scarcely need to describe the old Rialto, now that it is famous. It was then as it is now; but nobody then had discovered that its dinginess and gloom and discomfort were picturesque and amusing. Nobody expected a stock theater to be anything else. I wonder how many people besides myself even remember the Travers Vail stock company or the fact that it once played there.

Sam Hardy does, I know. He was just as much the incurable and irrepressible clown when he was our leading man as he has been ever since he quit struggling with his destiny. To watch Sam suffer as he used to suffer—with *sotto voce* comments—as the Chevalier Whatsisname in The Two Orphans would be as hilariously funny as anything they are doing now on that identical stage. But except for Sam, no one in our company or our audience saw the possibilities upon which Christopher Morley and Cleon Throckmorton were to build.

It really is a most unpleasant feeling, this knowledge that you already belong to history—and comic history at that. We worked so hard there in the old Rialto with our “weekly change of bill,” our morning rehearsals for next week's performance, and our arguments over the intona-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]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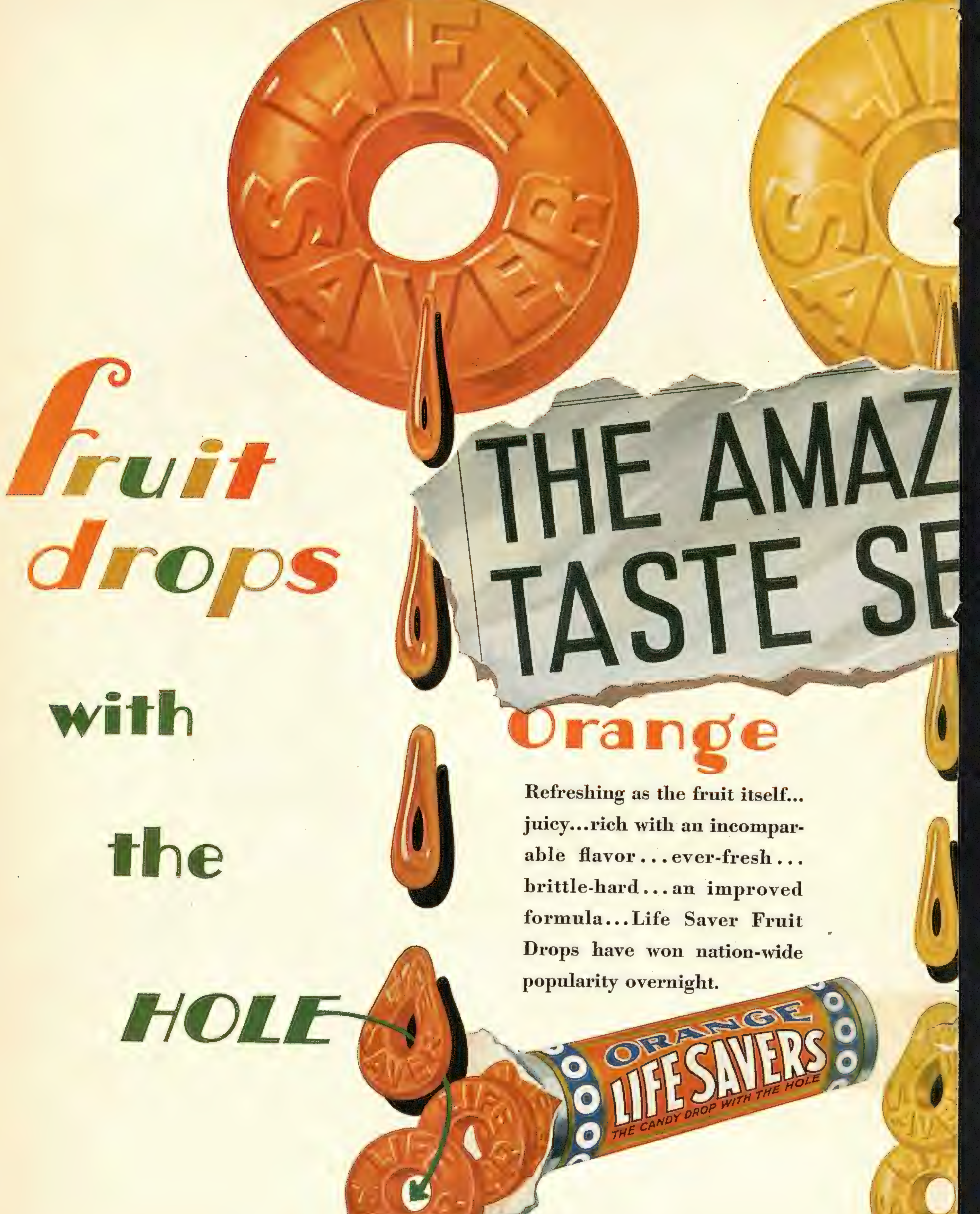
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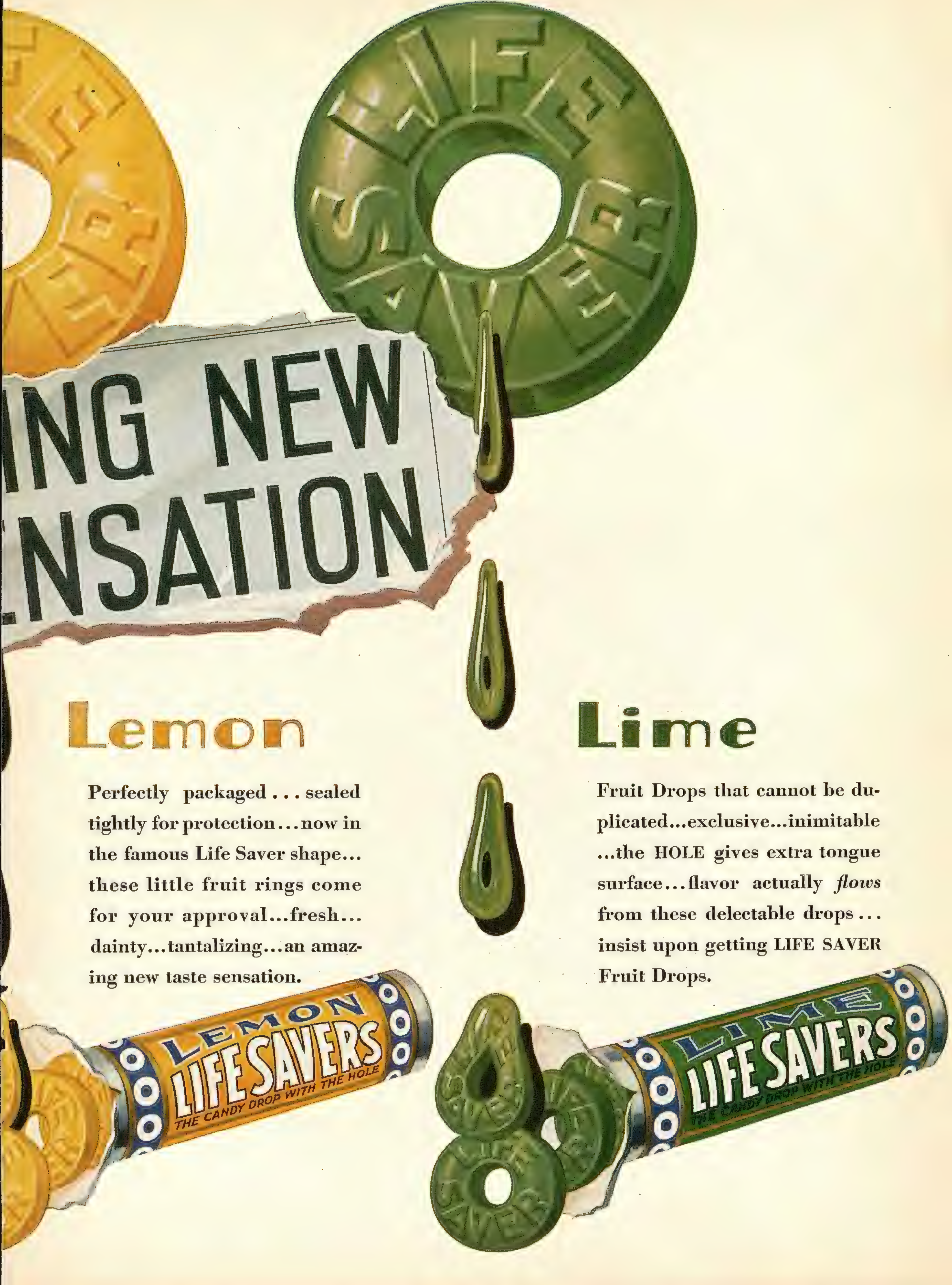
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Isn't the mouth of youth worth the price of the finest dentifrice?

THERE can be only one answer to such a question.

To protect, to keep the mouth of youth — the gleaming teeth, the firm and healthy gums—is worth far more than any dentifrice will cost you.

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R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., originated this dentifrice. His aim was to embody in it the benefits of a preparation which he had used for years in his dental practice to treat the gums. Dentists everywhere knew and used this treatment of Dr. Forhan's for gums which were soft and tender, and for gums which had reached a pyorrhetic condition.

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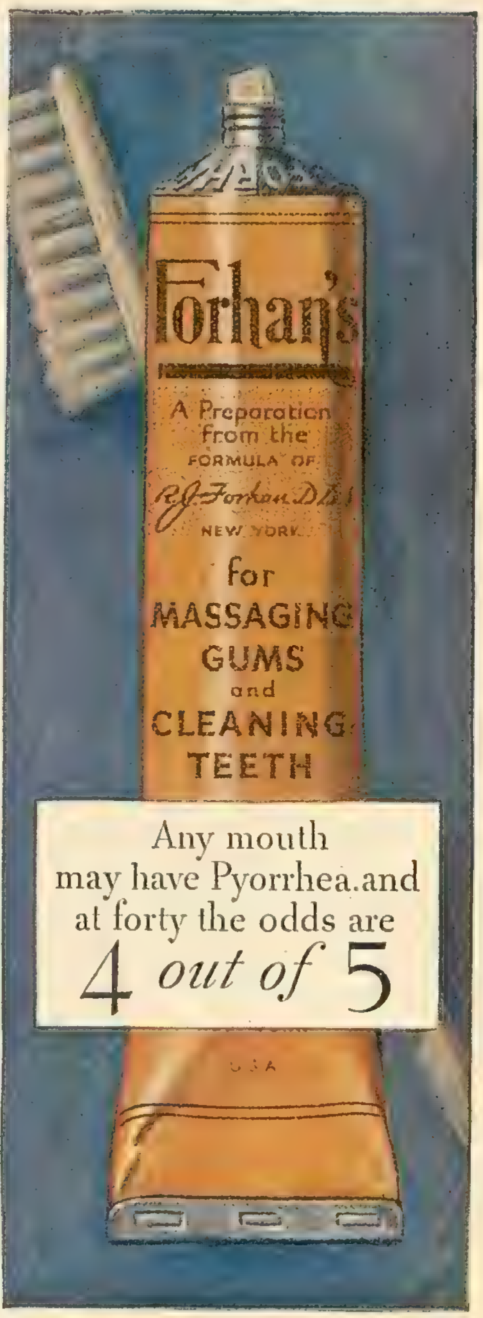
In the healthiest mouth, the use of Forhan's is of greatest importance, because its special preparation, and the massage with which it is applied, help the gums to retain that firmness which you find in the mouth of youth.

As a matter of simple precaution, adopt Forhan's now as your dentifrice. Its pure, mild, cleansing ingredients are safe even for the teeth of children. And no finer dentifrice is made today. Its regular use may prevent serious trouble and even the loss of healthy teeth in years to come.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York.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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

tions and the business for The Climbers and Brewster's Millions. And Hoboken then, with its water-front saloons, was as terrifying a place for a girl as it is a fascinating one now with its water-front speakeasies. It was only my devotion to my art—that same art they are having so much fun with now, on the same stage—that kept me there through one long, hot, trying summer.

We had no Broadway public; nobody outside Hoboken even knew of our existence.

Still, that had its compensations. As a local institution, Hoboken took us to its generous bosom as it hardly can our successors—last year the Broadway public, I hear, pretty well elbowed Hobokenites into the background.

In our day, for example, the Hofbrau House was delighted to have our luncheon and dinner patronage in an otherwise all but empty dining room.

After Wednesday matinées tea was served on the stage, and we ladies of the company played hostess to our audience (it never was numerous enough to make this much of a task!) and frequently, on hot evenings, it was the pleasant custom of some of our regular patrons to have a gallon of ice cream sent around behind for our refreshment between the acts.

It was all simple and unaffected and proportionately pleasant; but of course it couldn't last. Travers Vail and his stock company were either twenty years too late or twenty years too soon—I don't know which. So it came about that all too soon I once more found myself jobless; and this time, remembering Billy de Mille's suggestion, I sought his mother's office.

HOLLYWOOD knows the young man who received me, but not as he was then. No sheik that ever trod its burning sands could have surpassed him. To be sure, he had then neither money nor prospects; but he had great dark eyes in a clear-cut, keen, pale face; he had a slender and graceful figure; his manners were well-nigh perfect in their grave distinction; and—I wonder how many of his present millions Cecil De Mille would give to have the dark, thick, wavy hair that then was his!

Yes, he remembered perfectly that his brother had spoken, and highly, of Miss Roger. Unfortunately, he had nothing at the moment; but he was sure there would be something. And, sure enough, presently there was—namely, lunch. And a little later other lunches; and dinners.

There was an introduction to Colonel Henry W. Savage which led to an abortive engagement with the Little Boy Blue company; there were other tryouts and rehearsals, none of which, somehow, came to much. But eventually my great chance came—an opportunity to become leading woman in one of Mr. De Mille's own plays, which was to tour New England and be whipped into shape for a New York opening.

It really is a little cruel to recall those small days; but having seen pictures of that yacht, I shouldn't think Cecil would mind much, now. The play, then, was called The Third Rail, afterward changed to Baxter's Partner; and in it I was a wronged wife, and had a chance to suffer—oh, to suffer like anything! And Cecil himself explained to the awed and big-eyed young woman who was just aching not only to suffer but to dare all with and for him, how very poor he was, and how completely he had staked his all upon the success of this play; and so it was that that seventy-five dollar a week contract was signed—at my expense.

At least it gave me the chance to taste the delights of the star's dressing room in the theaters of Bridgeport and Hartford and Springfield and North Adams—and Pittsfield. It was in that last-named town that we came to earth with a thud from which my theatrical career, though I did not know it then, was never to recover. The play, it was abruptly announced at the close of our engagement there, was to be withdrawn immediately and wholly rewritten before its New York presentation.

I RETURNED to New York and to the maternal roof, and considered my career and prospects to date. The longer I considered them the less I liked them. It was at the most utterly hopeless of all seasons for an actress out of work—the late spring—and I had not only myself but a mother to support.

For some queer reason, in this emergency I thought, not of any possible theatrical door to try, but of one of the men who used to buy his morning paper from me at the Plaza, and who was himself, I knew, city editor of a newspaper. Newspapers, I felt vaguely, might employ a girl as telephone operator or something like that; and I started for Park Row with the intention of landing some sort of job for the summer months which I could leave when it came time to return to the stage in the fall. And I actually stayed for seven years.

But that, as a great writer used to be fond of saying, is another story. In that story, if it is ever told, will appear not only my first meeting with Peggy Hopkins Joyce, but with a great many vastly more interesting and exciting people than she.

For present purposes it seems enough to end with that time when I turned my back upon the theater—and many times since have I been sorry! Perhaps that I did it at all is a sign that my heart never was that of a true trouper; though it insists upon telling me that it was and still is. At least, brief as was my career upon the histrionic boards, there is nothing saddening now in the thought that "I knew them when."

THE END

COMING!

The Adventures of Germany's Greatest Woman Spy —

the mysterious

Mademoiselle Docteur

An authentic narrative, vouched for by members of the German secret service and now told for the first time in a translation from the German of Hans Rudolph Berndorff by I. A. R. Wylie.

In Liberty Next Week

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was the first Vice President of the United States?
2—What is an amanuensis?
3—What is the capital of Turkey?
4—What English king was called Cœur de Lion?
5—What is miscegenation?
6—The scene of what grand opera is laid in the western part of the United States?
7—What number gives the same result when it is doubled as when multiplied by itself?
8—What is a relict?
9—Where is the Alamo?
10—What is the source of "Frailty, thy name is woman!"?
11—What is a misogynist?
12—What English essayist and humorist used the pen name Elia?
13—What war included the siege of Ladysmith?
14—What is a dermatologist?
15—Which extends farther west, Ohio or Georgia?
16—Who was Nancy Hanks?
17—What does the French phrase *de trop* mean?
18—Who was Othello's wife?
19—What great ocean liner was lost on its maiden voyage?
20—What and where is Tasmania?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-six)

Vox

You Can't Talk About Russia Without Starting an Argument

Boston, Mass.—Down with Liberty, the weekly with a one-way mind! I say this with special reference to your editorial, " Give a Thought to Russia," and your article, " Tak," by Lorimer Hammond.

Liberty's editor must be the sort that would have got all steamed up about the French Revolution, and demanded that France return to the cruel autocracy of the Old Régime. True, the French Revolution led to excesses. But who, now, would wish to thrust France back into the days of tyranny?

The Russian Revolution, too, had its excesses. But would any sane man whine for a return to the czars?

If you are going to print editorials and articles about Russia, for the Lord's sake give us both sides of the question. Run articles about prejudiced peasants from the U. S. S. R. if you like, but balance them with accounts of Russia's progress under the Five-Year Plan: the economic program now being worked out under Joseph Stalin.

Just imagine what a rosy (?) picture of American life a disgruntled farmer from the United States—and there are plenty of disgruntled farmers here—would paint if he emigrated from America to Russia. Think with what glee the Russian press would print his venomous statements.

Would his caricature of Uncle Sam be a good likeness? No, it would not. Neither was Pappin's word-picture a good likeness of Russia.—*M. Scott.*

Kansas City, Mo.—If you want to find out something about a country, you'd rather ask someone who's lived there instead of wading through a lot of geographical, political, and economic statistics. That's why I thought " Tak," by Lorimer Hammond, was the real stuff.

It made me feel, more than ever, that Soviet rule is bound to collapse. Why? Well, chiefly because the communists just don't seem able to think.—*L. Fox.*

Fergus Falls, Minn. — The Soviet state has placed Russia's agricultural population entirely under the thumb of ex-convicts, yeggs, incurable vodka soaks. . . .

At least that's what Grandpa Pappin claimed, in your article, " Tak," written by Lorimer Hammond with the help of his wife, the Russian Princess Alexandra Kropotkin. Perhaps Hammond and his princess were unprejudiced, but it's a lead-pipe cinch Pappin wasn't.

This writer, a traveling salesman, heard a similar tale of woe from another Pappin—an American farmer in Minnesota.

" Forty years I've had of it," he said, " robbed by the slickest bunch of crooks that ever wore white collars!

" Back in them early days, if we had to borrow money, they charged us twelve per cent and a bonus. Then, through manipulation, we were only paid fifty or sixty cents for our wheat. We took most of the fertility out of the soil by raising ' money crops ' with which to pay current interest and taxes. But under that system it was impossible to get out of debt.

" Then the war came and brought high grain prices. Well, here was a chance to get out from under. But I figured wrong. My boys were drafted. What could an old man and an old woman do? We worked sixteen hours a day—half killed ourselves. We've done that all our lives, but the interest, working while you sleep, kept one step ahead of us. They even made me borrow money and buy Liberty bonds.

" Then deflation came along, and everything fell to pieces. My wife died —a good thing. Better to die quick than by slow starvation.

" And what happened in the meantime to the eastern capitalists? While us farmers were deflated from a fifteen-billion-dollar valuation to twelve billions, those dollar-a-year men got fifty per cent richer."

Thus this old American Pappin.

Well, there is a whole lot of truth in what he said, and, were one so inclined, one could easily write as Hammond did, merely changing the words " Russian communism " to " American capitalism."—*James D. Howard.*

Indianapolis, Ind. — Your article, " Tak," was the most vivid thing I've read in months.

God bless Grandfather Pappin and all his descendants, and grant that they may find in America all the things that the human beasts that rule Russia denied them.—*Alice M.*

Sometimes a Letter—

New York, N. Y.—At one time Liberty was very interesting and had the quality of variety — a characteristic which helped to make the reader laugh, weep, pity, exult, hate, and, in fact, go through all the emotions.

Now, wherever you turn, whatever page you see, there is some story about a horrible murder, a harrowing death, a torturing war. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is inspirational, light, or in any way helps to make the reader aspire to something better.—*A Reader.*

—Finds Its Own Answer

Philadelphia, Pa.—I can always tell a razzer of Liberty. When you see a person reading Liberty with a delighted look on his face, you can bet your last dime that he's getting ready to write to Vox Pop and say what a rotten magazine it is.—*Martin Kates.*

This Perplexing World

Clarence, Mo.—Some Liberty stories are too deep, I guess. But " The Capital Climbers," by Mary Brush Williams, caps them all for being beyond me.

Why do people want to make a lot of money? It don't bring happiness and it's a lot of worry.

If I just had enough to buy me a little house in our little town, and have modern conveniences, a fireplace, a bit of garden, oceans of flowers, a red cow, and some yellow hens, I'd have time to go to church every Sunday and time to do all the little things I love.

Fifteen thousand would mean more to me than millions to those social climbers. —*Mrs. J. C.*

Ay, There's the Rub

New York, N. Y.—Allow me to congratulate you on your editorial, " Should Canada Annex the United States? "

Canada is larger than the U. S. by 600,000 square miles, but, at present, has only one-twelfth our population. However, by the time such a union as you propose comes to pass, I figure that Canada's population will have increased to at least half of ours.

With between two and three hundred millions of people living on the same continent—people of the same race, with the same ideals, customs, and language, and with no visible boundaries between them, it is inevitable they should be one nation. One nation, and what a nation!

Of course, the whole show will be off if we still have prohibition as it now exists. Canada would never stand for that.—*A Reader.*

Unanimous—for Once

Lancaster, Pa.—I read your article, " The Real Incompatibility," and I do want to say it is the only true statement of the situation I have ever read.

Such mismatings—I am referring to cases where the ardor of the wife, or husband, or both, is lacking—are the cause of 99 per cent of all divorces.—*Not Married, But Has an Idea.*

Springfield, Ill.—Just finished reading " The Real Incompatibility," by Judge Charles A. Oberwager, and think it is the best thing I have ever read on that subject. This world would be far better off if more people could see things as he does. — *A Springfield Liberty Booster.*

Lynchburg, Va.—Oberwager's " The Real Incompatibility " was the best discussion printed in any magazine for a long time.—*G. P. M.*

Jacksonville, Fla. — Judge Oberwager's mind runs clear and intelligent upon one of the most muddled subjects of our day.—*Ada Camp Wader.*

Pop

Lines in Defense of a Favorite Hero

Los Angeles, Calif.—In your editorial of the January 4 number you attempted to buck the line against Dr. Clarence True Wilson, by that much misunderstood quotation from the Proverbs of Solomon.

You then tried to make up the loss by attacking the mind and morals of that wise old king. That was a grave mistake.

Solomon was not so dumb. No doubt he had his faults; maybe he was "a fool for women." What of it? As Sam Weller said, "After all, it was an amiable weakness."

An attack of this kind against one of our favorite heroes is very harrowing to the feelings of us Bible Christians and, in this case, inexcusable. The old boy was no fool.

The whole trouble is that you have made the very common error of assuming that Solomon said what Dr. Wilson and his kind think he said. Read the passage again and see what it actually does say:

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."

Not a word there telling us never to drink wine—only some very good advice not to take it while it is red, while it is still coloring and still working. In other words, don't drink wine before it has done fermenting, as new wine "biteth like a serpent."

Thus a careful reading of these verses makes it very plain that what Solomon actually said can be very properly expressed in modern parlance as follows: "Lay off the Dago Red until it is aged; it has a kick like a mule." Very sound advice.

As we Evangelical Christians believe everything the Bible tells us, and hold Solomon to have been one of the wisest men in history, it is only proper that we should consider anything else he had to say on this important question. We are bound to admit he had a weakness for the ladies, but we also claim he knew his likker.

In the same Book of Proverbs we find in chapter thirty-one, verses six and seven, the following command: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

There is some more very sound advice. As it is in the Bible it is surprising that Dr. Wilson has not ordered it to be embodied in the Constitution. Can it be that he has overlooked it or has he deliberately ignored it?

There are a great many well-meaning people who take some obscure passage from the Bible and endeavor to build a whole religion on their own mistaken interpretation of it, blandly ignoring other passages from the same Book which absolutely contradict their pet belief. Generally they are harmless, but too often they have tried to force their peculiar tenets on everyone else, by the authority of the state.

On this question you have often expressed your opinion in a very able manner. But you are all wrong when you pick on my old friend Solomon. He was very sound on the drink question. Dr. Wilson won't admit it, but what Solomon actually meant was: "First be sure the likker is good and then drink to your heart's content."

Then you go and pick on a good guy like that. It doesn't seem right. In making a prohibitionist out of him, Dr. Wilson has grossly maligned him, and in reflecting on his wisdom, you, too, have wronged him. You both owe him an apology. When he was alive he had his troubles—a thousand that we know of. But he is dead now, so let him rest in peace.—*Neilson Rowland.*

We Do Our Best. Mr. Smith Is Prompt, but It Takes Time to Print and Circulate Liberty

Shamokin, Pa.—In last week's issue Mr. Smith reviewed three moving pictures which had already been exhibited in Shamokin, Pennsylvania. I am at a loss to know whether Liberty is behind the times or whether Shamokin is so far ahead of New York.

I have found Mr. Smith's reviews and ratings to be so satisfactory that I am making a special plea to have him review pictures before they have gone from this city.—*William H. Bond.*

We Must Be Just Perverse

Bartlesville, Okla.—I see a great deal about prohibition in Liberty. Why fool with a perfect law? The preachers, cranks, and reformers have their law, the bootleggers and beer runners have the business, the grafting politicians and lawyers get the money, and everyone who wants a drink gets it.

Why kick?—*L. B. F.*

Seattle, Wash.—Don't you think, my dear editor, that prohibition is better than having the country dry?—*E. J. D.*

Don't Be Skeptical; People Won't Like You

Waycross, Ga.—I have just wasted about thirty minutes of my time in reading Colonel Givens' story, "Tiny." Such tripe! Please tell me, kind sir, what manner of man is going to go around pulling publicity stuff with a slug in his insides?

And where, oh, where, have you ever seen a man who thought that it was red-hot drama to "kick off"? Now I ask you!—*B. H. F.*

What to Do About Crime

New York, N. Y.—I beg to differ with the ideas set forth in your editorial, "Re-formation or Punishment?" in your issue of January 18.

In my opinion the real answer to the crime problem is neither reformation nor punishment but elimination of criminals and corrupt public officials.

This might be accomplished in two ways: First, by the deportation of all undesirable aliens of whom the underworld is largely made up. Not merely one in a thousand but all of them.

On a few rare occasions we read of fifty or a hundred undesirable aliens being deported—while every large city in the country is run and overrun by thousands of them.

Second, let's catch and convict our criminals instead of letting 90 per cent of them slip through our fingers. In England most criminals are punished. Here most of them escape.

Why? Are the English detectives more clever? I think not. Just more honest.

Our problem is not one of how to handle criminals but how to eliminate the corrupt police and other officials whose sole purpose in holding office is to collect graft from the lawbreakers whom they protect.—*W. J. Dowd.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—In connection with your editorial, "Re-formation or Punishment?" the prison of today is nothing but a training place for crime. There is but one way to place a man in prison and that is in solitary confinement.

The sentence being more severe, the term need not be so long. It is the mass prison that makes the convict.

It all depends whether the first offender is of a type acceptable to the criminally inclined people or not—whether he is taken in kindly by the "professionals" or not. Once a man has proven himself to be acceptable, while serving his first term he is being shown the errors of his "technique" and taught the ways of "successful" crime.

While in prison he forms lasting associations with offenders of all stages of life and social standing. When he leaves the prison, he takes with him telephone numbers and addresses of pals in and out of prison. Before long he knows the "proper" lawyers, the proper fixers, and the proper men to be associated with.

A penalty of absolute solitary confinement for all and any offense would not permit such conditions.—*A. A. Wihtol.*

Worm Food

Rutherford, N. J.—Uhmm—m—m—Boy, but that story, "The Diamond Eye," is good. I'm just eating it up.—*A Story Worm.*

A Comic Valentine

A New
For the Love o' Lil

"O-OOOH! I'se scared!" little Ulysses gasped, following Gwendolyn into the stuffy cigar, stationery, and candy store. "Looka!" He pointed one red mitten to the great wooden Indian at the doorway.

"He'll getcha if you don't watch out," Gwen told him. "He's a kidnaper. He steals bad boys."

"O-oooh!" U. whimpered, holding on to her coat.

"Blow your nose and you'll feel better," she laughed. "Then I'll buy you some peach stones. I got a quarter! I found it on my kitchen table. We can get a valentine for the cook so's she won't tell."

No drowning man in any sea ever clutched a straw floating on a wave as tightly as Gwen had grabbed her coveted quarter. Her excited breath came out in little pants, steaming the candy counter. And through the fog she and Ulysses stared at the gay mounds of colored candies!

Hard peach stones, red, yellow, and green. Shining hanks of licorice shoe strings. Dusty rock candy. Slabs of pink chewing gum the size of sandwiches.

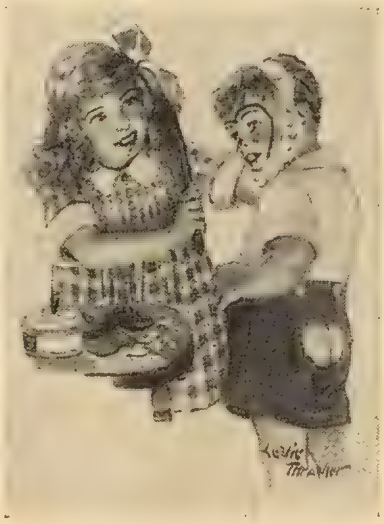
"A nickel's worth of peach stones," Gwen was pointing with a thumb, "a nickel of shoe strings, a nickel of gum, and—how much is left?"

"A dime," the stout woman behind the counter told her.

"Gotta big valentine?" Gwen asked. "One with real lace?" She was just tall enough to reach the top of the glass case and click down her money.

They walked home slowly, yanking and chewing on shoe strings. At Gwen's gate they cleaned their teeth with snow. They went in the side door.

"Mother's not home," she whispered, "'cause you can't smell smoke. But my cook is. You can smell cake. She'll let us lick the batter. Didja ever lick batter?" She rolled her tongue on the roof of her mouth which was raw from sucking pointed peach stones.



This week's cover picture.

"I can't lick anything," U. said. "I'm full. I'm so full that I'm full up to here." And he flopped one hand on the side of his head.

Gwen led the way to the kitchen. They craned their inquisitive necks into the doorway. What did they see? The cook's broad back. Cake was in the oven. They could smell it. Oh, had the luscious batter bowl been spoiled under the faucet?

"S-sh!" Gwen whispered good and loud.

And she spun the ten-cent valentine across the doorsill. Then she sped down the hall, up two flights of stairs, and into a bedroom. U. followed.

"She'll save the batter when she sees her present," Gwen giggled. "Now I'll fix you up."

Poor U. didn't quite know what it was all about! He saw a little red stick, scissors, feathers from a pillow, paste, and Gwen's tongue rotating outside of her mouth. He felt something heavy on his head and then something cold on the seat of his trousers.

"What are you doing?" he asked slowly.

"Doing?" Gwen's smile was triumphant. "Look!" She held up a mirror. "You're a comic valentine!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Fight)

COMING SOON
For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater

A TREAT FOR LIBERTY READERS

MURDER ON THE ROOF

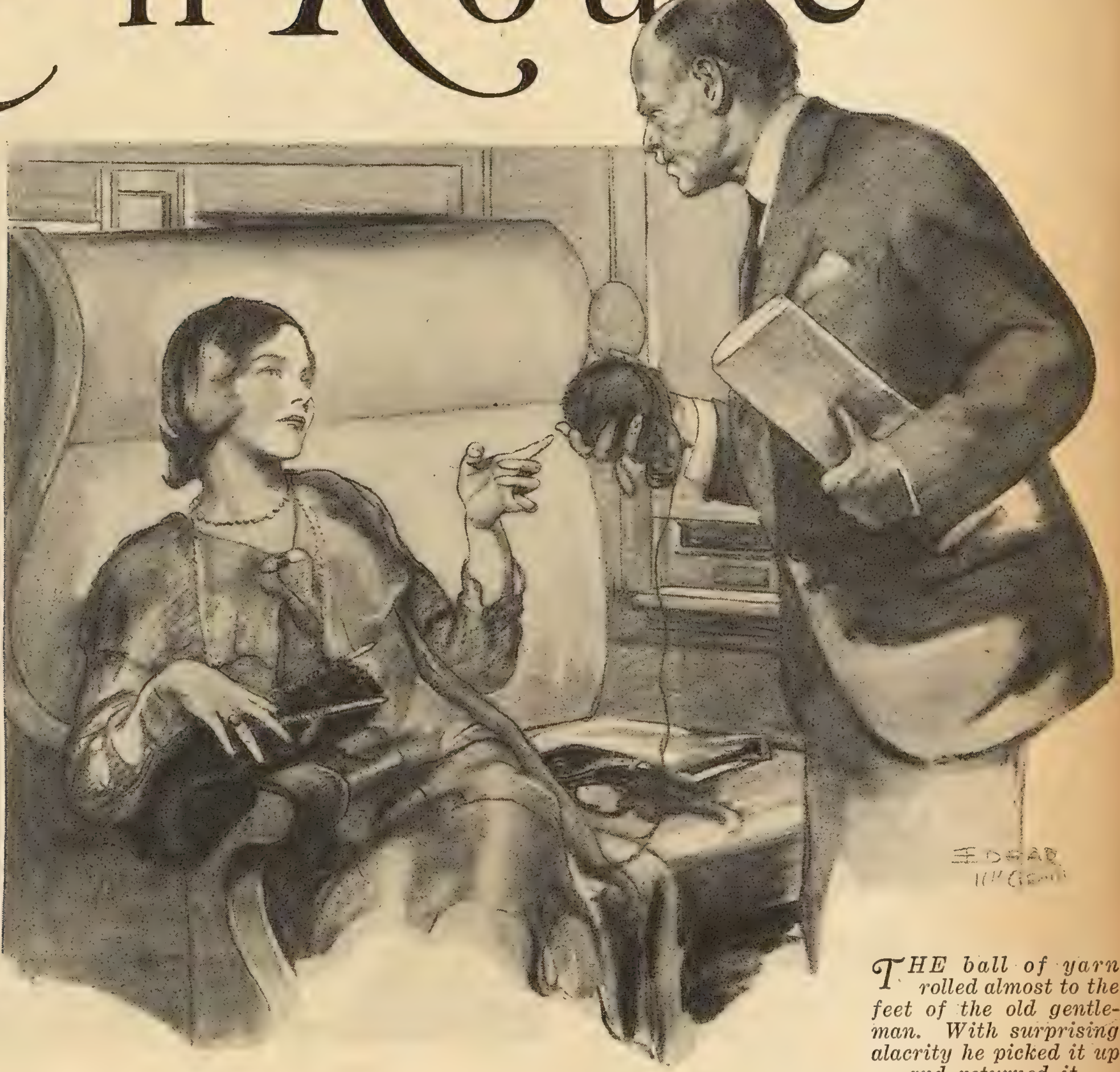
a sensational adaptation of
the greatest mystery serial
ever run in Liberty Magazine
is now a thrilling, chilling
all talking Columbia Picture

with Dorothy Revier, Raymond Hatton
and Margaret Livingston.
Directed by George B. Seitz.

Ask Your Favorite Theatre when it will be shown

SEE IT BY ALL MEANS

En Route



THE ball of yarn rolled almost to the feet of the old gentleman. With surprising alacrity he picked it up and returned it.

The Story of a Game of Guile

— By —

AGNES BOULTON

whose marriage to Eugene O'Neill, famous playwright, interrupted a promising career as a writer, begun at seventeen, which she now resumes. She has three children, lives in the country, not far from New York, and has for diversions sailing, riding, and attending prize fights.

Pictures by EDGAR McGRAW

"ALL aboard!"

The eager youth who stood brazenly facing the shrinking occupant of Section 22, Car 9, paid no attention. His voice was clearly audible through the quiet Pullman.

"Just some sort of a statement, madam," he pleaded. "We'll have to print something!"

The young woman looked about her as though for help. The porter had disappeared. Her gaze went with annoyed embarrassment over travelers already in their seats, across to the section opposite with its piled luggage, and back again to the interrogative face of the young man.

"Please—the train is leaving!" she said in a peremptory yet obviously trembling voice. "There is nothing to say. This is frightful, really."

The young man closed his reporter's pad with a snap. He shrugged slightly.

"We've got to get a story—one way or the other. You would have been wiser—"

The train began to glide gently out on its trip to Chicago. The young man cut his sentence short and made a dash for the platform. The girl gave a frightened look about her and sank back in her seat. Her pretty face, rather sad and troubled, turned to the somber walls of Manhattan across which the late afternoon sunlight shone feebly. It was as though she wished to imagine herself alone, to shrink from the gaze of other passengers.

Once outside the New York limits she relaxed a little.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EN ROUTE
Continued from page forty-seven

Opening her leather pocketbook she went carefully through its contents. Satisfied, she observed her luggage. It was obviously new and very smart. With vague curiosity her gaze rested on the baggage and wraps in the empty seat across the aisle. The luggage, of the finest leather, was well worn and plastered with labels. There was a man's English ulster, also, and a plaid steamer rug. The young woman took out a magazine and began to read.

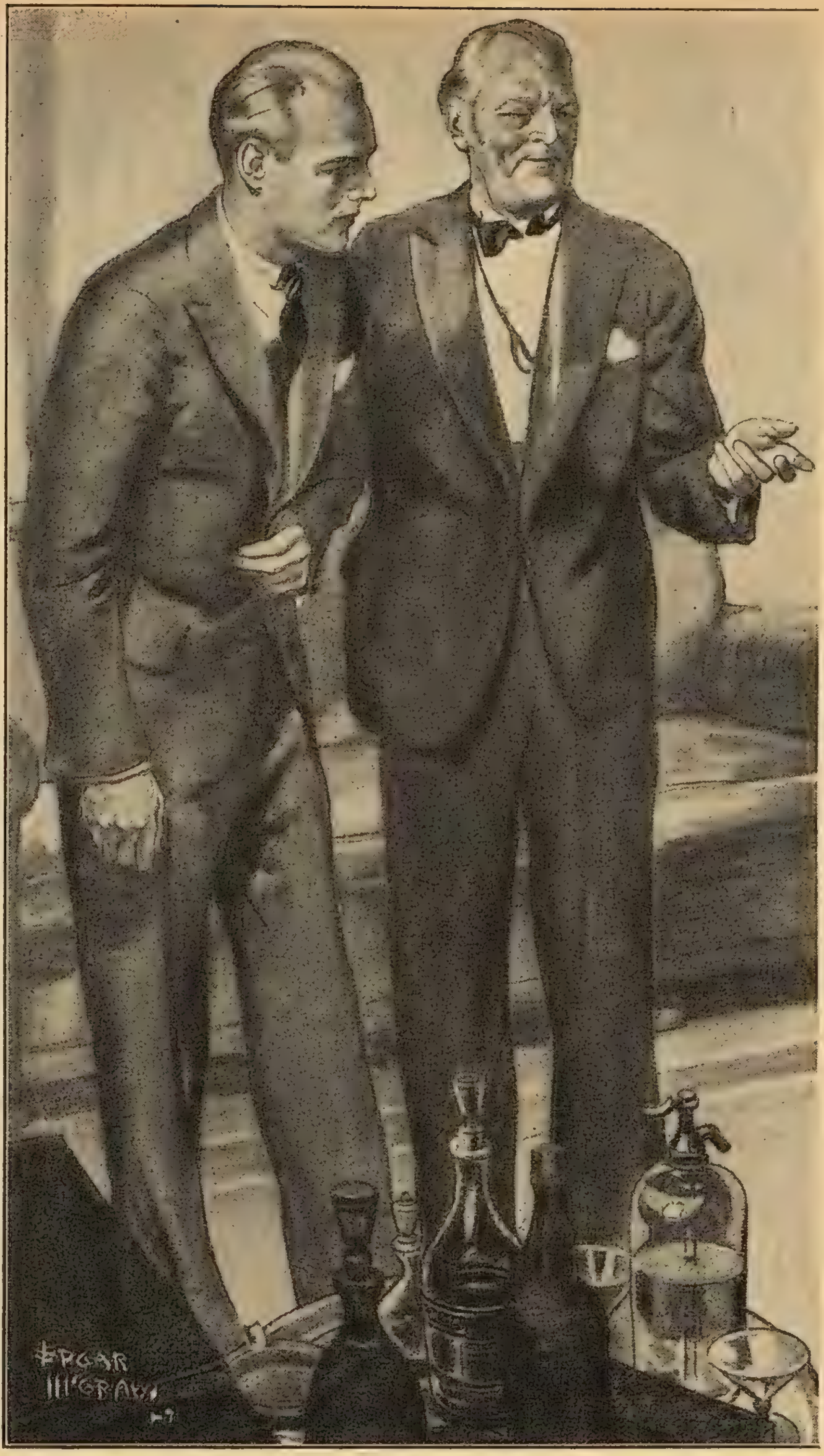
The porter came to her seat, took her ticket with deference, and asked if she were comfortable. She smiled and nodded. But when the conductor, inspecting her long strip of ticket, looked at her quizzically, she lowered her eyes self-consciously. Presently she rose and walked to the ladies' room at the far end of the car. It was empty. She ran some cold water over her hands, lit a cigarette, and inhaled deeply. The mirror before which she stood reflected a girl, delicate and blonde, indefinably smart; wistful and oddly childlike. A string of pearls that looked real hid beneath the soft chiffon of her blouse. A preposterous emerald made a spot of color on the hand that nonchalantly held the cigarette.

"Twenty-nine!" The young woman reproached herself with vehement bitterness. She dropped the cigarette to the floor and ground it out with her heel. "Oh—*hell!*"

Walking haughtily back to her seat, without seeming to do so she observed her fellow passengers. They also—the men in particular—observed her with interest.

The seat opposite the girl's was still empty. After sitting for a little while with her eyes closed, dejection and loneliness in her pose, she straightened. Taking a telegraph blank from her bag she concentrated on a message. It took her some time. She wrote and rewrote it, and when she had finished there were tears in her eyes.

She was instructing the porter to have the message sent at the first stop when the occupant of the seat across the aisle unobtrusively appeared and sat down. She did not notice him then. She was absorbed in a vacant brooding. It was not until the train lights had gone on that she took the trouble to look.



Mr. Calkins put an arm around his shoulder.

A NEWSPAPER was holding his attention. A moment later he laid it down, and taking from his bag a pad and fountain pen, he studied a long string of figures. He was getting along, though sprightly and alert. Perhaps sixty-five. His thin, keen profile was outlined against the window blind. A small gray mustache hid his mouth, but the wrinkles about his eyes showed a kindly nature. He had removed his shoes and put on a pair of leather slippers. Everything about him suggested the accomplished traveler.

The first call to dinner found the old gentleman still concentrating on his figures. The young woman had taken a copy of the National Geographic Magazine from her bag and was reading it intently. There still remained a trace of sadness, but her face had lost its brooding look.

In the dining car several men covertly stared at her. One attempted conversation and her natural reserve congealed to coldness.

Secretly, however, she noticed all who were in the diner. Her short glances and thoughtful mien appraised them almost furtively.

Finally her eyes rested for a brief moment on the little old man, who was eating alone far up toward the front. He had an air of distinction and dignity that was satisfying.

The express went on rapidly through the night, curving without a jar along the bends of the dreaming Hudson. Whoever traveled on this train had to pay for luxury and speed. It was one of the great trains of the world.

The young woman, on her return to her seat, found some light wool in her bag and was busily knitting what appeared to be a scarf. First, however, she had taken out a number of newspaper clippings and studied them with a worried frown between her straight brows. When she caught the eyes of the old gentleman watching her, she had thrust them back hastily.

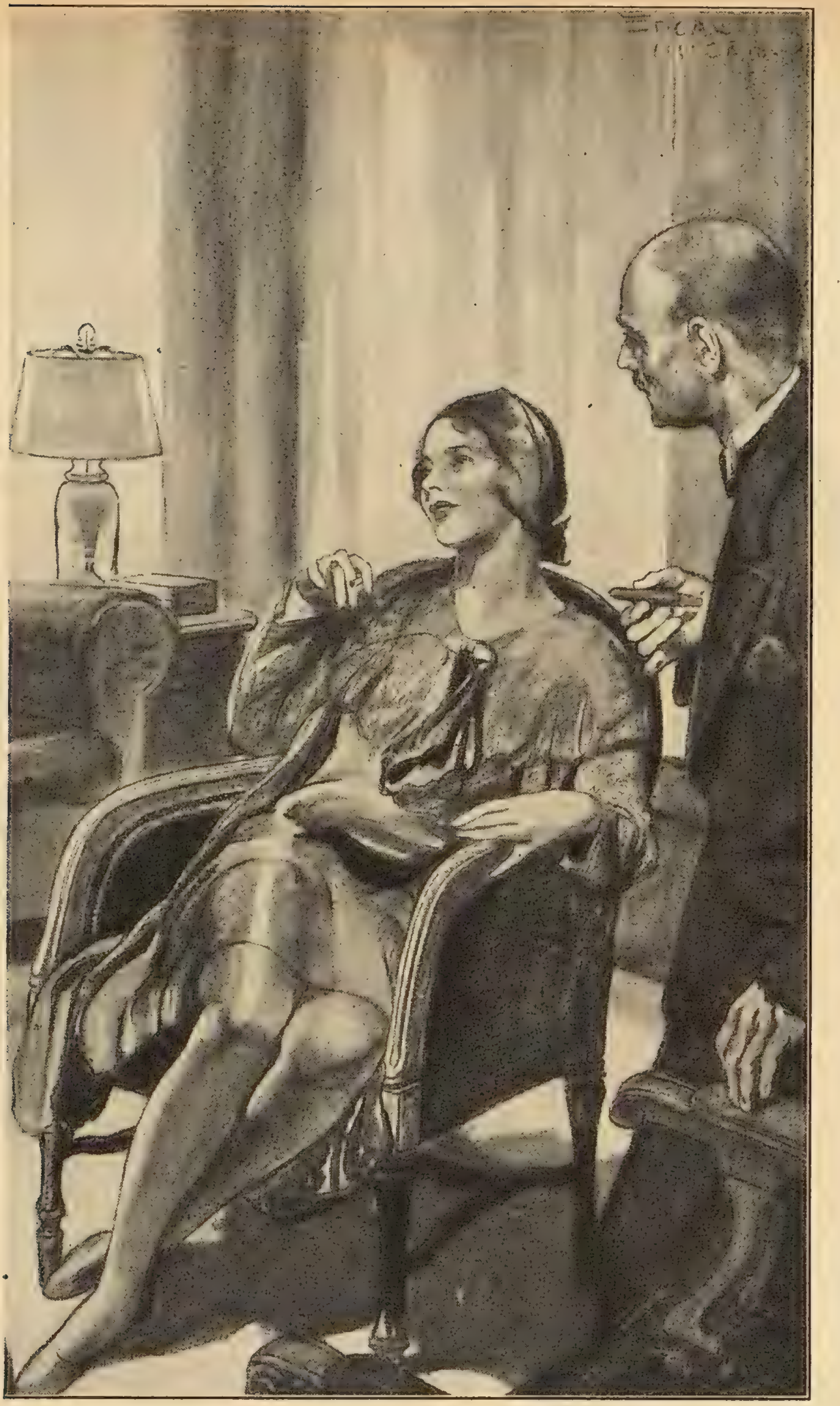
But fate was not to be thwarted in spite of her studious self-absorption, for a few minutes later the ball of yarn, disturbed by some sudden movement on her part, rolled out into the aisle, almost to the feet of the old gentleman. With surprising alacrity, and a manner both humorous and kind, he picked up the yarn and returned it. His air of exclusiveness vanished. He was just a lonely old man, anxious for conversation.

"I was hoping something like this would happen!" he exclaimed gallantly. "Knitting has always struck me as a dull occupation. I was wondering if I would dare offer you my magazine. There are some interesting articles."

She took the ball of yarn gracefully, and then looked from the man to the magazine he was offering her. It was a copy of the Scientific Monthly.

"Why—thanks awfully!"

"It contains among other things a very lucid explanation of Einstein's theory. The infraction of light is made particularly clear."



"Madam X! My nephew, Ronny Sloan."

The young woman showed real interest. "Oh, I should like to read it! Did you by any chance read Mr. Einstein's own explanation?"

The old gentleman beamed.

"Yes, indeed! Speaking of light years, I once had a most amusing experience in a big observatory. I had a letter to the famous Meiklewitz and he allowed me to— But may I sit down?"

She nodded, then listened absorbedly. She seemed perfectly at ease with him. The conversation continued. The old gentleman had an encyclopedic mind. His travels and interest had taken him all over the world. Very evidently he enjoyed both the money and the leisure to indulge in whatever tempted his curiosity. His speech was slightly English in accent. His manners and his wit were cosmopolitan.

"Tell me," said the young woman impulsively, "are you a scientist?"

The old gentleman laughed. The question seemed to amuse him.

"No, indeed. You flatter me. I have various interests. At present, after a stop-off at Chicago, I am going on west to look over a mine that I own in Nevada."

She again grew self-conscious. Her eyes wandered to the initials on his suitcase—L'M. F. She was about to speak when the porter came up.

"Mrs. J. P. Smith?"

The young woman looked at him wonderingly. Then she started and said abruptly:

"Yes. A telegram?"

"Yes'm. Lower 22. Got it at Albany."

She took it, opened it, and read rapidly. There was anxiety in her face. The old gentleman looked through his magazine. Suddenly she spoke lightly:

"Good news. It's from my children's nurse; says they went to sleep without even missing me!"

"Your children?"

"I have three."

He was amazed.

"You look very young for a family!"

Tears seemed to lie just behind her pretty eyes. The old man was regarding her with a sympathetic and fatherly look. She pressed her hand against her forehead.

"I haven't a family any more. I'm going west—for a divorce."

He shook his head sadly.

"Reno? My daughter went there last year for her divorce. I don't know what's happening to the world, Mrs. Smith."

As though on impulse she leaned forward.

"Don't call me that. It's not my name. I couldn't travel under my real name. I can't tell you—but there's been so much publicity. A reporter even followed me to the train. I can't imagine how he knew who I was."

The old man nodded.

"I noticed him."

Crumpling the telegram in her hand she turned her head away as though hiding her tears.

The old gentleman rose. He observed the porter getting ready to make up the berth.

"My dear child," he said in a kindly tone, "don't worry too much. In a year you will have forgotten. Life is like that."

She shook her head.

"I am going down to the club car to join in a game of cards. Good night and God bless you!"

The girl looked at him gratefully. She watched him walk down the aisle. Then she slowly uncrumpled the telegram and read it over and over again. The light from above shone down brightly on the typed words:

CANT GET TO CHICAGO BETTER MAKE IT ALONE
GOOD LUCK MAC

II

THE train was not due in Chicago until the afternoon. The old gentleman had soon after breakfast resumed his conversation with the young woman across the aisle. By noon they were good friends.

The old man, as though wishing to take her mind off her troubles, had told her much about himself. Retired from active business, his wife dead, he lived alone with his servants in a big house in Bronxville. It was hard to be alone, though he had a priceless butler who ran things for him. His two daughters were married, one divorced. Though he had been an active man and apparently had accumulated a large fortune, his interests now were purely intellectual. After visiting his mines in Nevada, he was going to make a trip to the Orient, taking with him his car and his chauffeur.

They were sitting in the deserted observation car, watching the flat fields of Ohio. Suddenly the young woman, who looked as though she might have had a sleepless night, turned to him with an impulsive gesture.

"You've been so kind! I am going to let you see why I am trying to conceal my identity."

She opened her large envelope purse and from a section of it drew out the folded newspaper clippings she had been looking at the night before. Spreading one out, she handed it to the old man. Large headlines showed up

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EN ROUTE
Continued from page forty-nine

in black letters, and above photographs of a man and two women a caption explained:

DISILLUSIONED WIFE TO SUE MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN WHO ELOPED WITH CHORUS BEAUTY

Mrs. Oliver Deerwood today announced her intention to seek a divorce from her millionaire husband, the international polo star, who recently scandalized society by deserting Mrs. Deerwood, the former Agatha Gunning, and his three young children for a chorus beauty.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the old gentleman, jarred from his calm. "Are you Mrs. Deerwood?"

She nodded.

"The picture isn't much like me, is it?"

He studied the newspaper photographs carefully. For three months, off and on, the marital affairs of the Oliver Deerwoods, with many photographs, had been occupying much space in the newspapers. The story had been sensational. Deerwood's new love, and her notorious career, were in wide contrast to the refinement and quiet beauty of the deserted Mrs. Deerwood, who had belonged to one of Boston's oldest families. The old gentleman shook his head.

"It's not bad of you," he said with deep pity in his voice. He was still studying the pictures. The wistful blonde beauty of Mrs. Deerwood differed greatly from the brunette youth of the little dancer. Beneath was the complacent face of Deerwood. "I would not have recognized you, though, if you hadn't told me. Newspaper reproductions always are so bad."

The young woman was looking at the landscape, her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

"It's been frightful. I've been so utterly alone. My family is absolutely opposed to divorce. They don't know that I've left. No one knows—except the nurse with whom I left the children. Yet, somehow, that reporter was on the train!"

"The story of your departure undoubtedly will be in today's papers. There will be more newspaper men waiting to question you."

She turned back to him bravely.

"I won't see them. My train leaves Chicago tonight at ten-ten."

The old gentleman mused silently. He sighed and shook his head.

"It must be very hard for you, traveling alone like this. You must be sure to let me help you all I can. I am an experienced old traveler on this route, you know. I've crossed the continent more times than I can remember. And—as we are telling our names . . ."

HE took an engraved card from his morocco case and handed it to her.

"Mr. Le Monte Ferguson." Her lips formed silently over the words. She had never heard of him.

"Thank you. It *is* hard—traveling alone." She laughed with embarrassment. "I've never traveled without a maid in my life before. I hardly know how to manage. I'm always afraid I'm going to lose my tickets—or my jewels. I think I've looked through my pocketbook ten times to be sure that my things were there."

"You have friends meeting you in Chicago? You will have about seven hours there between trains."

She shook her head.

"I don't know a soul there. I shall probably wait in the station."

Old Mr. Ferguson beamed gallantly.

"I wish that I was going right through with you. I might be of help. But I must see an old friend of mine. I'm dining with him tonight. . . ."

"Ah, no! I'll be quite all right."

A silence that had a quality of awkwardness had fallen between them. Occupied with their own thoughts they watched the changing landscape. Finally the old gentleman spoke:

"May I have the pleasure of having you lunch with me, Mrs. Deerwood?"

Bright and interested again, she consented. The lunch was really a delightful affair. Mr. Ferguson seemed determined to amuse his companion. Indeed, now that he knew who she was, he seemed quite infatuated. Mrs. Deerwood also was determined to enjoy the keen and interesting mind of her new acquaintance. For a while she forgot her sadness. Mr. Ferguson was pleased at that.

Half an hour before the train drew into Chicago the old man put down a book on mining engineering and looked across at his companion, who was occupied with a novel.

"The porter will be in for the bags in a moment. I am going to have him put your bags with mine and take you over to the Union Station myself. That will save you all sorts of trouble." He smiled benignly. "Unfortunately I have that dinner engagement or I'd insist on your dining with me and putting you on your train."

THE old man seemed really concerned.

"I hate to think of you being alone in Chicago for nearly seven hours," he said. "Isn't there *anyone* to whom you could telephone in case things go wrong—if a holdup man should get to work with a machine gun, for instance, and take your tickets and money?"

They both laughed. Then she became serious.

"Not a soul. It rather frightens me. I'm so very careless about things—particularly money. I have only a little over a hundred dollars with me—besides some checks."

"I thought so!" He nodded his head knowingly. "I've noticed you leaving your pocketbook around rather recklessly. And you would *not* want to wire your people if anything went wrong. I'm going to give you my hotel address, Mrs. Deerwood. If you need me, telephone me immediately. I'm dining right there with my old friend John Calkins. If I'm not in my room I'll be in the dining room."

The young woman's face brightened.

"That's awfully sweet of you. But nothing will happen, of course—particularly once I get over to the other station."

The porter came for the bags, and those of the young woman were, by Mr. Ferguson's instructions, taken out with his. As they left the station and got into a taxi Mrs. Deerwood appeared slightly nervous.

"Are you sure that my bags are all there?"

They were found to be all there. At the second station Mr. Ferguson did not leave the cab. It was necessary that he go at once to his hotel. But he put his companion in charge of a porter and gave her the name of his hotel in case anything should go wrong.

Mrs. Deerwood bade the old gentleman a charming and grateful good-by. As soon as she was inside the station she changed the instructions that Mr. Ferguson had given the porter and said that she wished to go to the telephone booth.

The telephone operator smiled when she saw the young woman and asked her how she was. She nodded vaguely and said that she wished to get a New York number as soon as possible. She gave the number, tipped the porter and let him go, and waited, watching the stream of humanity that went in and out at the train gates. It had started to rain outside and the station looked dark and somberly cold.

Finally the number was obtained and she went into the booth. After a moment or so she came out and went again to the girl at the desk.

"I can't hear at all, though they seem to be able to understand me. Will you see if you can get the message they are trying to give me?"

"Seems that that colored fellow is trying to tell you that Mr. Macomber sailed this morning for Paris!"

There was a silence.

"Are you sure?" The young woman's voice was short and hard.

"Just a minute. . . . Yes, ma'am, that's the message. Three fifty, please."

The young woman walked vacantly over to her luggage. Her face had a peculiar expression—the look of one who has finally received an expected blow. She sat down and remained without moving for nearly an hour. Then she rose, got a porter, and told him to carry her things to the ladies' room on the next floor.

The maid greeted her with warmth, keys in her hand.

"Sure, and what can I do for you today?"

"A bath! I just got in from New York and I'm leaving tonight for the coast. No time to go to a hotel."

The bath, with a manicure, a facial massage, and a marcel wave, occupied two hours. It was nearly six when she arrived again at the telephone booths.

"The Hotel C——, please. Walkwood seven thousand."

She asked for the room of Mr. Le Monte Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson's voice answered abruptly, but it changed, as soon as she spoke, into a kindly and sympathetic tone.

"Mrs. Deerwood! I hope that everything's all right?"

"Mr. Ferguson!" Her voice fluttered and broke. "Oh, it's too awful! I don't know *what* to do. The—the thing we were talking about has happened. I've been robbed! Nearly all my money!"

Her voice trailed off into a sob.

"MY *dear* child—this is dreadful!" Mr. Ferguson's kind old voice revealed him utterly taken aback. He appeared to hesitate. Mrs. Deerwood went on desperately:

"Do you think it's too late to—to catch the thief? I'm in such a fix—"

"You have no money?"

"Practically none. Just a check. . . ."

Mr. Ferguson did not hesitate now.

"You come right over to the hotel, Mrs. Deerwood, and have dinner with Johnny Calkins and myself. We'll fix it up for you, I'm sure—if you don't mind letting him into your little secret."

"You're too wonderful, Mr. Ferguson. Of course I don't!" Her voice expressed gratitude and relief. "Of course, I'm in such a peculiar position. I just *have* to be careful."

A moment later Mrs. Deerwood left the booth, paid for her call, and again called the porter. She did not go directly to the check room, however, where Mr. Ferguson had advised her to leave her bags while coming to the hotel. She went first to the Pullman ticket window.

"I have a ticket and berth for Reno on the ten-ten tonight. I wish to change that and get a ticket and berth, if possible, on the best train back to New York tonight."

"Let's see your ticket, lady."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

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Buy where *used* cars are sold like *new* cars ••• *on the*

STUDEBAKER PLEDGE PLAN

NOWHERE in the used car market will you find a fairer, squarer basis for used car sales than the famous Studebaker Pledge Plan. More than 150,000 people, appreciating this fact, bought Pledge-backed used cars last year.

When you buy a Pledge-backed used car, you invest in unused transportation. Most cars sold on this plan have been repainted, refinished and reconditioned to look and perform as well as they did when new.

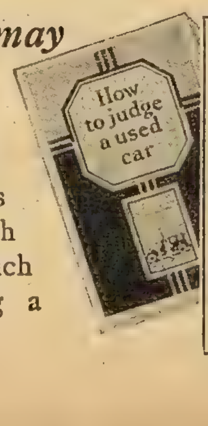
Under the terms of the Studebaker Pledge, you get five days' driving trial with the used car you select. All Certified cars carry a 30-day guarantee. And all Pledge-backed used cars carry plainly marked price tags—one price to every buyer! Your Studebaker dealer can show and demonstrate Studebakers, Erskines and other makes of cars in a variety of models. You will find the type of motor car you want—and the kind of protection for your purchase that your business sense demands.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Invest 2c—you may save $200

Mail the coupon at right for the free booklet. A 2c stamp is an investment which may save you as much as $200 in buying a motor car!


How to judge a used car

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Div. 142, South Bend, Indiana
Please send me copy of "How to Judge a Used Car."
Name
Street
City State

EN ROUTE
Continued from page fifty-one

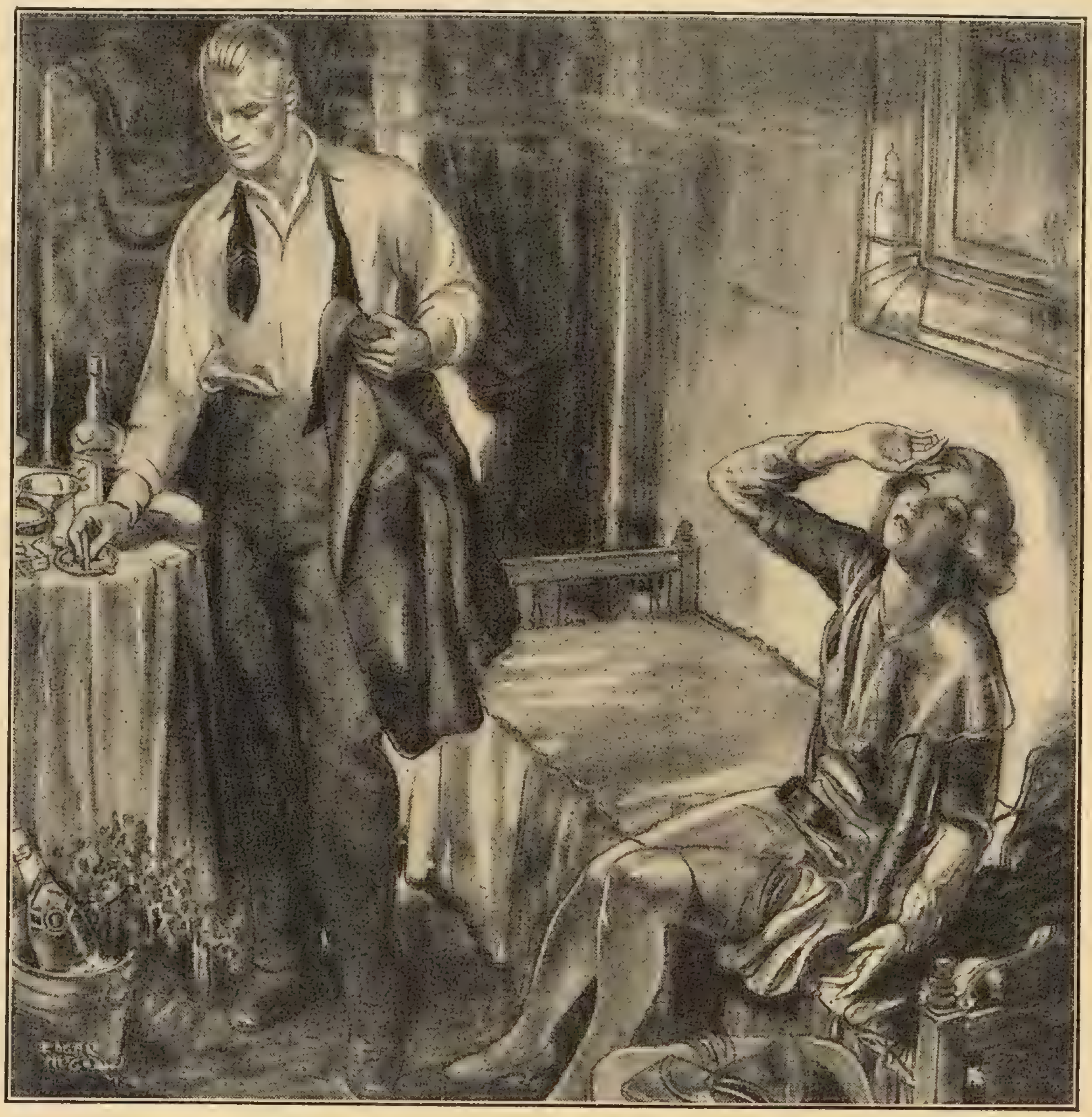
She opened her bag and took out the white envelope that had held her tickets. She opened it and stared in amazement, an incomprehensible dismay spreading over her face. It contained a folded sheet of blank paper.

The ticket agent was looking at her.

"Never mind. I—I must have left my tickets at home."

Turning from the window, she hesitated. Then she motioned to the porter and waited while he opened one of her suitcases. In one corner was a small leather jewel box. She picked it up and opened it, an amazed curiosity on her face.

It was empty.



He rose, crushed out his cigarette, and picked up his coat. "Where am I?" asked the young woman.

III

"I WENT back over every step I had made since arriving at the station," said Mrs. Deerwood. She spoke with conviction. "Waiting room, telephone booth, hairdresser's. I phoned the other station. Nothing had been turned in."

She was sitting on the couch in the dignified sitting room of Mr. Le Monte Ferguson's suite at the Hotel C——. Before her stood Mr. Ferguson and another elderly gentleman — her former traveling companion's friend, Johnny Calkins, president of the Bankers Trust. Both were in evening clothes. Mr. Ferguson had met her downstairs, brought her up, and introduced her to Mr. Calkins, who was stout, with a quizzical and gallant manner. Now Calkins shook his head sadly.

"These things happen every day. But in your position—ah—Mrs. Deerwood, it's particularly bad. Publicity—I suppose you must avoid that at all costs?"

She nodded.

"Ferguson told me of your predicament, fortunately, before I left the club." With a businesslike air he took a large roll of bills from his pocket. "Fifteen hundred I think he told me your check was for?"

Mrs. Deerwood faltered.

"Yes. A check of my husband's. I expected to deposit it there—"

"Quite all right, my dear Mrs. Deerwood. Your husband's checks are perfectly good, of course. Besides, I am glad to be able to help you. I knew your father years ago in Boston. We both belonged to the Patriarchs Club."

A grateful smile illumined Mrs. Deerwood's face as she took the three five-hundred-dollar bills and, folding them very small, put them into her pocketbook. Mr. Calkins, after glancing at the check she had given him, put it carefully into his bill fold.

Mr. Ferguson was watching her with fatuous admiration.

"Not so unlucky that I picked up that ball of yarn for you! . . . Now, how about a cocktail?"

"I never touch them. But you two do, of course!"

He was disappointed.

"Never? These are a Bacardi special—"

"Never!"

She showed herself a very good sport, however. She smoked a cigarette and listened gayly to the banter of the two gentlemen. No immediate move was made to go down to dinner. Finally she glanced at her wrist watch.

"Seven! Shall we dine soon?"

"Mrs. Deerwood," it was Calkins who made the reply, "Monty evidently didn't tell you that I was bringing my nephew along tonight. Charming young fellow. You'll like him.

"And, by the way, instead of dining here I suggest that we go to an amusing place I know of. Rather dull here, and besides"—he lowered his voice impressively—"you might run into some one who would recognize you!"

"WHY, yes. Perhaps it would be safer. But you will forgive me, won't you, if I leave in plenty of time for my train?"

"Your berth is being held. I telephoned." Mr. Calkins spoke with the air of one who could arrange anything. "Ronny should be here any moment. Ah, there's the phone!"

He walked into the bedroom, where Mr. Ferguson followed him. Mrs. Deerwood opened her bag and looked again at the three bills. Across the room, in a large mirror, her image was reflected—young, pretty, a little sad.

A moment later there was a knock. The young man who entered was of medium height, with smooth blond hair, and a nice face. He had, moreover, charm—much of it. Mr. Calkins put an arm around his shoulder and led him forward.

"Madam X! My nephew, Ronny Sloan."

Ronny, it developed, had been flying that afternoon and that was why he was late. He apologized for not dressing. Didn't get back to the hangar until after five. . . .

She watched him. He had a cocktail—only one. Then he came and sat down beside her.

"Madam X? I think that I deserve an incognito, too!"

"You shall have one—Prince!"

The gray eyes, looking into hers, held her gaze steadily—without wavering. A sudden warm color came into her face.

"Why do you look at me like that?" She laughed gayly. "You *aren't* the Prince of Wales, are you?"

"No—unfortunately. Just a good-for-nothing bum!"

There was something slightly bitter in his voice. His uncle, who had been listening, laughed quickly.

"Ronny can afford to be a good-for-nothing, Mrs. Deerwood!"

"Shall we go?" said Ronny politely.

An hour later they had finished a very excellent dinner at a small dinner club where Mr. Calkins, evidently, was well known. The lights were flattering; there was an intimate dance floor, and the music was alluring. Mrs. Oliver Deerwood danced with Ronny Sloan. Her eyes dreamed; her cheeks were slightly flushed; there was an air of excitement about her. The two older men, back at the table, discussed affairs and drank moderately of champagne. The young man danced silently, looking at the decorations, the other dancers, the crowded tables against the walls.

"Why are you so happy tonight?" he asked suddenly.

She looked at him. Their gaze was level. There was no smile in his eyes.

"It does seem strange."

THE music whirled them on. His arms held her a little closer. His voice was quiet.

"I'm sad. Know why? . . . When I came into that room tonight and saw you sitting there . . ." He hesitated. "Well, something happened to me. Something I've never felt before. You are different—really. You are very beautiful. You were sad then, and—frightened. Now you are happy. Why?"

They danced past the two men at the table. Mr. Ferguson was paying the check.

"I wish that I'd met some one like you," he said—"I don't dare say *you*—before. Will you remember that if you ever think of me again?"

She caught her breath slightly. Her cryptic smile faded. There was dumb pain in his eyes. Then, abruptly, the music stopped.

"I—suppose I must go to the station now." Mrs. Deerwood was drinking the demi-tasse that had been waiting for her. Her voice sounded bewildered. She looked suddenly tired.

"Nonsense! Two hours yet!" said Mr. Ferguson. "We'll put you on the train. Won't you change your mind and help finish the champagne?"

She shook her head. Ronny Sloan had poured himself a glass of that expensive beverage on reaching the table, and was now having another. He took a silver flask from his pocket and poured a big portion of whisky into the champagne. His uncle's eyes observed him with a quick scowl. Mrs. Deerwood also noticed, but pretended not to see. She felt for the crackle of the three bills which she had taken secretly from her purse and put into her glove.

"Everything's arranged for your entertainment!" exclaimed Mr. Ferguson jovially. "Calkins has phoned for a table and we will drop in at the nicest little place in town, Mrs. Deerwood. Perfectly proper, of course. It's only half past eight now."

At the curb Mrs. Deerwood was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sound Sleep at Night ...*Without Drugs*...and Energetic Days!

A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep Without Drugs . . . But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.* You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

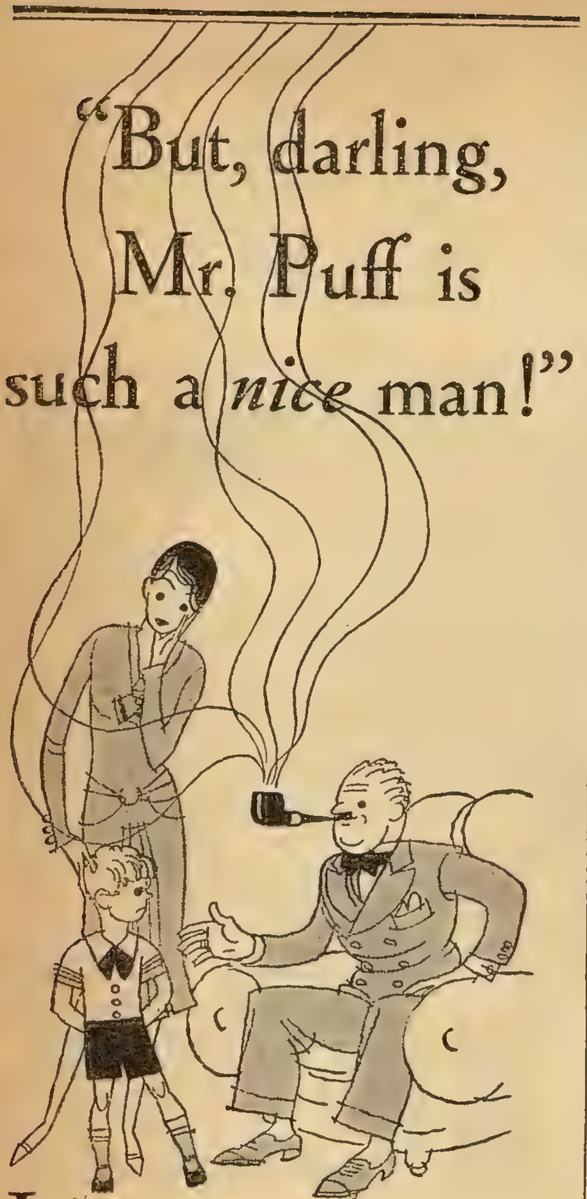
Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

689R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink


"But, darling, Mr. Puff is such a *nice* man!"

IT isn't the pipe that causes these embarrassing moments, Mr. Puff. It's the tobacco. Isn't it time you discovered Sir Walter Raleigh—patron saint of pipe smokers, who discovered how good a pipe can be? His favorite smoking mixture really *is* milder. It really *is* just about the richest, mellowest, mildest blend of choice Burleys you've ever smoked.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 2*) When breaking in a new pipe, smoke your first few pipefuls slowly. Don't let your pipe get hot. Fast burning discolors and burns the wood and bakes the oils in the tobacco before the pipe is properly "seasoned." Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky. Dept. 41.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO

EN ROUTE
Continued from page fifty-three

hesitant. She stood vaguely looking at the waiting taxi. Ronny Sloan was beside her.

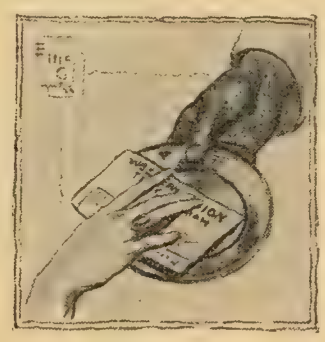
"I really shouldn't—"

"Get in. They'll take another taxi. Come."

She obeyed.

The young man, after an order to the driver, got in beside her and, while they started off, stared out at the crowded traffic.

Suddenly, with the abrupt manner of one in great haste, he turned to her.



"Tell me. What do you think about me? Would you have liked me if you had met me differently?"

Mrs. Oliver Deerwood sat back with a sad little quiver of her breath.

"We'll never meet again," she said deliberately. "That's quite impossible. So I'll tell you the truth. You asked me why I was happy tonight?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you. A man whom I thought I loved has left me. Gone with another woman. But—when I met you tonight I felt that I had never loved him at all."

"Hell!" said Ronny Sloan savagely.

"I guess we both felt—"

The young man hesitated, then turned slowly. The blue, rather childlike eyes were growing blank. A moment later Mrs. Oliver Deerwood slipped back unconscious into the seat corner.

IV

CHICAGO KELLY'S at midnight begins to be crowded. At three o'clock in the morning it is a heated, smoky hell, noisy with the wail of the saxophone that alternates with the tinny piano, fugitive and yet brazen with the moods of the precarious life that gathers there. A bad name has Chicago Kelly's—the worst in the city.

Upstairs in one of the infamous private dining rooms a slight, blonde young woman was just waking up. She lay on a couch, her head propped up with sofa cushions, her hat, bag, and gloves on a nearby chair, her hair disheveled, her childish, disillusioned face pale under the yellow electric lights. Her feet, in their pretty shoes, had been carefully covered by a man's coat.

She sat up, the coat slipping to the floor. Her eyes widened and quailed; then went incredulously around the room. It was shoddy and lurid. A red carpet, gilt mirrors, musty walls. The light shone down directly on a table on which stood champagne glasses, empty seltzer bottles, ash trays, a half finished bottle of Scotch. On the floor was a champagne bucket, the ice melted, the bottle tipped heavily.

On the other side of the table, coatless, his smooth hair still sleekly brushed, his pale blue shirt unrumpled, sat the young man she had met earlier in the evening, smoking a cigarette.

He rose, crushed out his cigarette in the littered ash tray, and politely picked up his coat from the floor.

"Where am I?" asked the young woman. Her voice was empty and breathless.

"You are perfectly safe, Mrs. Deerwood." Ronny Sloan slipped into his coat and ran his hand over his blond hair. His eyes avoided hers. "You passed out, that's all. We brought you here."

She stood up unsteadily. Then she sat down again on the couch.

"A GLASS of water, please."

There seemed to be none cold enough. He hesitated, poured her the remainder of the vichy.

She had picked up her purse and her gloves. Inside the palm of one she felt the crisp folds of the three five-hundred-dollar bills.

"Will you get me a taxi at once, please?"

The young man hesitated.

"It's three-thirty. Pretty hard to get a cab at this hour. Besides, the others are downstairs. They'll be right up."

She drew on her gloves, the bills pressing against her palm. She breathed hurriedly. Her eyes, as though in search of something that perplexed her, moved around the room.

Behind a chair in the corner was a newspaper. Her eyes came back swiftly to the young man.

"You understand my situation. Get me out of here, some way, immediately." Her eyes blazed. "You *look* decent!"

"Say!" A slow, painful flush crept over his countenance. Then he faced her. "I can't—not right away. Guess we've got to wait."

She had risen, but now she sat down again. She did not appear afraid. Her voice, when she spoke, was cool and smooth.

"May I have a cigarette?" She looked at the table scornfully. "What is all that mess?"

The young man was silent for a moment. Then he laughed shortly.

"Looks bad, doesn't it?"

"Very. What happened to me?"

He absently emptied the overflowing ash tray into the artificial fireplace.

"Ferguson says that the champagne upset you."

"I wasn't drinking. You know that. Something happened in the taxi."

"You seemed pretty all right again when we reached here. Just sort of sleepy. You couldn't have stayed downstairs. Don't you remember coming up here?"

"I remember vaguely coming into this room. You all seemed to be here. And the champagne being ordered. Then—"

"You got sort of sleepy again. We fixed you up on the couch."

Her face grew white.

"Let me go now!"

Abruptly he drew back and crossed the room, grasping a chair tightly.

"Listen!" he said. "I've been sitting here nearly six hours alone with you. Watching you sleep; covering you up. You turned your head to one side and slept just like a kid. I could have drank—but I didn't. Or I could have read the newspaper—but I didn't. I just sat here smoking cigarettes and watching you. I never met a woman like you before. I guess it might have made a big difference to me if I had. Will you remember that? And will you believe that I'm telling you the truth?"

Her expression was taut, perplexed. Some one was outside the door. A knock—a double knock.

The young man crossed rapidly over and unlocked the door.

Mr. Ferguson entered. He looked at them, lifted his brows, and smiled with overdone cordiality. His face looked sharper. There was something furtive and yet brazen in his swift surveyal of the room. It was as though he had acquired the mood of that hectic café below.

"Ah—feel better?" His glance held a covert suggestiveness. "Too much champagne, Mrs. Deerwood!"

She laughed. The men watched her in surprise. Her expression was light, careless, almost gay.

"I should love a glass now!"

As she drank it her eyes toasted Mr. Ferguson with an inscrutable expression. The color came slowly back into her face.

Mr. Ferguson chuckled.

"Fine. I'll order more. Be up later."

He left. The young man locked the door again. He stood with his back against it. . . . There was suddenly something hard and sure about him.

"Listen, Mrs. Deerwood. I'm going to put you wise. That guy, see?—he's 'Oxford' Creighton. That don't mean much to you, but he's—well, a big crook. Calkins—that's not *his* name either—works with him."

"And you?"

Her voice was hardly more than a whisper. She stood near the table, holding to it with both hands.

"I—well, never mind my real name. I've pretty near forgotten it myself. I do the dirty work. They call me the Prince. Or sometimes Wales."

She was staring at him with incredulous eyes.

He went on rapidly under the strain of an intense excitement.

"They've framed you—blackmail! You're going to be found here with me soon, see? A couple of cops, a reporter or so—fakes, of course."

"Yes," said Mrs. Deerwood. "I—know those kind."

"They figure that you're good for twenty thousand at least—to keep it quiet and out of the papers. He got

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIS HANDS

ARE INSURED

FOR TEN THOUSAND

. . . *yet he has "Athlete's Foot"!*

He has given his life to his art! He lives in a glass case, so to speak—surrounded by every care and every safeguard.

Yet he has a well developed case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

The tiny skin-cracks between the smaller toes* are beginning to get on his sensitive, high-strung nerves to a serious extent—as they do, indeed, harry the nerves of millions of less emotional but equally puzzled people.

Now this common infection can be curbed

Now that it is universally agreed among specialists that *tinea trichophyton,* a ringworm fungus, is the cause of the various forms* of "Athlete's Foot"—*and now that exhaustive laboratory research has revealed that Absorbine Jr. kills the "Athlete's Foot" germ and curbs its spread*—knowledge of this most persistent parasite and how to fight it will soon be country-wide!

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"*. . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students enrolled are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the very places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—even on hotel bath-mats. And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them, nor how to rid themselves of it.

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—tinea trichophyton—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

Beech-Nut
BLACK
Cough Drops

When-ever you have a cough

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A cough drop with an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
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Makers of
BEECH-NUT
LEMON, LIME, AND ORANGE DROPS

[EN ROUTE
Continued from page fifty-five]

your money and tickets, of course—and your jewels. Wanted to be sure you'd have to go to him for help. Then—they had you. You wouldn't drink, but—the coffee was doped."

She picked up her purse. Taking the three five-hundred-dollar bills from her glove, she looked at them carefully, then put them back.

"And you," she said firmly, "are going to help me get away!"

"Yes, by God!" His face was suddenly boyish again. "I will! First time I've ever done anything like it, but I'd do anything for you, Mrs. Deerwood."

She pulled on her hat, came over and put one hand on his shoulder. He heard the uneven haste of her breathing.

"You're coming with me."

His gesture was impotent.

"I'll open the door. You go quickly to the left. There are stairs. Down two flights. Then the door to the street. There'll be taxis there. Hurry!"

"I'm waiting for you."

"You can't be seen with me—not a woman like you. Hurry!"

She shrugged. Then calmly she crossed the room and picked up the newspaper that had fallen to the floor behind the chair.

"I'm pretty well trained," she said brightly. "Even last night I had sense enough to see this and push it to the floor before anyone noticed it."

She spread it on the table. It was a lurid evening news sheet, with several photographs on the front page, including one of Mrs. Oliver Deerwood. Over the top was the streamer:

ELOPING MILLIONAIRE AND WIFE
RECONCILED

She put her hand over the caption and showed him the picture. He looked at it a moment. Then he hesitated.

"It doesn't look so much like you."

She moved her hand.

"Enough to work on!"

She held out the three crisp bills. Under the glaring light of the electrolier her face looked tired and childish.

"God! You mean you—"

She nodded slowly.

Then a curious change came over her. A hidden vitality laughed from her eyes. She lifted her hand and flashed before him the preposterous emerald.

"Recognize this? Think!"

He stared at it, then at her again. A slow flush burned his fair skin.

"God! You're—Honey Macomber's girl?"

In spite of an effort he could not keep awe from his voice.

Big Mac—a respected name in the underworld. The legend of how Mac had given his girl a famous stolen emerald and she openly wore it. . . . Sure he knew! His mouth twisted bitterly.

"*Was* his girl! He's gone to Europe, boy, with a jane that's got the brains of a guinea pig. And Mac needs a woman with brains. . . . But I'm through. He told me that he'd quit her, meet me here in Chicago, and we'd go on to the coast. There's a big chance there."

SHE pointed to the newspaper. "I used the Deerwood racket, coming out. I look something like her and we figured it a chance for a pickup—enough for expenses. You'd be surprised how willing strangers are to help a real lady when her name's all over the newspapers. Sometimes you can pull big money on a thing like that. Mac and I had a lot of rackets . . . ." She was suddenly close to him. "I *was* his girl!"

"God, kid!"

She drew away from him. "Quick, now! We can get that early morning train through to Frisco. We'll knock 'em dead there."

She laughed.

"When you die you'll have a funeral that'll beat them all! And when Mr. Le Monte Ferguson and the reporters and the fake cops come in, they'll find—this!"

She propped the newspaper up against the empty champagne bottle.

The Prince unlocked the door. "Say," he whispered regretfully. "It's a pity they've got your other jewels."

The Prince's new boss hid her laughter against his arm as she pushed behind him.

"Suppose I'd leave the real goods in a suitcase? What they got was paste!"

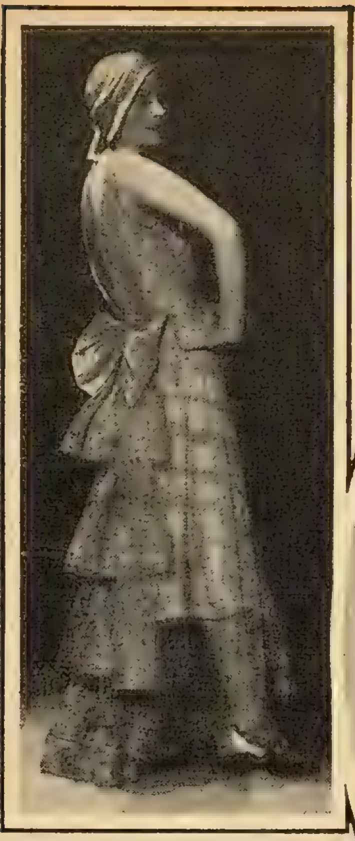
THE END

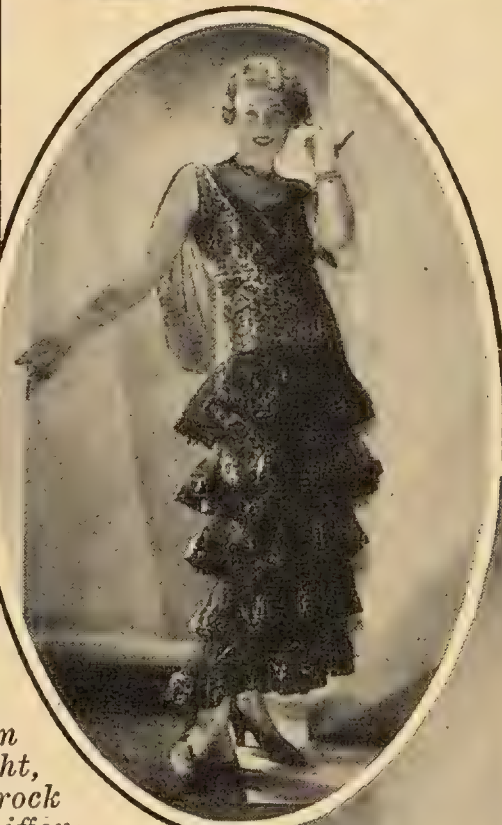
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 43

1—John Adams.
2—One who writes from dictation; also a copyist.
3—Angora.
4—Richard I.
5—An interbreeding of races.
6—Puccini's Girl of the Golden West.
7—Two.
8—A widow or widower.
9—In San Antonio, Texas.
10—Hamlet, Act i, Scene 2.
11—A woman-hater.
12—Charles Lamb.
13—The Boer War.
14—One versed in the science which treats of the skin.
15—Georgia.
16—Abraham Lincoln's mother.
17—Too much or too many; out of place.
18—Desdemona.
19—The Titanic.
20—An island in the Pacific Ocean south of Australia.

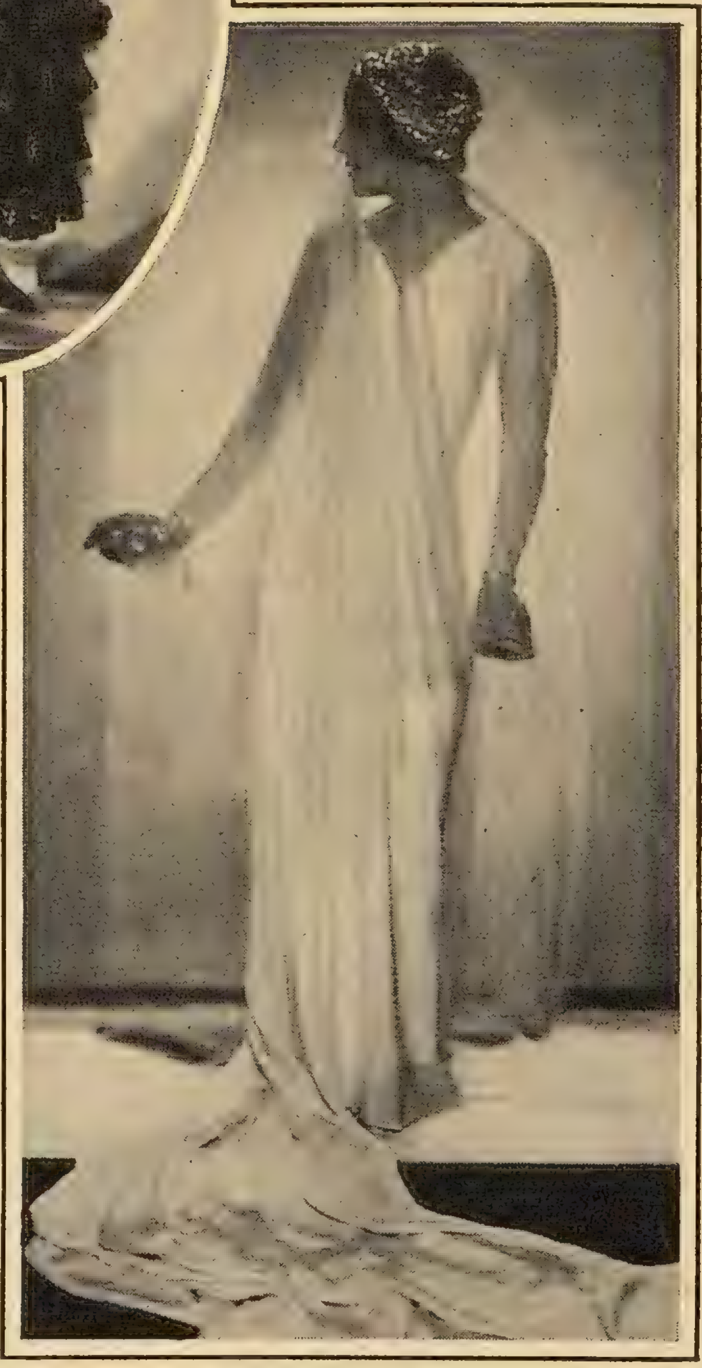
Modes and Marriages

By BETTINA BEDWELL

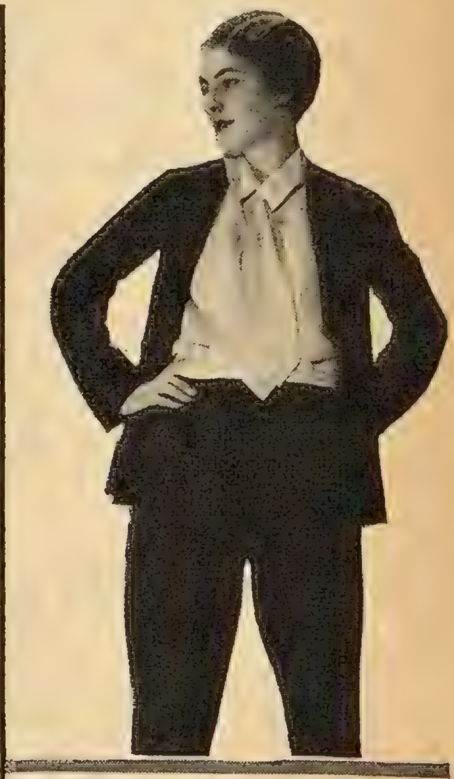




The Worth evening gown above is in latticed-rose marquisette; the hat is from Christiane. At the right, a Worth black lace frock over flesh-colored chiffon.



A Jeanne Lanvin bride, wearing white satin, a tulle veil, and a diamond-embroidered cap.



Lanvin's costume for the bride of a yacht owner.

Paris.

BRIDES, this season, are having weddings with trimmings and trappings that have given wrinkled brows and brain-fag to great Paris couturiers. However, the massive minds of the mode makers have not expended their energy for nothing. There are reasons, other than throwing rice and eating wedding cake, for going to weddings. You can get a line on future fashions when the marriage is a fashionable one.

Paris weddings this winter have done more than any other one thing to make a general mode of ruffles. Bridesmaids at the smartest weddings have been bewitchingly beruffled as to frocks, and I observe that fashionable women all over Europe are adopting ruffled dresses for formal afternoon and evening wear. Bridesmaids' hats are making millinery modes.

Paris brides, this season, are clothed, as Juliet, in long, medieval frocks. Many of them wear beautiful veils that fall in folds before as well as behind. Wedding-ring satin is back, both for fashionable wedding dresses and for general evening use. Brides are wearing a little jeweled cap around which the veil is draped, and many smart women are wearing these caps—without the veil, of course—for evenings at the theater and night club, or for dinner in a restaurant.

PRINTED marquisette for bridesmaids' dresses is something that Worth has launched. These lovely frocks are ruffled in a new way, and they are to be worn with hats such as that shown in our first photograph. This dress is a pastel printed marquisette with a latticed-rose pattern. The bodice is closely fitted to the hipline, and the instep-length skirt is cut circular. Across the back of the skirt are four ruffled tiers, topped by a big bow of rose velvet that also marks the end of the waist-deep V-shaped décolleté. The hat, from Marie Christiane, is made of exotic straw, with a brim and band of rose velvet.

A second Worth frock to get its mode from marriages is shown in the oval. It's a princesse frock of black lace over flesh-colored chiffon, and the ruffles of the skirt are stiffened with bands of black straw braid. The skirt tapers in slightly toward the knees, giving a very new line to the silhouette. There is a lace cape at the back, hung from the shoulders.

The bride of our center photograph is in a white satin gown from Lanvin, cut *à la Juliette.* Diamond-embroidered circular ruffles are placed at the wrists of the long sleeves of her dress. The cap she wears is diamond-embroidered, and the veil hangs from it to the knees in front and the length of the court train of the dress in back.

OUR last photograph shows the costume that Lanvin made for a smart bride who sailed away on her husband's yacht immediately after the ceremony. The jacket and trousers are made of blue woolen, and the jacket is bordered with stitched bands of printed wool. The blouse is white crêpe de chine.

* * *

Bridesmaids are wearing different colors this season. Brown with red is a new combination. Even black for bridesmaids has been seen. Lime green is another new shade.

Bonnets of horsehair braid dotted with chenille were made for the bridesmaids of one fashionable wedding by Agnès.

Every Paris bride must have her ivory missal and it must be a veritable antique.

George Jessel is one of the new stage recruits to the talking screen. His marvelous portrayal in 'Lucky Boy' won him spectacular success . . .

"Please *don't* make TALKIES into COUGHIES"

GEORGE JESSEL

"GIVE the 'youngest art' its chance! Let the talkies talk . . . let your neighbors enjoy them . . . *don't cough!*

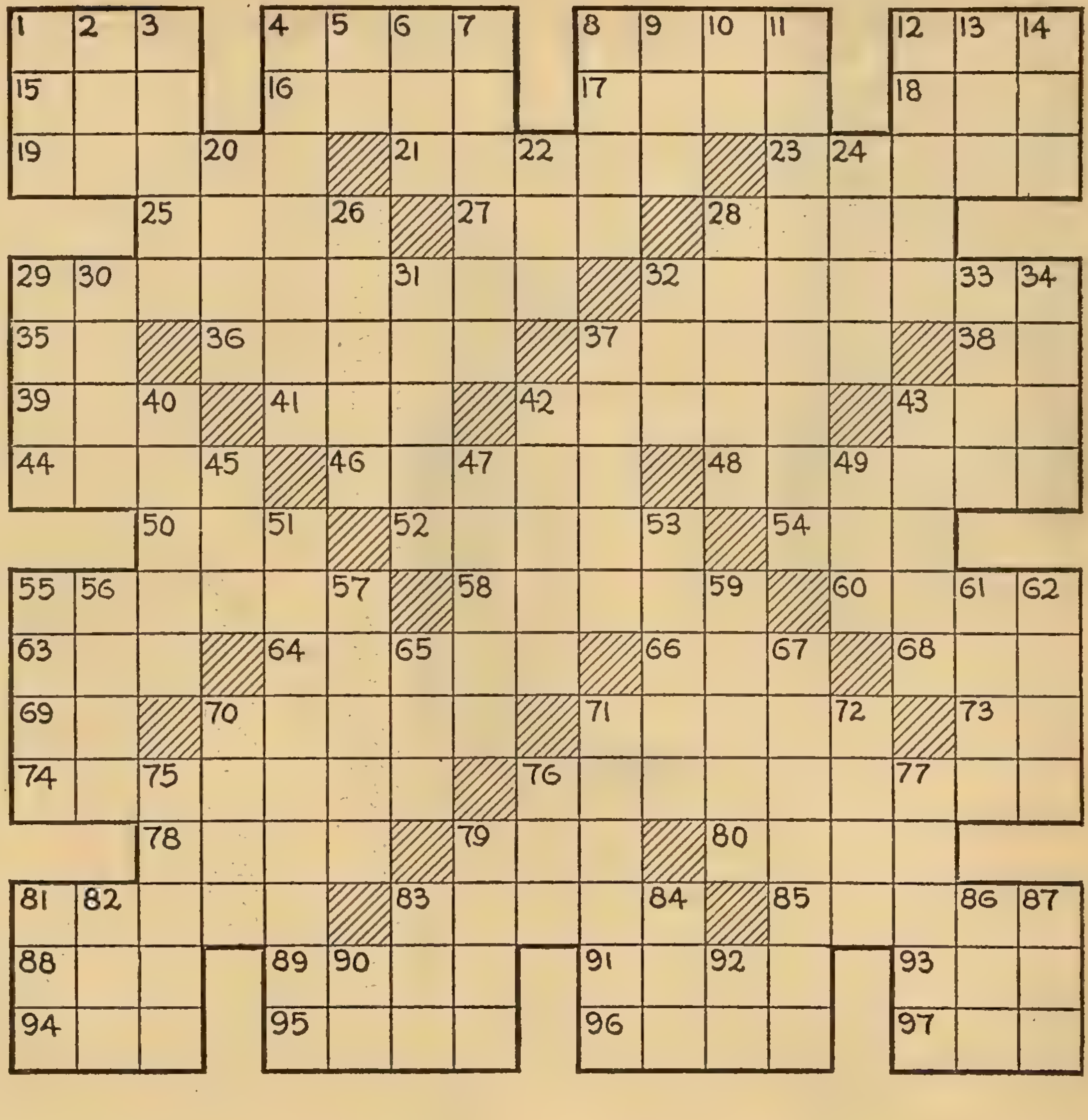
"This winter I've been to several talkie performances where half the speeches were drowned out by the inveterate whoopers in the audience. Must that be? *No, sir!* I know it's a cinch to get rid of a cough. One or two of the little Smith Brothers Cough Drops always do the trick for me. I haven't had a cough since Uncle Tom's Cabin played on Broadway . . ."

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops soothe throat irritation—and *stop coughs.* Children love the flavor.

5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol*

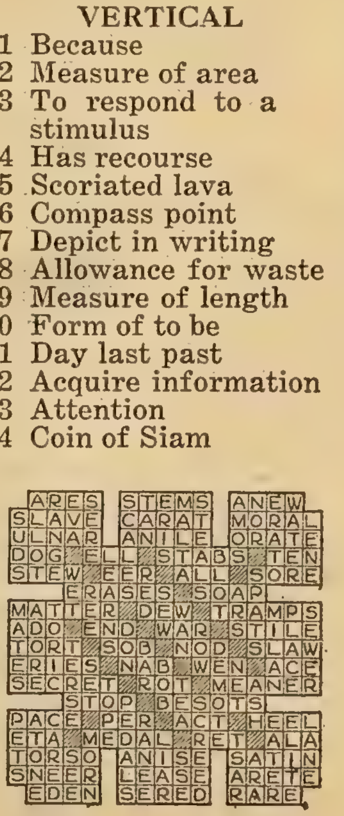
SMITH BROTHERS'
S. B.
COUGH DROPS.
TRADE
MARK
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. U.S.A.
5 Cents.
S.B. COUGH DROPS

Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL
1 Distant
4 File
8 Salver
12 Grassland
15 Unrefined metal
16 Relieve of strain
17 A city in New York
18 Devour
19 Peruses
21 Concluded
23 Capable; clever
25 Notes of a dove
27 Bed
28 Asterisk
29 Amuse; divert
32 Severer
35 Depart
36 Stable compartment
37 Regretful
38 Pronoun
39 A tree
41 To be seated
42 Lassoed
43 Obtain
44 Regarded fondly
46 Pertaining to birth
48 Irrigates
50 Tear
52 Splits
54 Yonder
55 Percussion instrument
58 Immerse again
60 Wooden pins
63 Owns
64 Tardier
66 No
68 A digit
69 Indian mulberry
70 Creates
71 Greek market place
73 Note of the scale
74 Narrated
76 Rechosen
78 Anglo-Saxon coins
79 Excavate
80 Satiate
81 A daughter of Saul
83 An enchantress, in Greek mythology
85 Rulers
88 Aged
89 Spare
91 On or toward the sheltered side
93 Comprehend
94 Form of to be
95 Spikes of cereal
96 Spikenard
97 Teutonic deity

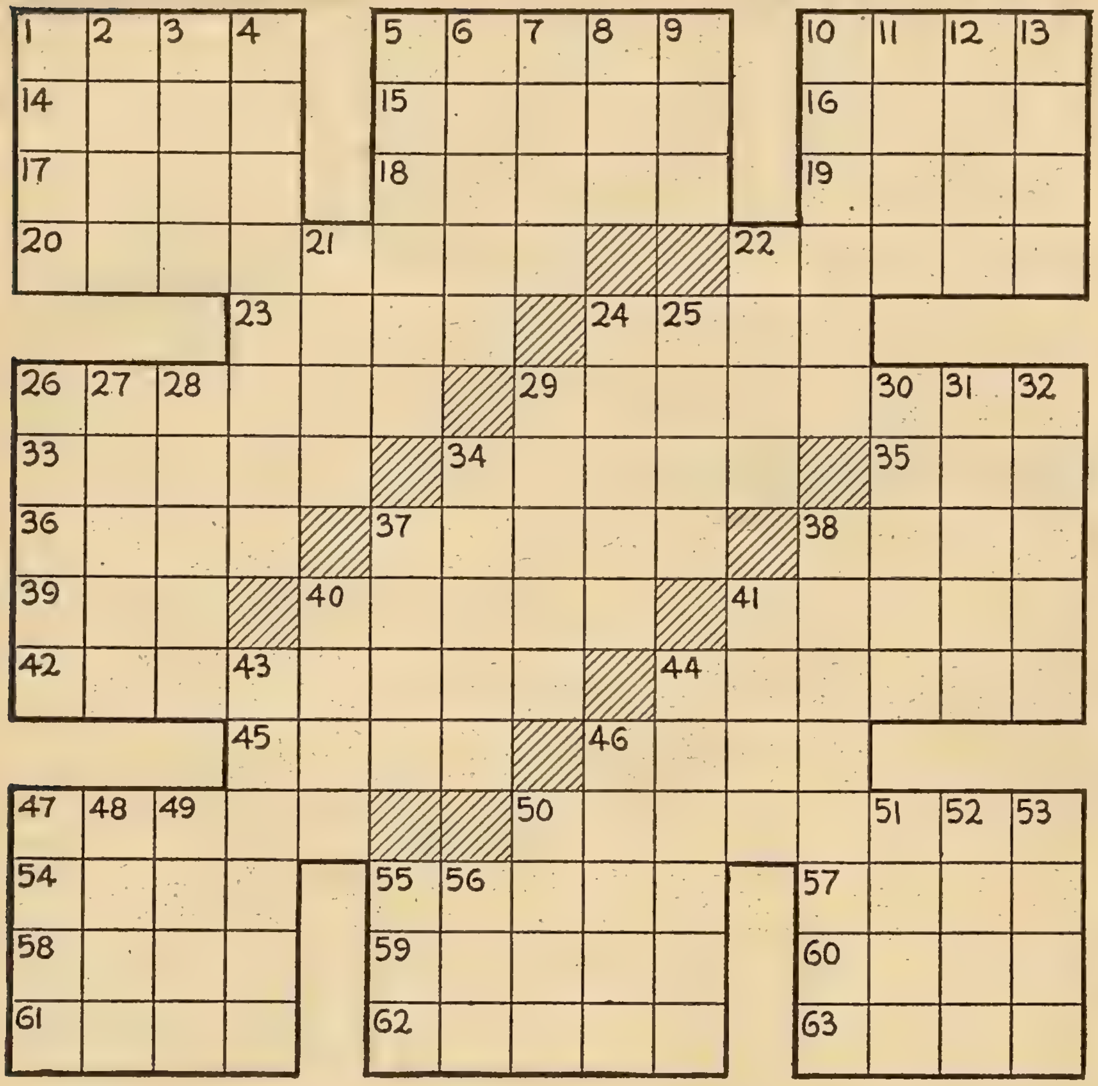
VERTICAL
1 Because
2 Measure of area
3 To respond to a stimulus
4 Has recourse
5 Scoriated lava
6 Compass point
7 Depict in writing
8 Allowance for waste
9 Measure of length
10 Form of to be
11 Day last past
12 Acquire information
13 Attention
14 Coin of Siam
20 Performs
22 Put on
24 Woman's name
26 Soil
28 Scatter
29 A minced oath
30 Part of the head
31 Place of sacrifice
32 To dip in a liquid
33 Pitcher
34 Steeps
37 Repaired, as a shoe
40 Injures
42 Ranter
43 A kind of civet
45 A bone
47 Wearies
49 Upper extremity
51 Savory
53 Burn superficially
55 Scorch
56 American university
57 Bodies of water
59 Puddles
61 Blood
62 Ovule
65 Man's nickname
67 Ministered to
70 The spirit of evil (Hindu mythology)
71 Pertaining to a sea
72 Deeds
75 Peers
76 Cause to be quit of
77 Annoy
79 Lairs
81 Reap
82 Originally, the highest note in the scale of Guido
83 Disfigure
84 A wing
86 Brazilian coin
87 A weight of India
90 Babylonian deity
92 Adjective suffix



ARES STEMS ANEW
SLAVE CARAT MORAL
ULNAR ANILE ORATE
DOG ELL STABS TEN
STEW EER ALL SORE
ERASES SOAP
MATTER DEW TRAMPS
ADO END WAR STILE
TORT SOB NOD SLAW
ERIES NAB WEN ACE
SECRET ROT MEANER
STOP BESOTS
PACE PER ACT HEEL
ETA MEDAL RET ALA
TORSO ANISE SATIN
SNEER LEASE ARETE
EDEN SERED RARE

Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans

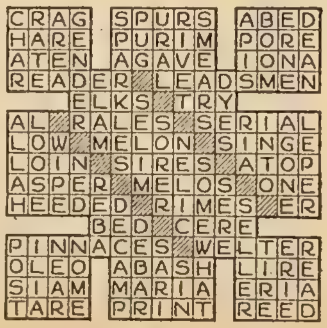


HORIZONTAL

1 Equine quadruped
5 A reckoning by numbers (plural)
10 Puncture
14 The pen name of Charles Lamb
15 Old-womanish
16 Prong
17 Transported with delight
18 Of or pertaining to hair
19 To be bombastic in talk
20 Writer of certain literary compositions
22 Roman goddess of the growing vegetation
23 To weary by tedious iteration or by dullness
24 Projecting upper part of a hill
26 Approaches game stealthily
29 Lowliness; baseness
33 Cardinal number
34 Lachrymose
35 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
36 A god of love
37 A free servant (Old English history)
38 Crushed or trampled, as under foot
39 A species of dog (diminutive)
40 Small nails
41 A province in Tuscany, Italy
42 Kind of birds
44 Watchman; guard
45 Cereal grains
46 To mark with stripes
47 Comb of a cock
50 Disturbed unwarrantably
54 Went horseback
55 To bear patiently; to tolerate
57 To flow slowly through interstices
58 Declare in a positive manner
59 Island of the Philippine group
60 Greater in numbers
61 Cysts
62 Part of the leg (pl.)
63 Child of Shem

VERTICAL

1 Lake or pool
2 Exclamation of lament
3 Tears
4 Food
5 Animal of South America (plural)
6 Seeds of an apiaceous plant
7 Rhythmical swing, or cadence
8 Highest note in Guido's scale
9 East Indian unit of weight
10 Scattered
11 Headdress (poetic)
12 Woman's name
13 Stakes
21 To couple; join
22 Rabbit
24 Edible seeds
25 Unusual
26 Stages in a flight of stairs
27 Cast; hurl
28 Fragrance
29 Meadows
30 Supplied with ear-like appendages
31 Rock
32 Type of automobile
34 Becomes fluid or semi-fluid
37 Jog
38 Tending to bore; irksome
40 Utter raucously or inconsiderately
41 Auction
43 Unsuccessful contestants
44 Australian horse (plural)
46 Deity in Teutonic mythology
47 Crop of a bird
48 Draw out and twist slightly (textiles)
49 Paradise
50 Smith in Wagner's group The Ring of the Nibelungs
51 Instrument of a handicraftsman
52 A book of the Old Testament
53 Consider
55 Stupid fellow
56 An exclamation of contempt



CRAG SPURS ABED
HARE PURIM PORE
ATEN AGAVE IONA
READER▨LEADSMEN
ELKS▨TRY
AL▨RALES▨SERIAL
LOW▨MELON▨SINGE
LOIN▨SIRES▨ATOP
ASPER▨MELOS▨ONE
HEEDED▨RIMES▨ER
BED▨CERE
PINNACES▨WELTER
OLEO ABASH LIRE
SIAM MARIA ERIA
TARE PRINT REED

Answer to last week's puzzle

"That reminds me of a story . . ."

A great time is had by all . . BUT . .

SCENE 1. *The gilded banquet room of Hotel Anywhere. The dinner started at 8—and here it is 10—and still eating. The smoke from 300 cigars and cigarettes fills the room. "Shut that window"—shouts a nervous diner.*

SCENE 2. *The cold dawn of the morning after. Our Hero awakes with a dark brown taste and an aching head—it looks like a dull "blue" day ahead.*

✦ ✦

Whenever you overeat, be thoughtful enough to take an Ex-Lax or two before retiring. Then you'll not be troubled by the effects of faulty elimination—one of the real perils to the "banqueteer". And this applies as well to those who can't resist a bounteous supply of good things on the dinner table.

Ex-Lax checks on every point your doctor looks for in a laxative. It's safe, gentle, easy to take and thorough. It doesn't create a habit. It isn't absorbed by the system—and causes no embarrassment. And it tastes just like delicious chocolate!

Your druggist has Ex-Lax in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or return the coupon for a free sample.

The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. L-2430
Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name ....
Address ....
City.......... *State*..........

THE SAFE
GENTLE LAXATIVE THAT
TASTES LIKE CHOCOLATE

EX-LAX

Savory SOUPS

By

ETHEL SOMERS

Fresh vegetables give the most flavor to soup, especially when they are cut fine.

A HOT savory soup gives diners a warm glow at the start of the meal. Because of its healthful appetizing effect soup warrants a prominent place in the menu. In cold weather no appetizer is more gratifying. Soups are susceptible to wide variations to suit the occasion and character of the repast. The delicate clear soups, the rich thick soups, the hearty cream soups, and the enticing vegetable soups all have their place in balancing the menu.

Brown Soup Stock

1 pound raw bones for soup } ½ ground meat
½ cracked bones
1 quart cold water
1 teaspoon salt
1 to 2 tablespoons vegetables finely shredded, using especially the colorful vegetables and onion
Savory seasonings to be varied at will:
1 sprig parsley
1 whole clove
½ bay leaf
½ teaspoon pepper, or
3 peppercorns

THE quantities given in this recipe may be multiplied according to the weight of the meat and bone available. Regular soup bones weigh two to four pounds. But often trimmings from a roast or left-overs from a steak will weigh no more than a pound and yet prove a golden resource. Bouillon cubes or meat extracts may be used to increase the volume needed.

Add the cold water and salt to the meat and let stand until the juice begins to soak out, even for several hours. Meanwhile prepare the bones and vegetables. The fatty tissue and bone must be cleansed by scraping rather than by merely wiping with a cloth. Split the bones to expose the marrow. Add the other ingredients and heat very slowly so that the cold water has ample time to extract as much flavor as possible. Cover tightly and cook gently (never boiling) for a long time, even as long as twelve hours or until the stock is savory, which may be judged by sampling. During the first part of the cooking skim occasionally. The surface of the liquid must never more than faintly ripple. The slightest boiling sears in the flavor and fat. Strain through a colander or fine cloth, depending on the clearness desired. Cool quickly and remove the fat in such proportion as desired.

White Soup Stock

1 pound bones and meat from veal or poultry
1 quart cold water
⅓ onion, finely minced
2 teaspoons butter
1 stalk celery
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ bay leaf, or
⅙ blade mace

PREPARE as for brown stock except that the minced onion is slightly browned in the butter before adding it to the other ingredients.

Note the first paragraph under brown soup stock regarding quantity of ingredients.

To get the greatest savor into a soup mixture, crack the bones to expose the marrow, and grind the meat.

Bouillon

SERVE brown soup stock which has been thoroughly strained and clarified as follows:

Entirely remove the grease or fat from the chilled stock, and wipe the top with a warm damp cloth to remove every fat particle. Add a slightly beaten egg white (per quart of stock) and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Then boil gently about ten minutes without stirring. Place over a simmer flame, turned low, where the soup will keep warm but not boil. Add one-half cup of cold water to settle it and let stand ten minutes. Strain through several layers of cheesecloth dampened with hot water.

DELICIOUS consommés, savory cream soups, and the richer, thicker soups, unsurpassed as cold-weather appetizers, are among the many additional soup recipes to be found in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. The long list of Miss Somers' suggestions is more than ample to keep soup services enlivened and varied. The cookbooks cost 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon when sending for them.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose......cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name....................................

Street or R. F. D.....................

City.... ....State..........2-22-30

CONSOMMÉ is a combination of equal quantities of brown and white stock, clarified as for bouillon, adding additional seasonings along with the egg, for example (per quart of combined stock):

2 tablespoons carrot, minced
1 stalk celery, minced
1 sprig parsley
½ bay leaf
1 whole clove
A few grains savory and thyme

Oxtail Soup

1 oxtail
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons fat
1½ quarts brown stock
1 pint assorted vegetables, parboiled
1 bay leaf
½ red or green pepper, minced
1 tablespoon dried savory
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice, if desired

WASH the oxtail, removing any membranous skin, and disjoint it. Sprinkle the joints with salt and flour and pan-fry in hot fat until thoroughly browned. Add the brown stock and simmer gently one hour. Among the pint of vegetables there should be about one-third cup of diced onion, which may be browned with the oxtail. Add the parboiled vegetables, bay leaf, red or green pepper, and savory herbs. Simmer about twenty minutes. Add the minced parsley, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and salt.

Julienne or Vegetable Soup

1 pint assorted raw vegetables
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 quart soup stock
¼ teaspoon pepper

RAW carrots, peas, turnips, and celery are best for this soup. Cut them *à la Julienne*, that is, into tiny matchlike strips. Add half a cup of boiling water to which one-fourth teaspoon of salt has been added, and gently cook, tightly covered, until the vegetables are tender yet firm enough to hold their shape. If the water has not cooked away toward the end of the cooking process, remove the cover and boil it away. Add the soup stock and other ingredients.

The Diamond Eye

A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

A MAN without a tongue! Pelky, purser on the Marantic, steaming westward, had had his tongue cut out. The captain, mystified by the crime, had appealed to Dick Clarke.

"I understand," he said, "that you are an agent of the United States Treasury Department."

"I am," Dick answered. "Mrs. Clarke is in the service with me. Our work is the trailing of diamond smugglers."

"Tell me, then," the captain said, "all I ought to know about Pelky."

Dick, talking quietly, withheld the fact that he and Jean Wood, known as "Mrs. Clarke," were masquerading as a married pair for safety's sake. He gave a detailed account of the gruesome private dinner given by Jay Finch. Finch, master smuggler, had invited to that dinner his latest whim, Poppy Brooks; also Istrelle du Bose, Silovitch, Kuroki, a Jap, and Pelky—smugglers every one. He had asked "the Clarkes" to meet them.

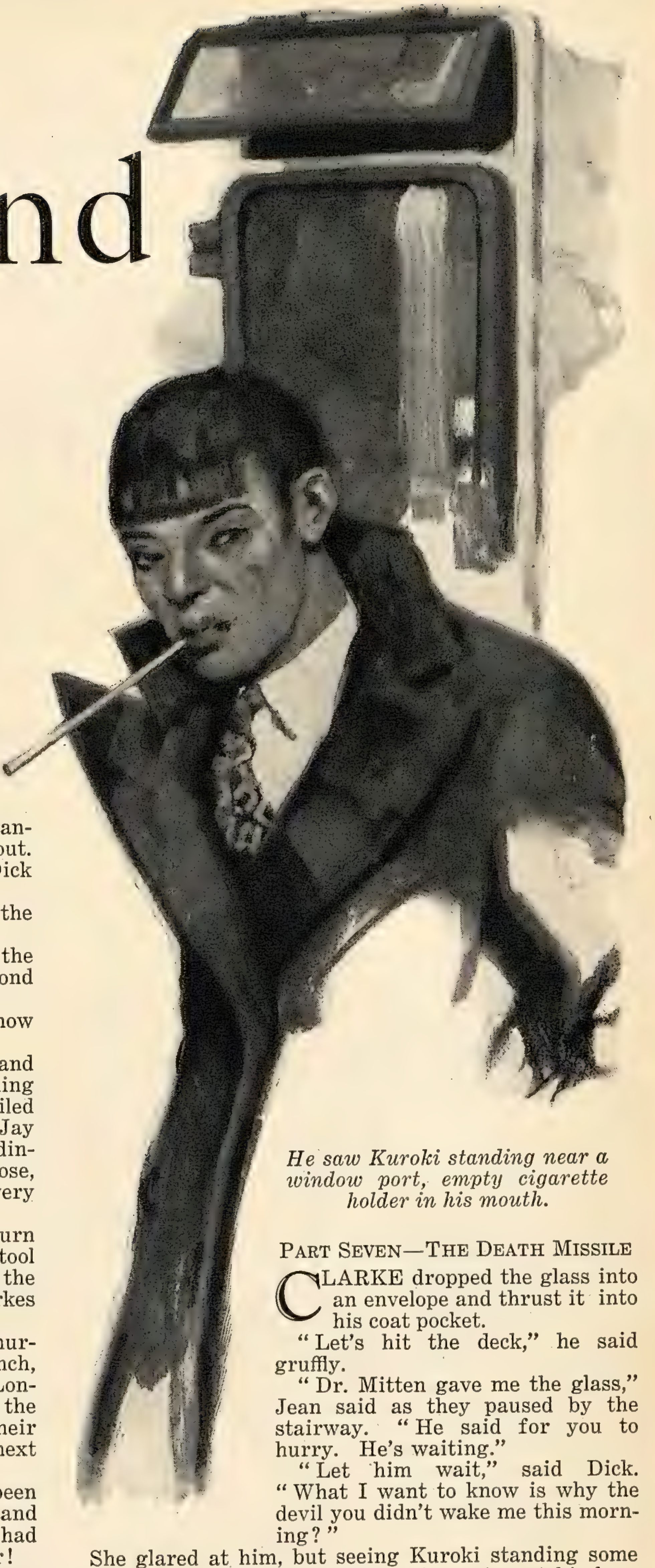
On that occasion Pelky had left the room, to return bleeding and mutilated, having suffered, probably, a stool pigeon's punishment. For, after Dick had uncovered the purser's plan to smuggle, Pelky had warned the Clarkes that Finch meant to trap Jean.

It was murder Finch intended to pin on Jean—the murder of Henri Conté. Before the Marantic sailed, Finch, Poppy, and Conté had met at the Crown and Bull, a London pub. Conté had agreed to smuggle in, for Finch, the great gem called the Diamond Eye. Serving at their table was Jean, disguised as a waitress, and at the next table sat Dick, also disguised.

Jean had created a disturbance, the table had been overturned, she had got possession of the Eye, and Conté had been stabbed. When all had fled, Dick had picked up a garter slit with a knife—Poppy's garter!

After their talk, the captain and Dick examined Pelky's room. The purser's bathrobe and slippers were missing and the carpet was wet. Dick advanced the theory that some slim man had entered, naked, by the porthole, done his ugly work, and made his exit, clothed, by the door.

Dick's deductions were logical. However, he was amazed when, the next morning, Jean brought him a small glass ball, and the news that Pelky, lying in the ship's hospital, had been murdered.



He saw Kuroki standing near a window port, empty cigarette holder in his mouth.

PART SEVEN—THE DEATH MISSILE

CLARKE dropped the glass into an envelope and thrust it into his coat pocket.

"Let's hit the deck," he said gruffly.

"Dr. Mitten gave me the glass," Jean said as they paused by the stairway. "He said for you to hurry. He's waiting."

"Let him wait," said Dick. "What I want to know is why the devil you didn't wake me this morning?"

She glared at him, but seeing Kuroki standing some twenty feet behind Dick, apparently gazing at his long jade cigarette holder, she changed the glare to a smile.

"If you expect maid service from me, darling," she said sweetly, "you are just too optimistic. And there's that quaint Japanese powder box spying on us again. He followed me down to breakfast this morning, while you were sleeping your head off."

"Some time before this boat docks I think I'll shoot

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from preceding page

that Jap," said Dick, not turning around. He was trying to think of an insulting answer to Jean, but he couldn't, for his thoughts were on her bright face, her black dress with the green silk vest, her saucy green hat. It maddened him that he should notice her clothes. It infuriated him to know he could hardly keep from returning her smile.

"Oh, come on," he said. They started down the stairway. "What was Kuroki doing?"

"Studying his cigarette holder."

"Did it have a cigarette in it?"

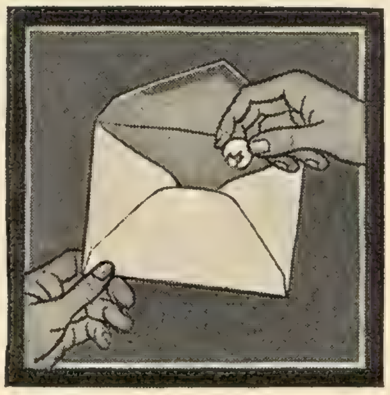
"I don't remember."

Dick groaned. "What a wonderful detective you are!" he said, his tone disgusted. "I can't even count on your waking up yourself. I saw Kuroki smoke a cigarette—in the Claridge bar in Paris. But I haven't seen him smoke on this boat—though he does suck a cigarette holder."

"And that bothers you?"

"It does."

Jean laughed lightly. "And I learned of detectives from him!"



Captain Harris and Doctor Mitten were standing outside the hospital door on B deck, the doctor shaking his pencil as though it were a clinical thermometer. The captain came forward when he saw Dick and Jean turning into the port corridor, but the physician remained at his post, trying to read his pencil.

"Good morning, captain," said Dick. In a lower tone he added, "Our subtle friend, the Japanese poison ivy, is right at our heels."

"You slept late, did you?" the captain said, as though he were repeating a confession. "But your wife is an early bird."

"The early bird didn't wake the worm," said Jean, "so the early bird gets the scolding."

They walked slowly to the hospital door.

"When did Pelky die?" Clarke asked the doctor.

"I found him dead at a little after eight. He had died a few minutes before. Half an hour previous he was awake and in pain. I administered a hypo, and he went to sleep. His pulse was fair at that time. His heart action was good. He could not have died of heart disease."

"Heart disease?" Clarke raised his voice. "Too bad."

Captain Harris could see Kuroki now. He was twenty feet down the corridor, apparently looking for something he had dropped.

"SUPPOSE," he said, "you tell Mr. and Mrs. Clarke everything that occurred, doctor. And keep your voice down."

"First," said Dick, "let me ask you, captain, did you search the rooms adjacent to the purser's?"

"Yes. But we found nothing. The room next door to the purser's is occupied by two maiden ladies from What Cheer, Iowa. They were in the hospital at the time Pelky's room was entered."

"The broken legs," the doctor explained.

"The other rooms are occupied by respectable people. We questioned all the stewards on this floor, and learned nothing. The steward in charge of the purser's room has an impeccable reputation. I will vouch for him. There has been no trace of Mr. Pelky's bathroom slippers or bathrobe. We have searched his room thoroughly, also, and found no diamonds."

"All right. Now let's hear what happened, doctor."

"Well, I'll do the best I can, sir," said the doctor, shaking his pencil again. "But what with those broken legs screaming that the ship was going down, and the scalp wound talking about lightning, and the chap you hit shouting 'Murder!' and the nurses so frightened they couldn't tell a pill from a pillow, I suppose I've forgotten a lot.

"However—Pelky was in the second bed from the door. Silovitch was on this side of him, nearest the door. Hugo Jerome was on the other side, and the broken legs had the two end beds, nearest the window port. There was a screen between the women's cots and the men's. The door was not opened at any time after I gave Pelky that shot. The window port was opened part way, and propped open with a little stick.

"There's only this door and the one port—though the operating room, which is really only a box partition in the fore port corner, has a window port, too. But this port was closed. It had not been opened. And, I may add, the other port was not opened any further, for the stick is still in place. A cat couldn't get through that port—even if the ship were docked instead of being in the middle of the ocean—without disturbing the stick.

"There were only four other patients in the room, two nurses, and myself. And yet, Pelky was murdered. Some one in that room killed him. Nobody else could possibly have done it."

"THIS hospital is between two transverse corridors, I see," said Clarke.

"Yes," the doctor went on as though Clarke had not spoken. "It was seven-thirty by the ship's clock when I gave the hypo. Miss Steevers, one of the nurses, sat by the door, reading. Miss Boltwood, the other nurse, assisted me. I left Pelky to examine Silovitch's jaw."

The doctor's air of gloom lightened momentarily.

"He's lost three teeth, and will part with several more," he said. "He has a nasty bruise on his jaw, and another on the back of his head. He bumped his head on the deck when he fell. He's all right, though, barring his dining-room furniture. He asked what had happened, and I told him. He wanted to know what your husband had hit him with."

Jean frowned.

"It was unfortunate," she said. "My husband has a brutal temper at times."

"Go on, doctor," Dick scowled. "Let's cut the comedy."

"Before I was through with Silovitch, the broken legs woke up. The left leg had dreamed she was in a shipwreck, and insisted on telling all the details. The right leg saw an omen in this and began to whimper. I spent a lot of time quieting them. After that I put a new dressing on the scalp wound.

"When I had finished with the dressing I rang for the steward. I wanted a pot of coffee. The steward knocked on the door in his own sweet time, and Miss Steevers put down her book, removed her chair, and admitted him.

"This was the first time that door had opened since perhaps five o'clock this morning. The steward said, 'Oh, my Gawd, sir!'—like that. I looked at him, and then I looked at Pelky.

"Mr. Clarke, in all my years as a doctor, I never saw anything so horrible as that dead face. Miss Steevers fainted, and she isn't at all the type to faint. Miss Boltwood screamed and dropped a clinical thermometer. The broken legs began to pray and call for life preservers. Silovitch and Jerome seemed paralyzed. So did I, for a moment. As soon as I recovered, I felt Pelky's heart and pulse, though I didn't need my fingers to assure me he was dead."

"You found glass splinters about the mouth and chin." It was a statement Clarke made, not a question. "His lip was cut, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And the glass was not part of the thermometer the nurse dropped, nor is it part of any thermometer."

"That's right, Mr. Clarke. That's exactly right."

"It was a glass ball filled with a subtle poison," said Clarke. "It was directed from that partly opened window port by a man who had climbed down the side of the ship somehow. It was sent, with deadly accuracy, over the screen. It struck Pelky in the mouth, where it was intended to strike. The glass broke. It cut Pelky's lip. The poison entered his body. The poor devil might as well have been struck by a cobra!"

"You don't suspect Silovitch?" the captain asked.

"No."

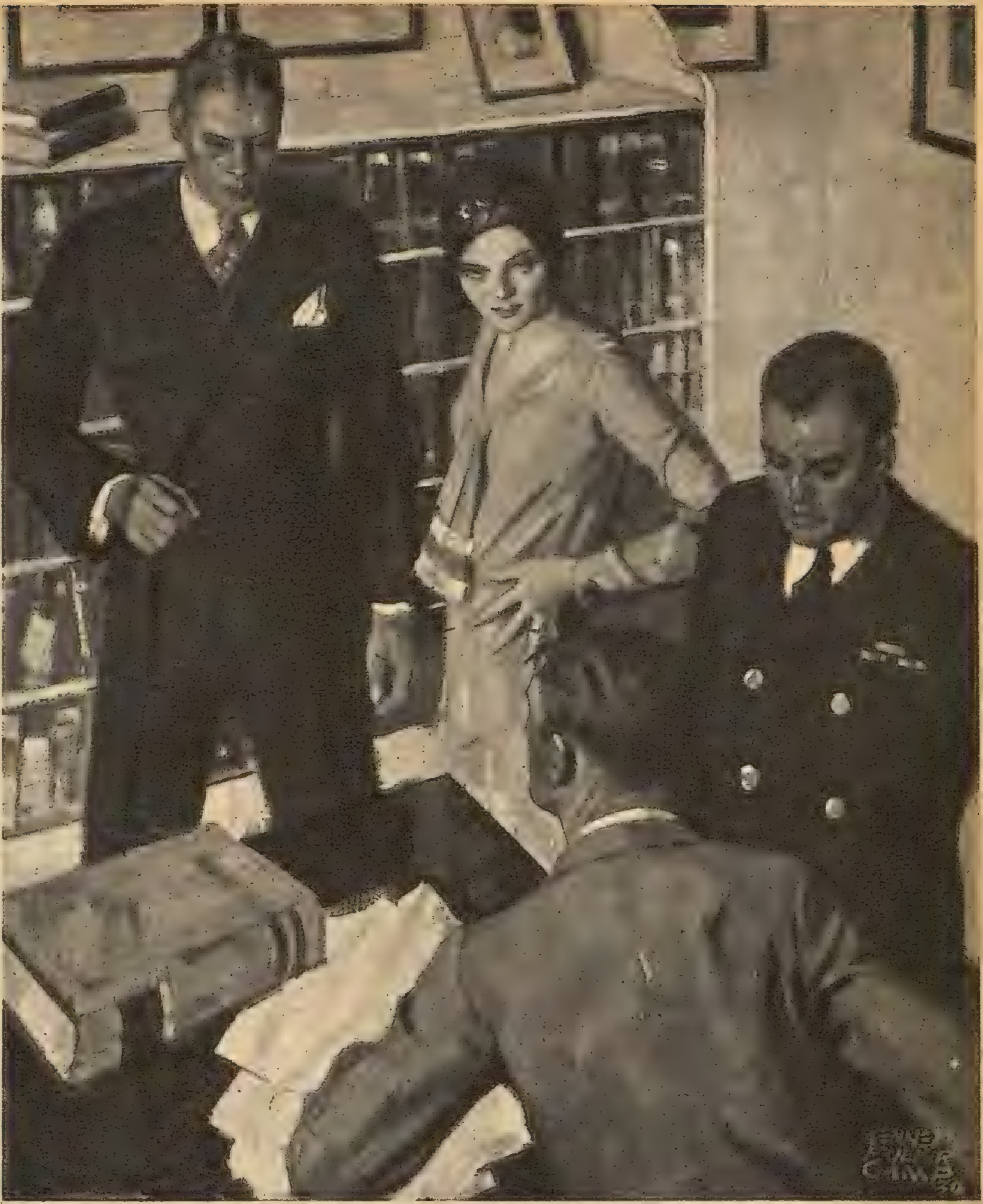
"It couldn't have been Silovitch," the doctor said. "We searched him completely before we transferred him from his room. He had no glass pellets, and he's been in his bed since one o'clock. The chart will prove that. Nor could Jerome have done it. He was asleep until I woke him to dress his wounds. The broken legs aren't to be considered, of course. So that leaves only me and the nurses—and I can't conceive that either Miss Boltwood or Miss Steevers—"

"The man from the sea, I tell you," said Clarke, a bit impatient.

"Your man from the sea didn't come through the port," said the captain. "I'm beginning to believe he did get through the port in Pelky's room last night. But—" His fist scraped his clean-shaven jaw.

"But the glass pellet did come in through the port, captain. It was catapulted somehow through that narrow space, over the screen, and into Pelky's face."

"Possibly someone in that room, then, may have seen the man's face at the port," the captain said, with a look of bafflement.



"I'm glad you came, Mr. Clarke," said the captain, not turning to look at Dick. "I can't get a word out of him."

"IF anyone had seen it he would have mentioned it," said Clarke. "Has the body been removed?"

"It's in my room now," said the doctor. "I shall make an autopsy as soon as possible."

"Make an analysis of the glass, doctor," said Dick, taking the envelope from his pocket and handing it to him. "And be sure to let it appear that Pelky died of heart disease."

The doctor's mouth opened and shut, opened and shut.

"Oh!" he said. "Mrs. Clarke! I gave you that piece of glass. You have no sore on your hands, no cuts?"

"I'm wearing gloves," Jean said.

"Thank God!" The doctor looked relieved and Jean gave him one of her nicest smiles.

"Let's go in," Dick growled. His tone brought an angry flush to Jean's face.

The hospital was like a hundred others Dick had visited: immaculate, white and yellow, smelling of drugs, white beds standing in a neat row against a white wall.

The only touch of color in the room was in the storks that flew across the screen shielding the maiden ladies from the men.

Miss Boltwood looked up as the little group entered, and then went back to her task. Miss Steevers was reading to the maiden ladies. She paused a moment, and then went on, her voice lowered to a buzz.

Silovitch slid himself into a sitting position, and glared at Clarke.

"I suppose you think I murdered him," he challenged.

"I don't know where you got the idea of murder," Clarke said. "The doctor will tell you Pelky died of heart disease. I didn't come to ask you any questions, Mr. Silovitch. I came to say that I have the gun you tried to draw on me last night, and that I shall give it to the captain for safe-keeping. You may have it when the boat docks."

"Go to hell!" said Silovitch, and closed his eyes.

Dick walked to the bed where Istrelle's chef lay looking at the ceiling—a great round mound covered with a white blanket.

"Monsieur Jerome!" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry to see you ill. Captain, this is Hugo Jerome, the most famous chef in France. Monsieur Jerome, this is Mrs. Clarke."

JEROME milked his great black beard with his large red hands, and looked at Clarke as though trying to recollect where he had seen him before.

"Ah!" he said at last. "My friend who love the Sauce Jerome!"

"The most delicious sauce I ever tasted."

"But I look like the Turk, no? With all these bandages? Or is it the Hindu?"

His great belly shook. His laugh caused Silovitch to turn quickly and stare.

They talked in French—talked of epicures and restaurants and recipes, and wretchedness and storms.

"Ah," said Jerome, with a sigh that shook the bed, "I shall never see France again. So. I kiss good-by to Paris." He poised his fingers as though to take an imaginary pinch of salt. He put them to his lips. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty-three

kissed them loudly, and made a forlorn gesture with his fingers, as though to throw the kiss upon the winds. "I kiss adieu to the Côte d'Azur. When I get to New York, if I do, I stay. Never in my life will I cross this sea again."

"You have hurt your head badly?" asked Jean.

"But yes. Thunders of God, but yes! Look! The ship goes so"—he illustrated with his arms. "I go thus. I am sick. But sick like a dog, madame. I lay in the bed. I hold my head and pray. The ship goes so. Ah, I think, she has hit the rock. I am very glad. I thank the good God for His mercy. The ship goes thus, and I fall. So. For a light man to fall out of his bed, madame, that is but little. But for a man like me—name of a name of a name of a pig that is blue! That is a difficulty. The ship goes so. I roll. Parbleu! I have hit my head, so, against the sharp corner of the wardrobe. And the doctor sew me up with needle and thread. Like a pudding in a bag, madame."

"But we are in the Gulf Stream now, monsieur," Clarke assured him. "And we should have a smooth voyage the rest of the way."

"Smooth, monsieur? Smooth voyage? Ah, I have asked the good God to strike me, too, with the lightning."

"Lightning? You believe Pelky was hit by lightning?"

The Gargantuan figure made the sign of the cross.

"But yes," he said. "Ten thousand devils! But yes!"

"What makes you believe that, monsieur?"

"I look at him. He is asleep. So. And then he is not asleep. He stirs. Like this." A spasm shook the man. His face showed fright. "He stirs, and he twitches. And— So—he is dead!"

Monsieur Jerome closed his eyes to shut out horror.

Dick walked to the porthole, looked at it for a moment, and said, "Let's go."

As they stood in the corridor Clarke made a request of the captain.

"Captain," he said, "please ask all the stewards if they saw Kuroki—or anyone else—standing at the window ports in either or both the transverse corridors between seven-thirty and eight o'clock. It is very important."

II

POPPY BROOKS was lying in her ermine-covered bed when Julie brought Dick Clarke's card to her. She jumped up at once.

"Tell him to wait," she said. "Put the roses at the head of the bed. Get me a little white nightie, the one with the high neck and the lace. Throw this robe to hell out of here. Oh, stick it in the wardrobe. Take that whisky out, too. Where's Sonia? Get me a stick of blue grease paint. Hurry. Push that chair closer to the bed. No, no—not too close. There. That's right."

She tore off her orchid robe, and sat in front of her dressing table, daubing her face with cold cream to remove her make-up of flesh and ocher powder. Beauty experts had recommended that blend after weeks of patient experiments. But Poppy would not have it now. She dusted her face with Julie's plain white powder, and, with the grease paint, made faint shadows under her eyes. She pulled the plain white nightgown over her head, shook out her glorious hair, and looked at herself in the glass.

"Give me your gold chain with the cross on it," she demanded. "There. The exact touch." She sprang into bed, and pulled up the covers. "How do I look?"

"Madame is adorable. Madame is sweet and demure and lovely. Madame is the little convent girl who is very ill and patient."

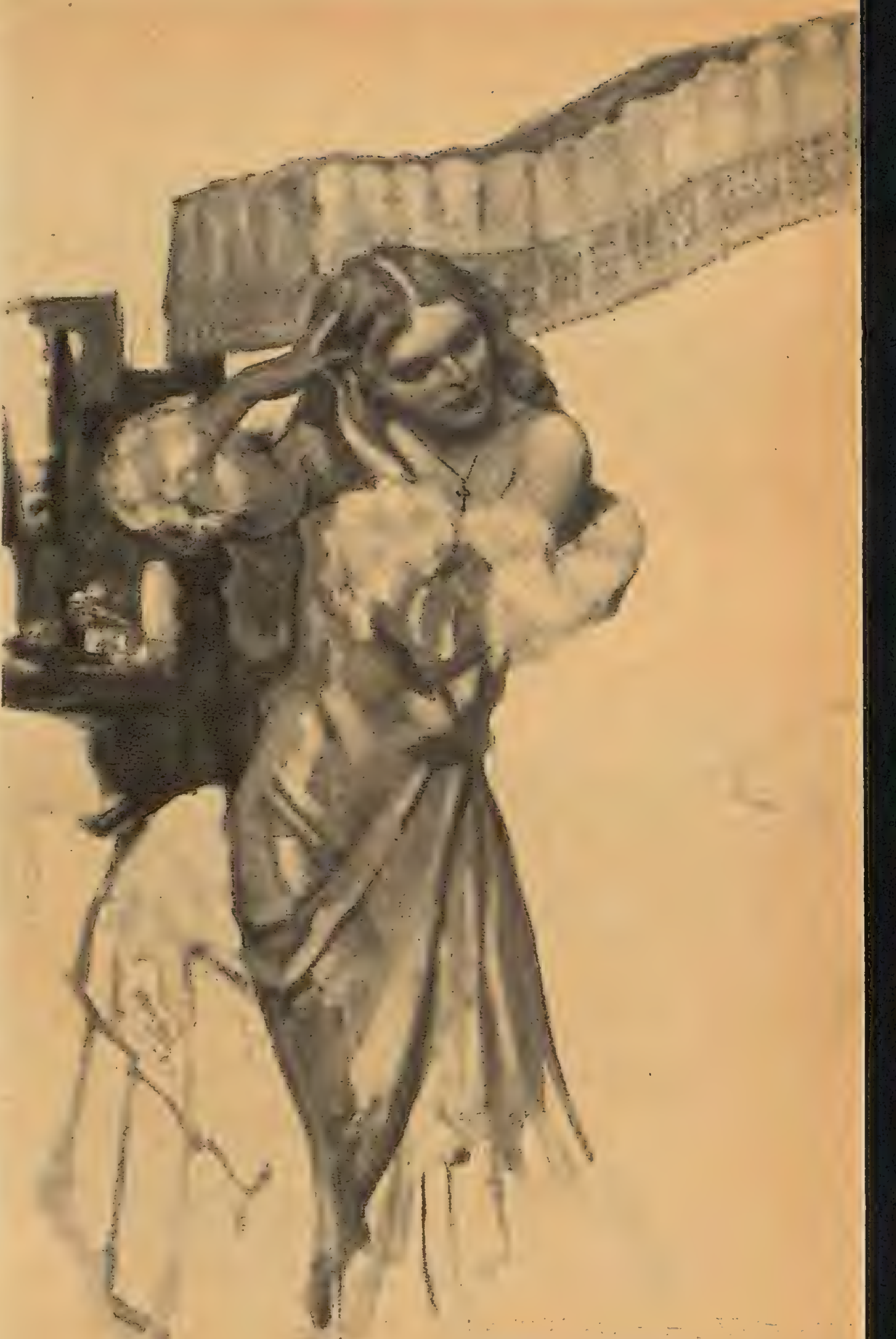
"Good! Julie, when that boob comes in here, stick some love songs on the phonograph. The hotter they are, the better. And keep them playing."

Julie smiled and started toward the door.

"Julie!"

"Yes, madame." Julie turned, her hand on the door knob.

"Julie, kick Ulysses under the bed, and take these damn rings off my fingers. Now bring on your Richard Clarke."



Poppy walked up and down
at the beauty and the grace
going to do?" she asked.

Poppy smiled sweetly—and bravely, too—as Dick crossed the room to her.

"Forgive me for letting you see me—like this," she said in a weak voice. "But I couldn't send you away. I'm very ill, but—do sit down, Mr. Clarke."

"Forgive me for intruding," said Dick. She did look sick. "But I didn't know you were ill. It is nothing serious, I hope."

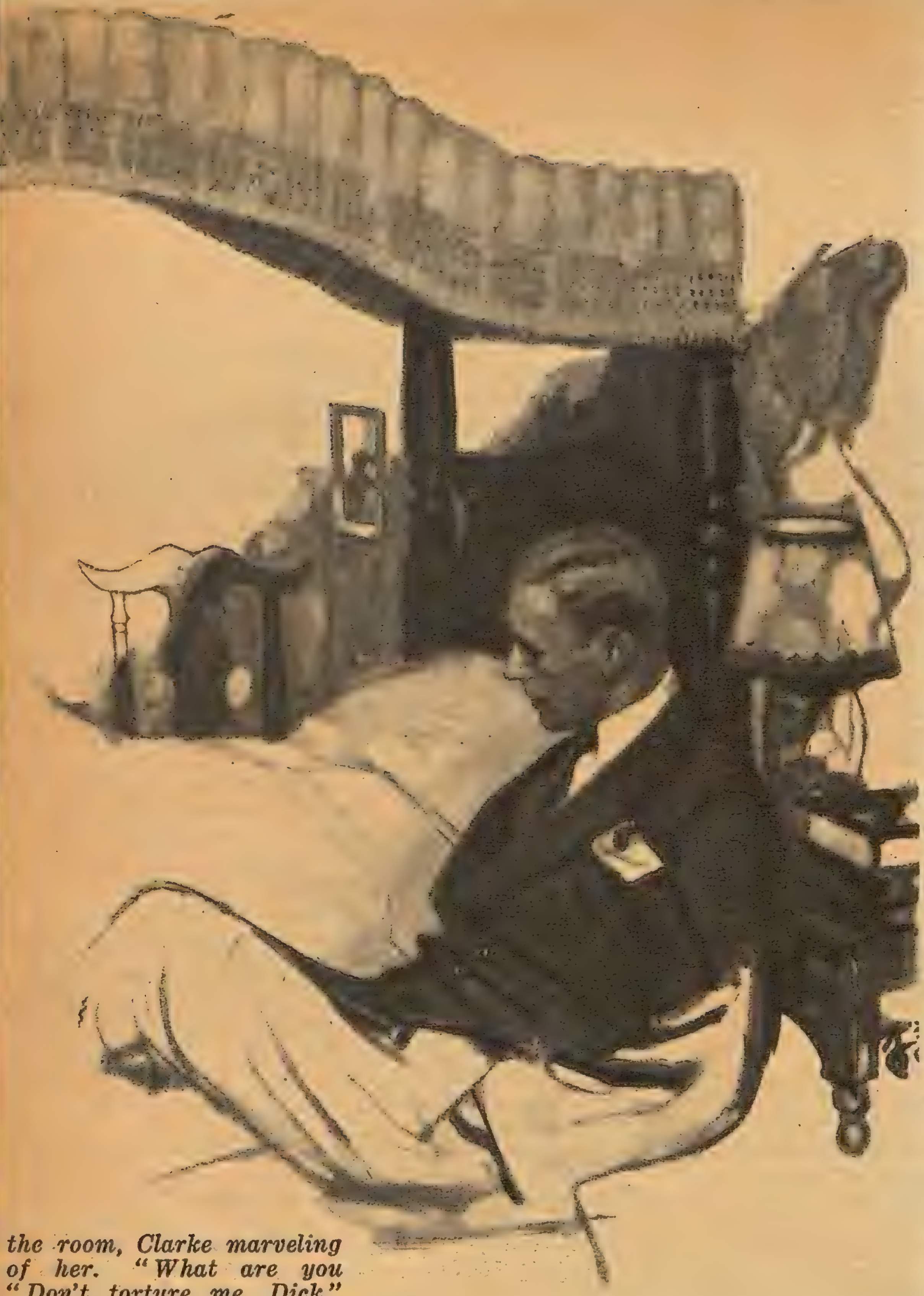
She shook her head and smiled, holding out her hand to him.

"How many charming personalities have you?" he asked, as he held her hand. Last night in her black velvet and her diamonds she had been dominant and seductive. Today she was sweet and brave and rather helpless.

Poppy couldn't help answering with a question of her own: "How many different men do I meet? Some men give me a mean personality. Some make me feel cruel. Others make me absurd, ill at ease. With you," she laughed gently, "I feel like a little convent girl. I don't know whether that's a compliment or not—Mr. Clarke."

Her eyes caressed his face ever so shyly. Her fingers pressed his ever so lightly.

"I should be a little afraid of you, I think," she said, drawling the words; "a wee bit distrustful. And yet—you make me feel—sort of comforted, and—and safe."



the room, Clarke marveling of her. "What are you "Don't torture me, Dick."

Clarke sat down, letting go her hand.

She was beautiful! Her hair was a splash of gold against the satin pillow slips and her pale cheeks. Her eyes were gentle. Her mouth was full and sweet. Her hands were soft and white, like the wings of doves. Had he misjudged her last night? Had he misjudged her that day in the Crown and Bull when Conté was murdered?

"Why should you distrust me, Miss Brooks?"

"Oh, don't call me Miss Brooks. Please. It makes me feel so old, and tired. Call me Poppy. I'm a little convent girl, and my name is Poppy."

"Poppy!"

Her mouth was like a poppy.

"I LOVE the way you say it. You make it sound like a little girl's name."

Poppy closed her eyes and took deep breaths, the gold cross on her bosom rising and falling. On her face was a smile of contentment, of peace. Her hand touched his, as though by accident, and moved itself quickly away. "And yet—last night you frightened me, Mr. Clarke."

"Won't you call me Dick?"

"I have wanted to, ever since I saw you. Ever since I heard your name was Dick. Dick! It's a friendly name. Much more friendly than Richard. It's manly and fine and brave. It's frank. It's—oh, Dick, it's everything I need: sympathy and courage and understanding and—friendship. Let me hold your hand, please, Dick. I can talk better that way."

She found his hand, pressed it, held on to it while she talked.

"That rap, rap, rap, rap on the door last night. And that awful game we were playing. And—and Dick—your wife's remarks about a garter. Oh, it was all in fun, of course. But—you can't understand how it unnerved me. I haven't slept. All night I kept thinking."

Gently she drew his hand to her bosom, held it over the little cross, held it tightly.

"Music," she said. "'Heart of my heart, I love you!' Music, and roses, and my hand holding yours. I am not afraid of you now—Dick."

He squeezed her hand by way of reply, and wished, maliciously, that Jean could see him. She was probably up on the bridge now, with the captain, preparing for the ship's auction. He wondered idly if she had talked to Finch's butler yet. Would Jean care, he wondered, if he pressed Poppy's hand? She wouldn't—but she'd say something, anyway. He pressed Poppy's hand again.

"A FEW days ago," Poppy was saying, "in a London pub called the Crown and Bull, a man was stabbed—a man named Conté. He was sitting at a table with Mr. Finch and me, and three men I do not know. Conté was a thief, Dick. He had stolen Mr. Finch's diamond, and had offered to sell it back to him. I went with Mr. Finch because I wanted to buy the diamond.

"Conté had the stone in his hands. Then a hideous waitress—I dream of her sometimes, Dick, she was so ugly—poured beer on Conté's face, and when he got up she tripped him. I think she stole the diamond. The table fell over, and a lot of other diamonds with it on to the floor. We all got down on our hands and knees, and started picking up the diamonds. Everybody but Mr. Finch and me, that is, I guess. We were looking only for that diamond Conté had stolen. The Diamond Eye it is called."

She was silent for a moment, and, when she went on, her voice was subtly changed.

"Dick, there's a legend—about that stone. Whoever looks at it finds love. I looked at it. But—"

Her left hand stroked the ermine aimlessly.

"Go on, Poppy," he said gently.

"But love? Love is not for me, I guess," Poppy said.

He wished he could see her eyes.

"We were all sifting the sawdust with our hands," Poppy continued. "At last I put my hand on something big and hard. It may have been the Diamond Eye. It may have been something else. I don't know. But I believed it was the diamond."

The smile had left her face now, Dick saw, and anguish played on it, and fear. What long lashes she had!

"Just as I was about to close my hand around that thing, someone pushed me away, and I saw another hand grab up a handful of sawdust. I had a knife in my garter, a knife with little jewels in the hilt. It was a present from a boy I used to know, a boy who fell in France. I reached for the knife, and whipped it out quick. I was going to stab the hand that took that diamond from me, I was so crazed with anger and despair. Don't blame me too much. You can't realize what that diamond meant to me.

"I turned around, and I saw Conté. He was dead, Dick. Someone had stabbed him. I was in such a panic that I ran. I don't know whether I forgot about the diamond, or whether I thought it had been stolen. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty-five]

just ran. And then I discovered I had lost my garter.”

A long time Poppy held Dick's hand. A long time she was silent. A long time her bosom rose and fell. A long time her sweet breath warmed Dick's face.

“So you know, now, how I felt last night when your wife said she had found my garter, and that it had been slit—by the knife that killed Conté.”

“I found your garter,” Dick said. “I was the blind man at the next table.”

“I thought so,” said Poppy, opening her eyes, and sitting up. “Oh, my dear, I was sure of it, last night. And I didn't know what to say, what to do. But now—” Her voice was fond, her hands playful. They shaped themselves around Dick's hands, patted them, stroked them. “Now—you have brought the garter to me—Dick?”

“I have,” said Dick. “And it has diamonds in it, Poppy.”

“My dear!” Her voice betrayed she was proud of him. “Istrelle said you were clever. Oh, I did mean to smuggle them—for the fun of it, Dick. But”—she pouted—“you've spoiled that.”

She released his hands, and held her own out to him. He reached into his vest pocket, took out her garter, and put it in her palms.

She felt the lump under the buckle with the imitation stones. She kissed it. She reached quickly under the covers and pulled out a knife, a knife with jewels in the hilt. She slit the elastic, and slipped off the buckle. She cut the seams Jean had sewed, and spilled the diamonds on the ermine quilt.

“Beautiful,” she cried. “Adorable!”

She counted the diamonds, stroked them with her finger tips, put them to her lips.

“They are all here,” she said. “Every one of them. Oh, Dick, Dick, I could kiss you for this, my dear.”

She held up her lips to him, and there's no use saying he was not tempted.

“Wait, Poppy,” he said. “You don't seem to realize. This isn't the garter you slit in the Crown and Bull.”

POPPY didn't understand. Not at first. When she did, her eyes that had been blue as Italian skies clouded with anger. Her voice that had been sweet as the cooing of a dove was harsh and bitter. Her soft hands doubled into fists.

“You are keeping that one—for evidence against me, are you? You've made this thing and put the diamonds in it, thinking I would trap myself, haven't you? You think I did kill Conté—and you want to put me in jail for it, don't you?”

She jumped out of bed. She ran to the wardrobe, found her orchid robe, and put it on. She shoved her bare feet into satin mules. She lit a cigarette. She stood in front of Dick, who had turned his chair to watch her.

“And I let you make love to me!” she said.

“Now,” said Dick, rather amused, “you're getting all excited over nothing, Poppy. Of course I have that slit garter. But I do believe your story. I confess that, until a few minutes ago, I thought you had murdered Conté. But your story is logical. However, an English jury would never believe you.”

“A jury! I can vamp any jury that ever looks at me.”

“Perhaps,” Dick said—a smile hovering in the corners of his lips—“American juries. But you would be tried in England. Would you care to tell your story before twelve God-fearing woman-scorning Englishmen?”

“I know what those limies would think,” she said, shivering in spite of herself.

“Poppy, the last thing I want to do is to bring you to trial.”

“Yes,” she said, laughing. “My friend! The man I thought I could trust.”

“Who did kill Conté?”

“I wish to God I knew.”

Poppy walked up and down the room, Clarke marveling at the beauty and the grace of her, the way her hair fell about her.

“What are you going to do?” she asked, not looking at him. “Don't torture me, Dick. You've given me my diamonds. Give me the garter, too.”

“I can't do that—not yet.”

She turned and faced him quickly.

“What do you want, Dick? I'll give you—whatever you want. Won't you do it for—for me?”

The gold cross shivered on its slender chain.

“I want more than that, Poppy.”

“What?”

“First, call off your dog.”

“Finch? I'll call him off. I told him he was a fool to suspect your wife. What else?”

Her voice was soft again. Her eyes had lost their hardness. Her arms were held out to him, inviting.

“Information,” he said.

She stepped back as though he had struck her. She rushed to her dressing table and picked up the clock with the hands of gold and the hours that were written in diamonds. She poised it over her head, and threw it at him. It crashed against the wall, and fell.

“And it was such a pretty clock,” he said calmly.

“You're not going to make a stool pigeon of me,” Poppy said, hatred and anger giving way to craftiness. “Go ahead and pinch me, Mr. Copper. I'll tell how you sneaked into my bedroom and tried to make love to me. And how the hell can you prove the garter was mine?”

Dick smiled.

“Your thumbprint was on the tissue paper that wrapped the diamonds,” he said. “Suppose I were to tell you I had that print photographed in our office in London, and that Scotland Yard is looking for the woman who made it. Suppose I got your thumbprint last night at Finch's dinner. There it is”—handing her Finch's eyeglasses—“on the right lens. You left your print there when you handed the glasses to me. It is the same print I found in the original garter. I think that would establish your identity in any murder trial.”

“Please!” Poppy said, motioning him to say no more. She sat on the bed, and put her hands on his. “We're going to be friends—aren't we, Dick?”

“‘It all depends on you,’” he said, humming the tune of the song the phonograph was playing.

“You are the most peculiar man I ever met.”

“And you are the most difficult woman.”

“What do you want to know?”

. . . . . .

Clarke was still asking questions when his wrist watch told him the ship's bank had closed.

“I think that's all,” he said, then. “I must go now.”

“You talk like a doctor,” Poppy said, mimicking him. ‘I think that's all that's the matter with you, madame. I must go now.’ Let me give you a drink?”

“No, thanks. It's almost time for the auction. It might interest you to know, Poppy, that I have the Diamond Eye, and that Mrs. Clarke will give it to the highest bidder. Cash only.”

“But—the Diamond Eye! You can't auction it. It belongs to Finch.”

“Can't I?” Clarke smiled. “Wait and see.”

“Oh, my God!” said Poppy. “Hurry out and let me dress.”

III

DICK came smiling out of Poppy's suite, to encounter the accusing eyes of Jean.

“You've been enjoying yourself, I see,” she said. She picked a blond hair off his coat collar.

“You would see that,” he said, a rasp in his voice. “You've got eyes like a wife.”

“The captain wants you,” was all she answered.

“Why? Something wrong?”

“Silovitch. They found him in Pelky's room.”

“When?”

“Half an hour ago, while you were getting blond hairs on your clothes.”

“That blond hair seems to have upset your naturally sweet disposition. Where is Silovitch now, who found him, and what was he looking for?"

"The captain found him. He is in the captain's room. The captain is thinking of placing him under arrest. I don't know what he was looking for—unless it was Pelky's diamond cache. He certainly was not looking for—Poppy Brooks."

"That's right. Go ahead and nag. Nag, nag, nag! What a wife you'll make."

Jean's brown eyes blazed.

"Any woman would nag who had you for a husband," she said. "Don't speak to me again until you have to."

"Huh!" he said. "Don't give me orders. I'm not married to you yet. I'll speak to you whenever I please."

They were still quarreling when they reached the bridge; but as they entered the room their animosity vanished.

Silovitch, sullen and defiant, sat in the captain's chair. The captain, an ivory elephant in each hand, stood over him.

"I'm glad you came, Mr. Clarke," said the captain, not turning to look at Dick. "I can't get a word out of him."

"I think I can explain, captain," said Dick. "Mr. Silovitch was merely looking for Pelky's diamonds. Mr. Silovitch, were those stones by any chance hidden in the heels or the soles of Pelky's bedroom slippers?"

Silovitch looked at Dick sullenly. He bared his teeth.

"Hand them over," he said.

DICK shook his head, and turned to the captain.

"Will you tell him, captain, what happened to Pelky's slippers? I don't think he would believe me, even if he knew I told the truth."

"The man who butchered Pelky," said the captain, putting down the elephants, "wore Pelky's bathrobe and his slippers out of the room. If he knew those slippers had diamonds in them, of course he has them now. If he didn't, he probably threw slippers and robe overboard."

"How do you know that?" Silovitch had grown pale.

"We looked among Pelky's effects, after we had taken him to the hospital," the captain answered, "and we missed nothing but the robe and the slippers."

"What were the diamonds worth?" Clarke asked.

"Enough to ruin me," said Silovitch. "They were not my diamonds, but I was carrying them, on a percentage basis, for an American firm. I had to guarantee delivery. I put up the money in an Antwerp bank—the money for the full value of the gems. And now—"

"YOU still have the diamonds in the gun," Clarke said. "But of course you will have to pay the duty on them."

Silovitch seemed overwhelmed. "You knew about them, too? And you tell me? You could have sent me to jail."

"Yes, I know. But what's the use? I'm sorry you lost the diamonds you intrusted to Pelky. What good would it do me to stick you in jail for trying to smuggle the rest of them?"

"Mr. Clarke"—Silovitch had risen—"you don't know it—you don't realize it—but—if you and Mrs. Clarke arrive in New York alive, you are lucky! And if I—"

His face changed abruptly. Clarke saw that something Silovitch had seen had brought that change. He wheeled around. There was nothing. He rushed to the door, opened it, and looked out. He saw Kuroki standing near a window port, empty cigarette holder in his mouth.

Silovitch was shouting through the open doorway:

"You got nothing on me! You can't hold me. To hell with all of you!"

Faster, more desperate grows the game of life and death which Dick and Jean are playing. Next week, as the story continues, you'll see them make a move to side-step danger—and run straight into new peril.

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. . . and smile

Hobson

The Portrait of a Zealot

By

M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Bryan, etc.)

N. Y. World photo

The children of Captain and Mrs. Hobson. Their names are Lucia Houston, George Hull, and Richmond Pearson.

THE first installment of this biography was devoted to the Spanish-American War exploit that made Captain Hobson famous—his sinking of the Merrimac in the entrance to Santiago harbor. The second installment had to do with the ovation and the kisses that he was given on his return from Cuba, and with his career as a prohibition crusader after resigning from the navy. The biography now concludes with an account of his recent and current activities as an antagonist of the drug evil.

PART THREE—THE "RATTLESNAKE REACTION"

NOW that the saloon has gone, Captain Hobson is no longer interested in prohibition. He has found a more terrible evil than alcohol, though his statements on that subject seem to imply that none exists. Since liquor was outlawed he has devoted his life to the suppression of narcotic drugs.

While he was studying alcohol, Captain Hobson told me, he came to the conclusion that it was not a stimulant at all but a narcotic, and that led him to become interested in other narcotics, until he got to the top of the ladder with a study of heroin, the deadliest of them all, in his opinion. Narcotics, he feels, are destroying the benefits wrought in the young land of America by prohibition.

It is very important, Captain Hobson believes, to instill what he calls the "rattlesnake reaction" in the youth of the land, so that when they are offered drugs they will behave, through fear, as if they were offered rattlesnakes. This reaction of fear, instilled by education, he considers the only safe protection against the wide efforts of those who wish to make money out of drugs and to insure the steady supply for themselves by stimulating others to take them. By education Captain Hobson hopes to plant a permanent resistance, based on fear.

He considers that this building of a permanent structure of fear based on knowledge of consequences, which he hopes to bring about by means of his widespread propaganda in newspapers, radio broadcasting, and motion pictures, will occupy all his lifetime and that of people who come after him. Some people have wanted him to return to Alabama and be a candidate for the United States Senate, but he is tired of the vanity of politics and the applause of multitudes, he told me. He believes that this narcotic work transcends in importance any work he could do in politics.

Captain Hobson is not interested so much in laws as he is in education and the propaganda for laws, he told me. He feels that when society realizes the dangers it runs and has the data against evils, laws naturally follow. He is the leader of two organizations, the International Narcotic Education Association and the World Conference on Narcotic Education. These organizations are supported by the benefactions of rich men whom Captain Hobson interests in the work. They aim to raise permanent endowments, one of $2,000,000 and another of $10,000,000, so that the work can go on forever, if necessary. The second World Conference on Narcotic Education is to be held in London in 1931, and then efforts will be made to raise the endowments.

From Europe, however, Captain Hobson does not expect much. It is, he assured me, wrapped in a lethargy due to hundreds of years of indulgence in drink, and the East, suffering from plagues and indolence due to narcotics, is also not to be depended upon. Young and virile America, he believes, is the hope of civilization, and it is obligated to offer its aid to Europe, for, he told me, there is no example in history of the rising of a new civilization on the ashes of decay.

Captain Hobson and his organizations have instituted

Brown Bros. photo

Captain Hobson and his wife, who before her marriage was Miss Grizelda Houston Hull.

International photo

a " Narcotic Education Week " in the United States, and already the last week in February has been devoted for two years to the consideration of the evils of narcotics. In that week special articles have appeared in hundreds of newspapers telling the extent of crime due to narcotics, and giving general statements on the evils of drug addiction. The radio has been used extensively during Narcotic Education Week. In 1927 Captain Hobson's organization sent out over the air through seventy-five broadcasting stations a little playlet called Green. Charles D. Isaacson was responsible for the lines and for the production, and he also enacted a part.

IN the playlet Henry Otherly, a candidate for district attorney, pledged to stamp out the drug traffic, falls a victim to it himself. Otherly's college chum is discovered to be the head of the dope ring. In the midst of the campaign Otherly visits a den in order to buy dope for himself, for he is desperate for the drug. There he meets his college chum, who is an addict and reveals himself as the " drug octopus." The chum agrees to sacrifice " enough drugs to kill the city " " for the sake of the children." Therefore, he gives Otherly a chance to send for the police, while he keeps his drug-addict confederates off the scent, and the playlet ends with the arrival of the police. And if one did not happen to like that, Marion Talley was singing Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark at about the same time.

On June 3, 1924, Captain Hobson was given a hearing by the committee on printing of the United States Senate. He urged the committee to favor a resolution authorizing the printing and distribution of 50,000,000 copies of a pamphlet he had written, entitled The Peril of Narcotics. It was estimated by the Government Printing Office that the cost of printing 50,000,000 copies of The Peril of Narcotics on newsprint paper would be $167,001.24, and that the cost of printing 50,000,000 envelopes to convey the pamphlet would be $147,539.95. The Government Printing Office also estimated that it would take one of its presses 250 days, running eight hours a day, to complete the job, and that the paper needed for it would be twenty carloads.

" It might appear," Captain Hobson told the committee,

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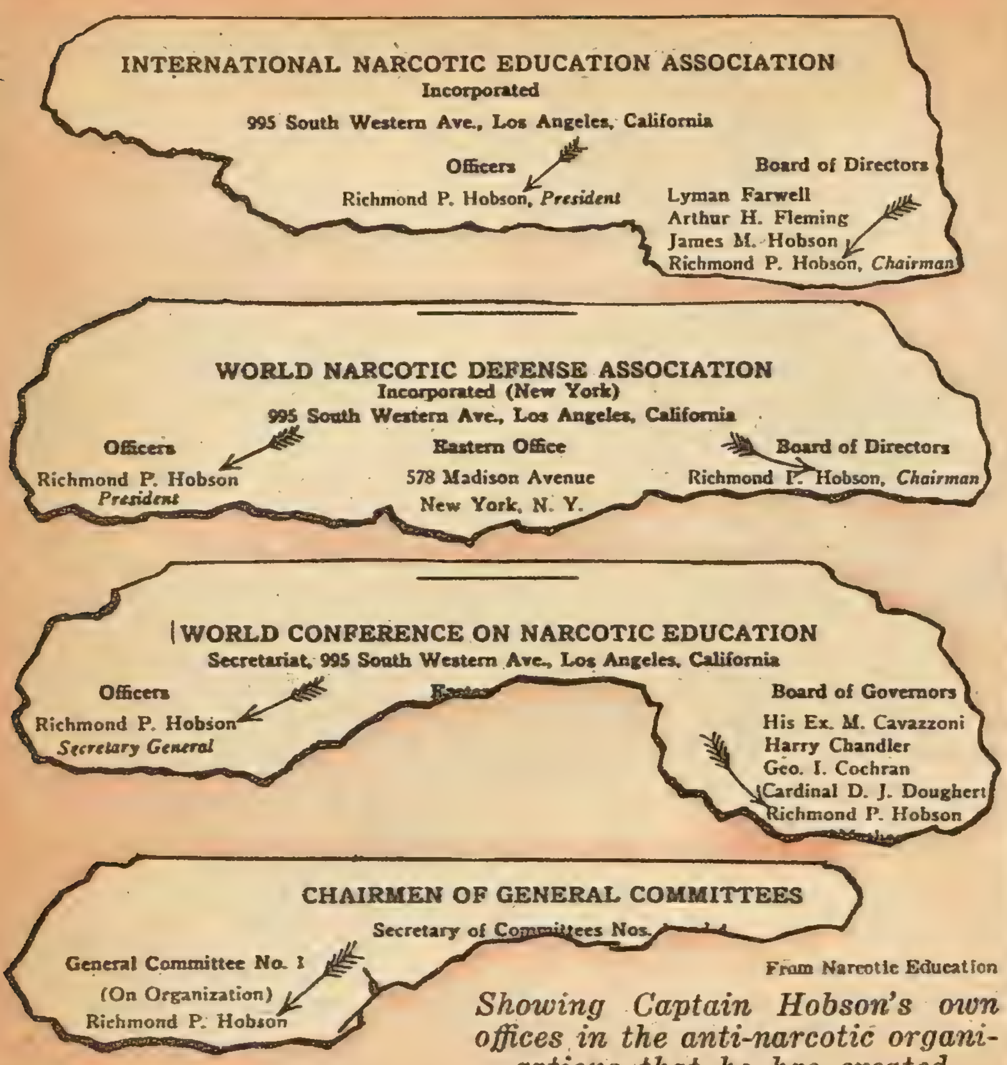

INTERNATIONAL NARCOTIC EDUCATION ASSOCIATION
Incorporated
995 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, California

Officers
Richmond P. Hobson, *President*

Board of Directors
Lyman Farwell
Arthur H. Fleming
James M. Hobson
Richmond P. Hobson, *Chairman*

WORLD NARCOTIC DEFENSE ASSOCIATION
Incorporated (New York)
995 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, California

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President

Eastern Office
578 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Board of Directors
Richmond P. Hobson, *Chairman*

WORLD CONFERENCE ON NARCOTIC EDUCATION
Secretariat, 995 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, California

Officers
Richmond P. Hobson
Secretary General

Board of Governors
His Ex. M. Cavazzoni
Harry Chandler
Geo. I. Cochran
Cardinal D. J. Doughert
Richmond P. Hobson

CHAIRMEN OF GENERAL COMMITTEES
Secretary of Committees Nos.

General Committee No. 1
(On Organization)
Richmond P. Hobson

From Narcotic Education

Showing Captain Hobson's own offices in the anti-narcotic organizations that he has created.

HOBSON
Continued from page sixty-nine

"that fifty million copies is a large order. That is because we have a large country. . . . It is true that Congress has never ordered so many copies of any document. . . . This precedent is simply due to the fact that the problem confronts all the people everywhere. It might appear to some at first sight that one hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars is a large sum to pay for printing. It should be borne in mind that the cost for serving a family or a child is only one-third of a cent. An impartial examination of the little document will convince anyone that it must have a serious deterrent protective effect upon its readers, particularly the young, and that such a protective effect of necessity will remain permanent. . . .

"WHO can estimate the value to the nation that must come from the expenditure of this one hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars? Tens of thousands of young girls disappear every year. Practically all prostitutes are addicts. Tens of thousands of youth take the criminal path every year, largely because of narcotics, and hundreds of thousands are now in our penal institutions and add the burden of upkeep to the cost of apprehension and conviction." The widespread distribution of his pamphlet, Captain Hobson felt, would save all this crime, vice, and expense. He concluded in his statement to the committee: "It is thus found upon examination that considerations of the greatest moment call for the adoption of this resolution, considerations of urgency affecting all our people, involving the fate of thousands of our youth, affecting profoundly the welfare and safety of our country, the stability of our institutions and civilization, perhaps the destiny of the race. On the other hand, no reasonable tenable objections can be found."

There were, however, some reasonable objections to Captain Hobson's pamphlet. It was filled with extravagant statements, unsupported by any evidence, of the extent and results of the drug traffic. In The Peril of Narcotics he maintained that the number of slaves to dope and the profits from the traffic were "far greater than those of the slave traffic at its maximum." The pamphlet is so written as to terrify the children in whose hands it was intended to place it, and into whose hands thousands of copies were put.

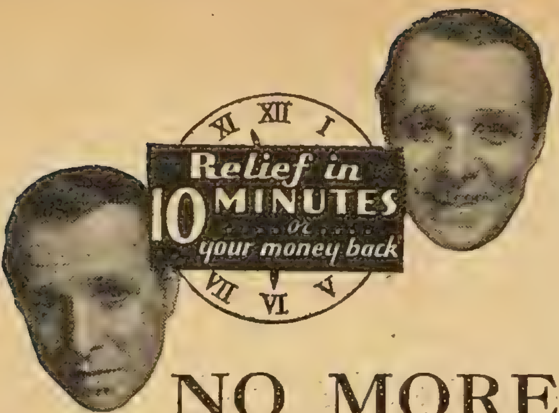
"It is the custom," Captain Hobson wrote, "to give away heroin free to the youth till he or she is 'hooked.' When children are away from home it is a safe practice to accept nothing as a gift to eat, drink, or whiff, not even from a supposed friend. When you decline the first offer, the boy or girl aiding the peddler will taunt you or challenge you and say, 'Try anything once,' 'You will get a kick out of it,' 'Watch me,' 'Come to our "snow party" and watch the other fellows do it.' Alas! Once is once too often. The poison is so swift that the poor youth will seek the next party for relief, and the next. A 'snow party' a day for a week will probably drag a youth into the bondage of addiction worse than death from which experience teaches there is no sure escape."

International photo

The hero of the Merrimac as he looks today. He is now in his fiftieth year and is a citizen of Los Angeles.

In the back pages of the pamphlet are instructions for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



NO MORE DISTRESS AFTER EATING

Indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas pains ended by doctor's prescription

WANT quick, sure relief from after-eating distress? Follow the advice of doctors — take Pepto-Bismol and get relief within 10 minutes.

Pepto-Bismol neutralizes trouble-causing *excess* acids. Soothes irritated membranes. Promotes good digestion. Aromatic. Pleasant to take. Ideal for youngsters. Prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Only 50c in the triangle bottle. If it fails to help you, money refunded.

Norwich MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

Pepto-Bismol

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

CORNS

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, corn pain ends. Their protective feature removes the cause—friction and pressure of shoes—and the soothing medication they contain is quickly healing. Zino-pads are absolutely safe—so guaranteed. Thin, dainty, cushioning. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores—35¢ box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

children in elementary schools and high schools:

Elementary Schools

(1) The child should never take anything to eat, drink, or sniff from strangers, new acquaintances unknown to parents, or acquaintances whom the child knows only slightly.

(2) He should choose for his friends only the children of whom his mother or someone in authority approves and who measure up to the ideals of true, healthy, and straightforward character.

(3) He should learn to meet bravely every situation involving unavoidable pain. (This will tend to prevent the use of pain-deadening drugs for headache, etc.)

(4) He should find his keenest enjoyment in outdoor sports, such as skating, swimming, riding, etc., rather than from indoor amusements.

(5) He should avoid all habit-forming drinks, such as tea and coffee, soft drinks containing caffein, and alcoholic drinks.

(6) He should avoid the use of tobacco in any form.

IN addition high-school pupils were urged to avoid patent medicines, headache powders and tablets, and never to give soothing sirups to babies. These were the "Ideals, Standards, and Attitudes" offered by Captain Hobson for children of all ages:

(1) Suspicion of any kind of secret or underhand amusement.

(2) Belief that to refuse to do a thing that everyone else in the group is doing because it is an underhand or harmful thing to do is brave, not cowardly.

(3) A feeling of horror and fear of drug addiction.

(4) A tendency to feel afraid of strangers who offer things to eat, drink, or sniff.

(5) A belief that the effect of an act on future happiness and usefulness is more important than a temporary immediate enjoyment.

(6) A tendency to weigh the consequences of any unfamiliar act before engaging in it.

(7) An unwillingness to "try anything once," such as eating, drinking, or sniffing unknown substances or using the hypodermic needle. "Once" may be too often.

(8) Confidence in the parents and a habit of freely discussing with them all of the day's happenings. As the result of such an attitude the child or youth would be likely to tell his parents of his first experiences with drug vendors or suspicious characters. This might lead to the early discovery of "snow parties." After the drug has been used and the drug habit formed the addict becomes very secretive, and it is difficult to discover the existence of the menace.

Captain Hobson has succeeded in getting some of these principles embodied in the textbooks issued by textbook publishers for the use of schools. In his pamphlet he urged that little lessons on narcotics be in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do you know this man?

He is the greatest living writer of detective stories. His last three stories have been published in book form by one of the greatest publishing houses and have been lavishly praised by the most competent critics. He is a true genius! His stories are like no others, but absolutely in a class by themselves. His name is Dashiell Hammett; and his latest story is called

THE GLASS KEY

It is a vivid and tremendous story of modern organized crime and politics, true to the facts of life in every detail; and it is the most powerful and stirring, and the finest, story of its kind we have ever seen. It will hold you gripped fast, tense with excitement and completely oblivious to your surroundings, from beginning to end. You will find it in the March issue of

BLACK MASK

BLACK MASK is a monthly magazine of detective, adventure and western stories of superior quality. If you do not know Black Mask get acquainted with it now. In addition to The Glass Key you will find six other stories that are miles above average in quality—hours, altogether, of the most enjoyable reading you have ever known. In this March issue, in addition to The Glass Key, you will find:

BOOM TOWN
Gambling, gunfighting and a manhunt in an oil town near the Mexican border.

THE BELL IN THE FOG
A brand new racket pulled on the New York police—for a while.

FROST RIDES ALONE
The air force of the Texas rangers vs. smugglers.

and three other great stories. Get a copy today from any news-dealer.

BOTTLING *easy now!*

New home use Kork-N-Seal! Hand-applied—no capping machine. Can be used many times—convenient, pressure tight. 50 for $1 postpaid in U. S. and Canada.

WILLIAMS
KORK-N-SEAL
DECATUR, ILLINOIS

ASK YOUR BARBER

FOR THE NEW MEDICATED MASSAGE

WHYTE-FOX

Doubles your pep. Heals as it cleanses. Those who know are "crazy" about it. Made and guaranteed by makers Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Ask for valuable free booklet.

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. 13 LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

Giovanni Martinelli, foremost tenor, in a scene from "Aida," with Metropolitan Opera chorus singers, musicians, and director is a typical "Vitaphone Variety."

"..and MARTINELLI'S on the program, too!"

A fine feature picture — *and* a famous opera singer—*and* a unique novelty act by some well-known stage celebrity . . .

That's the kind of show you see and hear at theatres that feature VITAPHONE VARIETIES—a new and better brand of tabloid talking pictures.

No longer do alert filmgoers select their entertainment solely on the basis of the full-length picture.

They make sure in advance that THE WHOLE SHOW is good.

They're not satisfied to "sit through" tiresome one- and two-reel "shorts" when they might just as well be getting real enjoyment from some of the hundreds of miniature screen masterpieces produced by VITAPHONE.

Insure full value for *your* entertainment money by asking your theatre manager to show VITAPHONE VARIETIES.

Then you'll be sure to enjoy from week to week the cream of the genius of scores of the greatest performers in every entertainment field—all in addition to the feature pictures!

½ the fun OF ANY EVENING AT THE THEATRE

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE VARIETIES

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

[HOBSON
Continued from page seventy-one]

cluded wherever possible in the school curriculum. “Biography and literature,” he pointed out, “may be used to show the devastating effect of drug addiction in the lives of famous characters in history and literature: e.g., Poe and De Quincey.”

The statements which Captain Hobson made are similar to those we have already noted in his propaganda against alcohol, but now narcotics were responsible for all evils instead of alcohol. Narcotics destroyed the brain, as he had already pointed out in the case of alcohol; they got into the germ plasm and endangered the future of the race; they weakened the powers of reproduction; they undermined the home; and their continued use would certainly lead to “national degradation, ending in national death.”

Captain Hobson told the Senate committee on printing: “Believe me when I tell you that the postponement of doing this at this session, as compared with the doing of it, will involve the welfare and safety of a great many young Americans.” “Captain Hobson, are they going to be saved by this pamphlet?” the chairman, Senator Moses, asked. “Yes,” Captain Hobson answered emphatically, and he went on to point out that his experience in Los Angeles showed that many young people were “hooked” because of ignorant innocence. Senator Pepper, however, begged to differ. “And the best judgment I can form on the slight opportunity I have had for studying this document,” he told Captain Hobson, “is that it is not a document that you can safely put in the hands of the young people.”

“SENATOR, you would not mind my asking you what part of it?” Captain Hobson said.

“Why, the whole tone of it, sir,” Senator Pepper answered, “is such as to arouse, in the first place, in the minds of the young the thought that it cannot be as bad as it is there stated to be; a young person reading that document would feel that the statements in it are probably overstatements made for the purpose of deterring the young from something which is pleasurable and which, after experience, will not be found to be nearly as bad as painted . . . and rather than arousing a feeling of anxiety or revulsion it would arouse curiosity.”

The committee also called Dr. Lawrence Kolb of the United States Public Health Service, who had been engaged in studying the narcotic problem in the United States for fifteen years, to testify as to the value of Captain Hobson's statistics and pamphlet. Dr. Kolb testified that the number of addicts so far as it could be estimated at all was not 1,000,000, but about 150,000 at the highest. Captain Hobson has always maintained that drugs, and especially heroin, caused men to commit violent crimes. “No form of opium,” Dr. Kolb insisted, “impels a man to commit violent crime.” Cocaine, he said, was different, and did stimulate criminals if taken in small doses. “What about the heroin addict?” Senator Ransdell asked. “He has no impulse to commit violent crime,” Dr. Kolb answered. “When overcharged he goes to sleep.”

“As to the addiction of young children,” Dr. Kolb testified, “I personally do not think there are in the United States more than twenty-five normal people under the age of fourteen who are addicts.” “Addicts can be cured,” Dr. Kolb testified, “although this article says that addiction is as incurable as leprosy.”

DR. KOLB also maintained that addiction did not impair the sex powers of any but psychopathic cases, and as soon as they stopped using drugs their sex power returned. “I have examined a man,” he testified, “an addict for thirty-five years, who has a family of ten children. I have examined another man who has been an addict for thirty years, and who has a family of five good children; but these men were normal. This shows that there is no permanent abolishment of sex power and desire.”

Dr. Kolb also differed with Captain Hobson's statements concerning the ease with which addicts are made. Only in the case of a psychopath, he said, would one dose of morphine or heroin produce an addict. “What is your belief, doctor,” asked Senator Fletcher, “in regard to the case of a normal boy of high-school age who is led to take a sniff or other dose of heroin?” “Well,” Dr. Kolb answered, “he would not know he took it unless the dose was large or he was told about it. If he was fed heroin in ice cream for a week he would not know it, and it would not do him any more harm than if it had been pure ice cream. He simply would not know it; that is how much effect it would have.

“There are no boys being addicted today, except in extreme psychopathic cases. I have only seen one girl below fourteen years of age who was an addict. I will give her history, to show what a psychopathic character she had. [Dr. Kolb did so.]

“That is the kind of children that are becoming addicted today, if there are any. And there is nobody lying around waiting to give heroin even to them. Addicts are generous and will give it to other addicts, but not deliberately to that kind of person.”

This was Dr. Kolb's opinion of the results which would follow the distribution of 50,000,000 copies of Captain Hobson's pamphlet: “Addiction is really a very rare thing throughout the United States. Some people have never heard of it, and they are not afraid of it. The tone of the article is that you are surrounded by something that is going to capture you and make a criminal of you. Now, this thing would go out to numerous neurotic, fearful, nervous people, people who are just on the border line of insanity. I have talked to psychiatrists about it, and they agree with me that there will be a number of dementia præcox cases produced among such cases if the article is distributed throughout the country.

"Of course, some people will believe it, and especially neurotic individuals who are already suspicious and feel inferior, and think everybody is trying to put something over on them. Every one of them who reads the article and believes it must believe that he is surrounded by people all the time whose only idea is to make him an addict. Those people develop serious nervous symptoms from slight causes, and the fear aroused by this thing will undoubtedly cause numerous cases of insanity."

Psychopaths, Dr. Kolb testified, act on impulse, and those who saw Captain Hobson's pamphlet who had not previously been acquainted with drugs might experiment with them.

"So," Dr. Kolb concluded, "I think the direct effect of the article would be to create a certain number of cases of severe neurosis and insanity and a certain number of cases of addiction by reason of the fact that the psychopath will want this new sensation. He does not care how harmful it is; he wants to try it, just as some of them commit murder for the thrill of seeing somebody die."

"Do you see any occasion for distributing it among the schools?" Senator Fletcher asked.

"I surely do not," Dr. Kolb answered. "As I have said, I think it would be a very serious assault on the mental health of our people, and especially on suggestible children. To begin with, children are not being addicted today, and no one is trying to addict them. I make this positive statement, in spite of all the statements made here to the contrary. Some of the statements about the number of addicts are simply absurd; the opium does not exist to supply them."

The Senate committee on printing decided not to distribute 50,000,000 copies of The Peril of Narcotics, but Captain Hobson succeeded in getting his pamphlet printed in the Congressional Record and in distributing thousands of copies of it in a pamphlet published by the government.

ONE of the main activities of Captain Hobson's International Narcotic Education Association is the distribution to state legislatures of a uniform draft narcotic law. The main provision of this law is that any individual who knows any other individual who is a drug addict may go before a magistrate or a justice of the peace, swear out a warrant, and have the addict committed to an institution where he would be forcibly cured and would be compelled to remain for eight months at his own expense, if he could afford to do so, or the institution would be provided with twenty-five dollars a month by the state, if he was too poor to pay for himself. If the addict, after release, was found taking drugs again, he could be committed for two years. Anyone who sells drugs to minors could be committed to jail for ten years for the first offense and for life for a repetition.

The Uniform State Narcotic Defense Law, Captain Hobson told me, is the ideal of his organization, and he does not expect that it will be accomplished immediately, and therefore he has a second, less stringent law, more likely to be passed by legislatures. Captain Hobson is a practical man, and he wants to make haste slowly. He agreed that the compulsory confinement of drug addicts would do no good if the addict was not in the frame of mind to pull himself together and remain cured. The important thing, in his opinion, however, is the propaganda, for propaganda is his forte. Captain Hobson is not especially interested in curing people of drug addiction, so much as he is in protecting people from becoming addicts by terrifying them. In the monthly bulletin of his organization, which is called Narcotic Education, he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HUNDREDTH?

When, for what seems the hundredth time, you force yourself to a daily limit on cigarettes . . . and still aren't mouth-happy . . . keep in mind that one great cigarette which gives constant mouth-comfort . . . as well as old-fashioned, unsupervised tobacco enjoyment.

◆

(IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES-20 FOR 20c
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

If you believe in Dress Personality.......then you'll welcome the "Purse Personality" of MEEKER-MADE
FINE LEATHER HANDBAGS

OF course you believe in Dress Personality—what woman doesn't? But perhaps you've found difficulty in finding truly expressive, smart handbags—those possessing "purse personality."

Meeker-Made handbags, underarms and vanities have that indefinable something which causes you to reach for and examine them covetously. They breathe beauty and smartness with their rich, beautifully-colored leathers, and inspire a confidence in their utility because everyone knows that these fine imported steerhide leathers seemingly wear forever and grow softer and more beautiful with age.

You'll find Meeker-Made products at your jeweler's, better department and drug stores.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.
The Largest Manufacturer of Steerhide Products in the United States

PURSE PERSONALITY

MEEKER MADE
FINE LEATHER
HANDBAGS

WAS ALWAYS TIRED.. IT'S DIFFERENT NOW

thanks to **DR. EDWARDS**

YOU'LL thank him, too. For it is surprising the quick, easy way Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets remove the greatest cause of listlessness and restore glorious energy and youth to the body poisoned by clogged intestines. More than 20 years ago ailing people began coming to Dr. Edwards. He gave them a rare formula of vegetable ingredients that brought them grateful relief. Now the doctor brings this formula to you. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. You know them by their olive color.

Amazingly Sure

A fine substitute for calomel and much easier to take. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets are so effective because they merely assist nature in driving poisons from the bowels and liver and restoring these two vital organs to normal action. No griping. Safe and harmless. Non-habit-forming.

Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets for a few nights and you will soon be delighted with the vast improvement in the way you look and feel. For most headaches, listlessness, clearing up sallow, pimply skin, and for protecting precious good health there's nothing better. Sold by all druggists—15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

Soft, Gleaming

HAIR

in 12 seconds

If your hair causes you hours of worry; if it is stringy, too oily or too dry; if it is unruly or lifeless and dull; if its beauty is marred by dandruff . . . this wonderful, greaseless formula brings a gift you will treasure.

Brush a little into the hair and behold! . The hair gleams with alluring lustre and is soon free from dandruff! It is soft, no longer stringy. No truant wisps spoil your perfect coiffure. The hair stays in place all day.

This preparation, a blend of rare vegetable ingredients, is safe and easy to use. It quickly restores the natural oil-balance to the scalp. It softens each strand of hair and dissolves dandruff. It brings out the natural wave and swiftly sets a finger, marcelle or water-wave.

It quickly adorns the hair with lustrous loveliness and keeps it healthy and perfectly dressed.

Ask your druggist for Hair Groom—liquid or paste. Brush a little on your hair every day. You'll be delighted.

[HOBSON
Continued from page seventy-three]

published a signed statement in January, 1929:

> It is opportune to point out that caution should be exercised in featuring rehabilitation in publicity lest the impression be produced, especially in the minds of youth, that there is such a thing available as permanent recovery, or that narcotic drug addiction is permanently curable, that it is not so dangerous or such a calamity or tragedy after all. . . . It would be more accurate and psychologically more useful as a warning to youth to portray narcotic drug addiction in its true colors, that of an incurable living death.

AT the First Annual Conference of Committees of Captain Hobson's organization, held at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York, in November, 1927, at which Captain Hobson presided, Bishop J. H. Darlington introduced the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That a slogan is needed for this organization—an emblem, something tangible. I suggest that we might use a picture of the Vampire Bat, hovering over a sleeping child, drawing the blood from the jugular vein. Another suggestion is that of a great serpent, coiled, about to strike two children, a girl and a boy—and label that picture—'Kill That Snake.' The idea of hell was gained from looking down the mouth of a great serpent, and opium is like such a serpent. I believe we could draft the artists of the nation and that the press would coöperate. . . ." The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The First World Conference on Narcotic Education, held at Philadelphia from July 5 to July 9, 1926, decided among other things to establish a Hobson Foundation, which would offer a Hobson Prize to those children who memorized little orations on narcotics and "declaimed them with the most appealing emphasis." This method of propaganda had been found very effective in the campaign for prohibition, and the Demarest Contests on prohibition had been held for many years throughout the United States.

Dr. Walter W. Hubbard of Philadelphia, speaking of the plan for a Hobson Prize, told the conference:

"What need I say about the Hobson Foundation which will inspire the youth of our land to fight this great evil from their school days up? What can be said of it? Nothing more than that its aims, its purposes, its accomplishments, are all symbolized in the one name: Hobson! That name which has run gloriously through the country for a quarter of a century, when through the streets of this very historic city, where the Constitution of the United States was framed and the Declaration of Independence was evolved, there marched in a great parade of victory and of tribute the hero of the Spanish-American War, Captain Hobson."

THE END

LAST CALL

for contestants in Liberty's

Patriotic Game of Presidents

Don't forget that all pictures must be in by midnight, February 22. The last set was published in Liberty for February 1.

Announcement of the award of

$25,000 in Prizes

will be made in the earliest possible issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

What an Appetite!

Jeanie loves cake, and her mother will allow her only a nibble at a time. She was playing in the kitchen one day after her mother had baked a nice soft cake and was cautioned to be careful and not fall against it.

"I'd like to," replied Jeanie; "then I'd have to eat my way out."—E. L. Yohres, 527 Silver St., Sharon, Pa.

* * *

A Logician

Vacation was over and the children had to go to bed earlier.

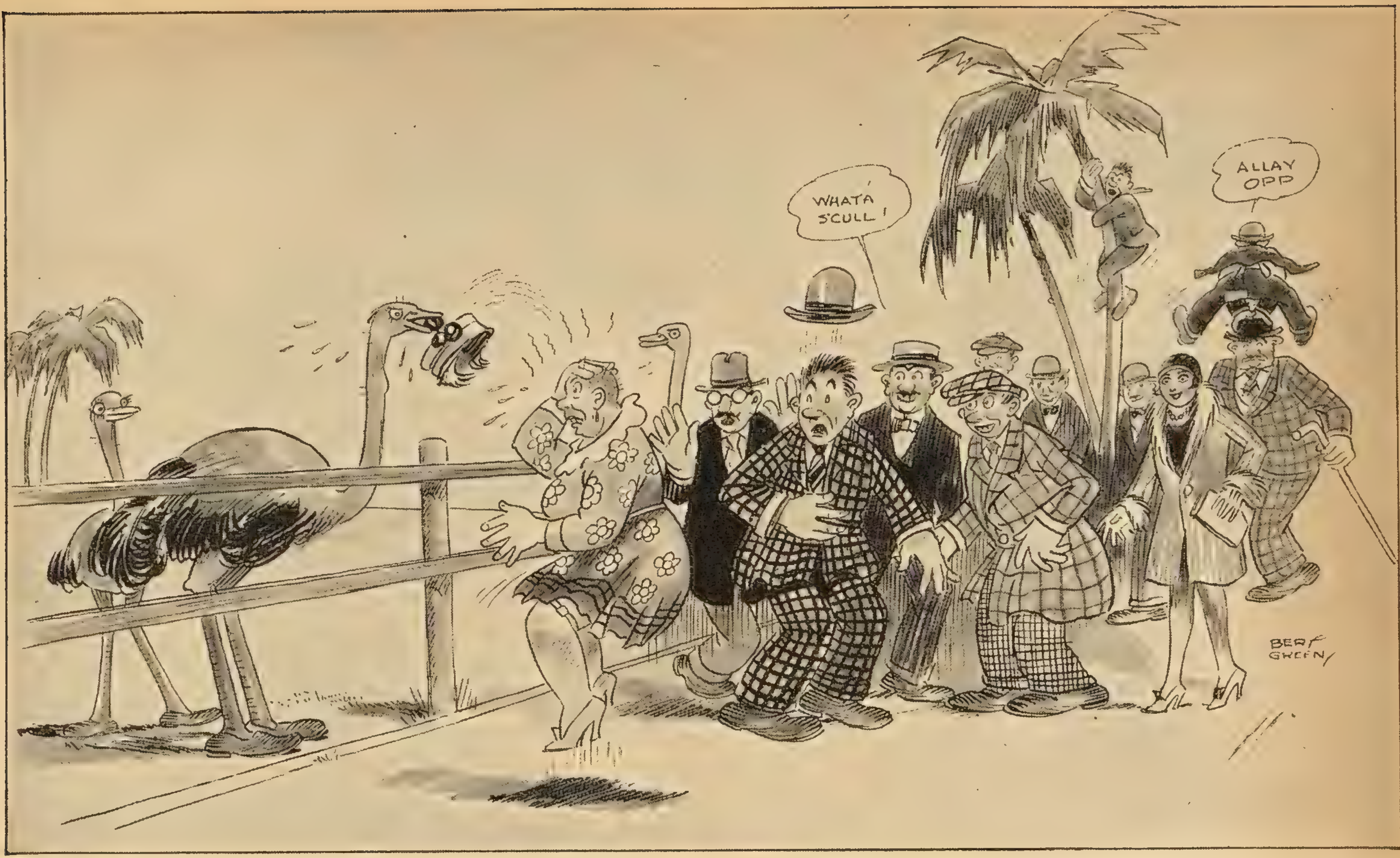
"If you fuss you'll have to go earlier tomorrow night; and if you fuss then, earlier still the next night, until you stop," was father's edict.

"Pretty soon we won't even have to get up," said Joe.—H. P. Lyle, 900 Lafayette Ave., Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

They're Not Dead Yet

Jane was on her first trip in the subway. "Are we really underground?" she asked. Mother assured her they were. "Then where are all the dead people?" little Jane inquired solemnly. —Charlotte Barnhart, 80 Brook St., Dumont, N. J.



Mrs. Ostrich made one quick grab and Wootsie Woos hat left her head, bobbed wig and all!!

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

The Monogamous Ostrich, and Other Wonders

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

New York, New York.

DEAR MARGE:

I wood have wrote you before but I had to go to a golden wedding. Clancy Doyle the bricklayer has been hooked up for 50 years—can you imagine bein boxed in that long? Your Scotch friend Hector MacGregor ankled in with a bowl of goldfish. He would!! He keeps the sabbath and everything else he can lay his lunch hooks on. When his brother folded up, the widow took the name plate off the office door and screwed it on his casket.

Say listen Love Lips, I'll have to tell you about my trip home and all about the hop over the Grand Canyon. But before I do that I want you to take a run over to the Ostrich Farm in Passadena and see them big turkeys.

Sister, you never saw such canaries in your life. No kiddin Marge, those pelicans weigh 300 lbs on the heel and are they dumb? WOW. I blew up a paper bag and busted it and four of em buried their heads in the sand. You know after the ostrich picks out a bride and gets married they stick with each other for life. If another ostrich sheak comes along and makes eyes at the girl friend, she tips off the head man and a panic starts.

Well, when Mrs. Ostrich starts to bring up a family she lays an egg every day until she has an even dozen. The egg only weighs 5 pounds and you can imagine what a swell tit-bit youd have if you had a coupla 20 minute ones for breakfast. Anyway, after Mrs. Ostrich lays the dozen eggs she sits on em all day and the head man holds em down at night. It must be like parkin on a bunch of coaconuts. Well, they stay on em for 40 days and then the little guys begin poppin out. In six months time the baby is 8 feet high, can you imagine that?

As soon as the bird gets their winter underwear the attendant slips a silk sock over their heads so they cant see and begin clippin off the plumes. After they get thru with em the poor ostrich is as naked as a J bird. The next time he sees his feathers, a jane on Park Avenue is wearin em in her mules. What a rackit.

Well, while I was followin the keeper around a newly married couple came along. What a pair. Brother, when he grabbed her he forgot to duck. She weighed about 250 lbs raw. Old Ironsides, I called her because she had on a pair of corsets that musta been made by the American Bridge Co. She had an arm on her like Brightbart. She could have thrown the Chrysler building a dozen blocks without half tryin. And was she coy. She called him Alfred Dear and he called her Wootsie Woo.

Well, as I was sayin—this cute couple were followin us around lookin at the ostriches. She had on a hat that was a cross between a marshmellow layer cake and a veal cutlet. On the front of the hat she had three nice red rubber plums. WELL, when Mrs. Ostrich got a peek at those nice juicy plums, she made one quick grab for it and Wootsie Woos hat left her head, bobbed wig and all!!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Ever-Ready BLADES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

Alfred Dear took one look at Wootsie Woos scull what was as bald as a leather trunk and right away he made one fast and furious *out* and she aint never heard from him since.

Listen Marge, on my way back to New York me and John Downey stopped off at the Grand Canyon to take a look at the place. Well, while we was up to the El Tovar hotel a friend of mine what used to be an ace in the 2nd Persuit outfit came along and asked me if we'd like to take a bit of a hop over the Canyon. Well, kid, I wasn't so strong for it because the Canyon is about 7000 feet deep and you have to fly 2500 feet above the rim so you can get back to your landin field if the washin machines starts missin.

Well anyway, we said we'd take a chance. So about 10 o'clock in the mornin we drove over to the Scenic Airways landin field and began shiverin for the flight. I wasnt scared—no, not a bit!! But when the great big three motored Fokker came rollin in, the yeller streak left me. What a ship!!

Before we took off, who steps into the ship but three notables from England. Oh my word what high hat Britishers. And how they murdered the Kings English. One was a Lord. Lord Helpus, I guess, and the other was a Duke, but the Lord called him Juke instead of Duke. They also had a frail with em what was married to the Juke. Her name was Lady Barrington Throckmorton. Honest she had a face like a bowl of chillblanes.

AND you shoulda seen the trick makeup she had on. She sported a hairy shiver-sheet that Queen Victoria musta worn at the Royal cricket match in Convent Garden.

And the husband—the Juke. I tagged him the minute he stepped in the plane. Hes the comedy relief I guess for the Lady. Shes got the dough and he yes and nos her. His line of Peerage put the SAP in the family tree.

Well anyway after we took off and reached an altitude of two thousand feet, Lord Helpus began to get pail under the chops. As we neared the edge of South Rim, the bottle stopper popped out of his eyes as he looked down into the Colorado River 10,000 feet below.

My word old thing, squarked the Juke, what a bloomin ole to be sure. I ad no idea it was so igh. I dare say Id feel far safer in Charring Cross.

I saigh Pilot, ole deah, do you mind eadin ome?

The pilot instead of turnin back made a wing slip across the Canyon and began flyin over the Kabab forest. Holy smoke, the three Social Registers nearly did a fade out.

WHEN we got back to our landin field there was a bunch of newsreel photographers waitin to mug the English high hats. The cameramen had mikerphones hidden under their coats.

Well, the three of em lined up and the boys began grindin out their pitchers. At that moment the Juke began lookin the ball and chain over to see what the cameramen were smilin at. Finally when he found out he began givin her the devil. Boy, did he raise merry boopy de doop!

A week later when I was sittin in a flicker theatre, who hops on the screen but the three Britishers. The Juke looks the wife over and hollers—How beastly shocking. Why the ell dont you wear more clothes? These bloomin blighters are jolly well lookin thru you!!

Now listen Marge, why the heck dont you can that movie rackit and come home? That simple air bisector youre livin with what calls herself a toe dancer couldnt kick any higher than your old mans chin. Why that dumb cluck couldnt thrill a battleship if she walked around in her scanties.

Listen, Kid, lay off the footlights and come back home or I'll be takin a run out powder to Reno.

Im leavin for Canada tonight. I'll wise you how the Americans smuggle the Nose Paint over the border.

Well goo bye, I got to tear a herring,

Yours very passionately,
MIKE SHEA.

Another of these letters will appear in an early issue.

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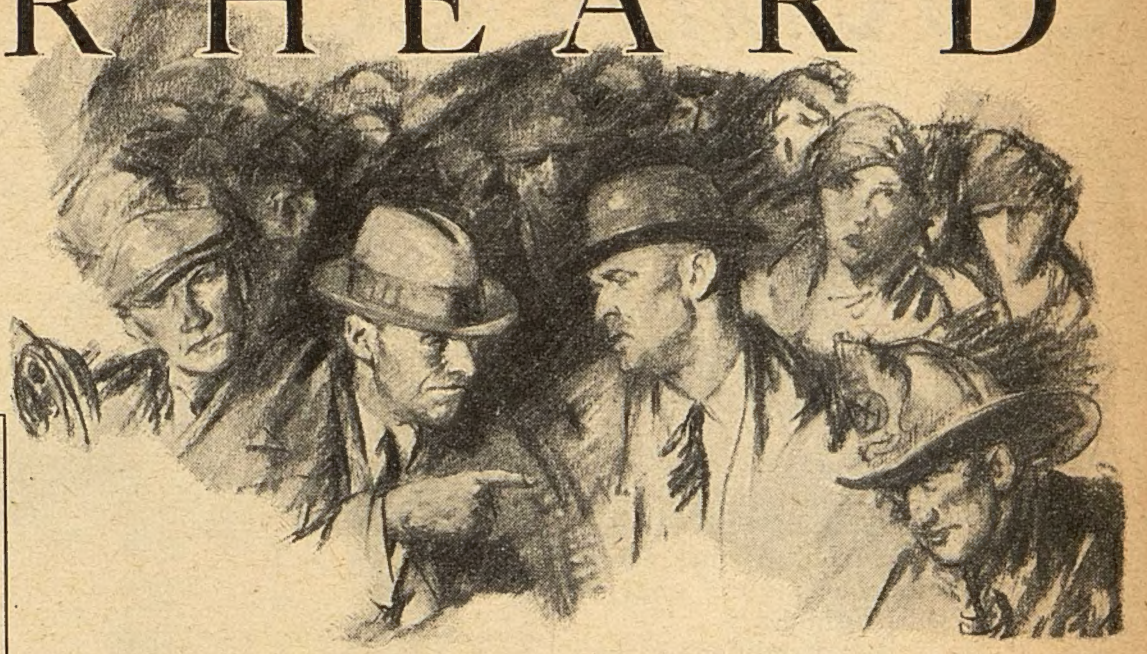
OVERHEARD

A Short Short Story

By

HARRY LAWRENSON

who is feature editor for a motion-picture company. He was the first newsreel man to greet Chamberlin when the airman landed in Germany, and has filmed many of the most important news events of our day.



The two were holding a fierce argument, but the man with the mike was too tightly wedged in the crowd to move away.

Picture by L. R. GUSTAVSON

"HEY, stupid, take that mike closer in! The wall's gonna fall down. Let's get some sound on this film, willya? This ain't a funeral—it's a fire!"

Ben Stringer, cameraman for the Topical Movietone Newsreel Corporation, swore under his breath at his assistant, who was holding up a microphone connected by a long cable to Ben's whirring machine and elbowing through the surging crowd.

Perched beside his sound camera set up on top of the red-and-silver painted truck, Ben trained his lens on the burning building across the street and grinned as the crackling flames licked up the wall. That the destruction of this huge unfinished apartment house meant the loss of thousands of dollars to somebody didn't mean a thing to hard-boiled Ben—except that it looked like a good picture. What the hell; this was the sixth Bronx apartment blaze in as many weeks—probably the work of fire bugs or, more likely, building racketeers.

"Here's where I show those crabbing editors back at the studio," he thought as he glanced at the camera speed dial. "Said there wasn't any sound on that last story, did they? Wait till they hear this wall kiss the sidewalk! I'll show 'em!"

"Who in hell's yelling into that mike?" Ben turned around quickly as the angry voice of Dave, his sound man, came up to him. Dave was crouching in the interior of the truck, earphones clamped to his head, jiggling the complicated knobs and dials of his amplifying apparatus. "There's a couple of bozos screaming their heads off up against the mike! Tell Louis out there to shut 'em up. They're ruining the picture!"

Ben tried to signal to his assistant with the microphone. He spotted the two individuals Dave could hear through the headphones, and saw they were holding what appeared to be a fierce argument, but the man with the mike, right next to them, was too tightly wedged in the pressing crowd to move away even an inch. Just then a huge crack in the side of the building opened wide and all Ben's attention was on his camera. Through the view-finder he saw the great wall come crashing down in a sheet of flame.

"AW, Ben, don't be a sorehead. You know I wouldn't do a thing like that. I tried to shut 'em up, but they wouldn't listen to me. An' I couldn't get out of that mob; you saw how I was jammed in!"

But Ben had no sympathy to waste.

"Just messed up the whole works, that's what you did," he grumbled, savagely stepping on the gas as they drove downtown to the studio. "Here we had a chance to grab a story that they'd have to use, and what do we get? A monologue by a coupla comedians right in the middle of the picture!"

"Right after that washout at Roosevelt Field last week when the mike went dead. What a break!" That was Dave's contribution to the song of sorrow.

"You know what that bunch of wise-cracking editors will say."

"Yeh, just like they always say—'Lousy!' This time they'll be right. When a story's got no sound they blame us. When there's lots of it, we muff it. Oh, what the hell!"

"BOSS wants ya in the projection room."

Joe, snappily dressed office boy of the Topical Movietone Newsreel Corporation, thrust his head into the camera room and addressed Ben in the middle of a heavy pinochle hand.

"Youse too, Dave, and you, Louis. Make it snappy, he's waitin'."

Ben threw his cards on the table with a gesture of disgust. "Come on, Dave. Here's where we get a hot rendition of the well known anvil chorus. Let's get it over with."

Entering the darkened projection room, the trio saw that their picture of yesterday's fire was being thrown on the screen.

"Sit down, boys; I'll talk to you in a minute," the chief called from his seat at the rear desk. Dave nudged Ben in the darkness and then they settled down to watch as the apartment building burned all over again on the silver sheet. It was a thrilling shot and Ben groaned when above the crackling of the flames the voices of two men, plainly visible in the picture, completely ruined it with a seemingly pointless argument.

Silently Ben cursed the fate that had brought two dumb idiots to a fire, of all places, to argue over some business deal or other involving a five-thousand-dollar check. Then the big wall came crashing down with a roar from the screen and in another minute the picture ended and the lights went up. The boss was speaking:

"Boys," he said, "I want you to meet Police Commissioner Phalen. He would like to have a few words with you."

Ben recognized the smartly attired gentleman with the neat black mustache and gardenia, sitting beside the chief.

". . . And so, you see," the commissioner concluded, "with the racketeers who fixed this and several other apartment fires safely in our hands, this accidental sound newsreel of yours completely establishes their guilt by their own argument over that check, which we traced. There'll be a nice piece of the reward for each of you."

But the boss had the last word. "Just the same it was a rotten fire picture," he said.

THE END

Making Up for BEAUTY

By EILEEN BOURNE

WHAT with the sophisticated principles attending modern beauty judging, a woman of twenty-five (let us say) bringing only her natural coloring into a group of women well made up, comes off a bit lamely. Her face lacks the finished grace that the fine art of make-up lends.

When applying rouge for daytime, stand in front of a window.

Judging from the sale of cheek and lip paint, not many women dare the test, however. And why should they if, as Max Beerbohm hints, they can give themselves more charm with brush and pigment?

Out of the welter of advice on the art of make-up there are three rules, one at least of which is ignored by a large number of women. This most neglected one is the rule we would put first in importance: Applying make-up by the light under which it is to be worn.

The second important rule is to use colors consistent with one's natural coloring. And the third is moderation in the use of make-up as one grows older.

For evening the question of the light to make up by is automatically solved. And it is understood that under electric lights more vivid coloring is generally permitted and advised.

It is in preparing for outdoor day appearance that so many women ignore the effect of certain forms of indoor lighting. For example, dressing tables often are tucked away in a corner into which the direct daylight does not penetrate, or draped windows obstruct the hard, clear light under which the face will later appear. And often electric lighting is used in daytime facial preparation.

Women who will carry a piece of dress goods to a window to get a daylight sureness of its color will buy their cosmetic preparations without any such precaution. Often, after buying a rouge or a lipstick, they are disappointed in its true shade, but will use it simply because it has been bought and paid for.

WE have come such a long way from merely getting a stain for cheeks and lips that haphazard buying or laying on of color is anything but clever. Not only should you choose your colors by the light in which you propose to wear them, but they must be put on under identical lighting conditions. For outdoor wear, stand immediately before a window through which the strong sun or daylight is pouring. And use a hand mirror close up.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Even for your compact dabs during the day, seek the clear light. But in your morning or early afternoon home-making toilet do get the proper light on your facial work if you want to be classified as a real artist at make-up.

With that hand mirror close up in clear, unshaded light, study your profile as well as the front-face view. Your profile will tell you more about how you are getting the make-up on your cheeks than you can learn from a front-face study of it. It shows more clearly whether you have or have not succeeded in getting the colored surface so smooth that there is no line noticeable where the paint merges into the skin. This point is the great secret of putting on rouge cleverly. A delicate fading off into the flesh of all extraneous tint around the edges is what you must strive for.

IF you are not pleased with the effect of your make-up and you have not experimented with liquid or paste rouge, why not give one or the other of the wet rouges a trial? The liquid rouge blends in over a cream base (just a film of cream) with the most natural effect. It is lasting. During the course of the day, if you feel the need of toning up, you can use your compact rouge in a light going over. The liquid paint, of course, has to be applied quickly to avoid the hard edge of color around the rim of the applied surface which accrues if you let the paint dry. If this happens, wipe the face with cream and begin over again. Incidentally, the liquid rouge may be used on the lips.

Paste rouge is also satisfactory for easy spreading and smooth blending and neat grading away of the color into the flesh. It, too, works better over a foundation cream base.

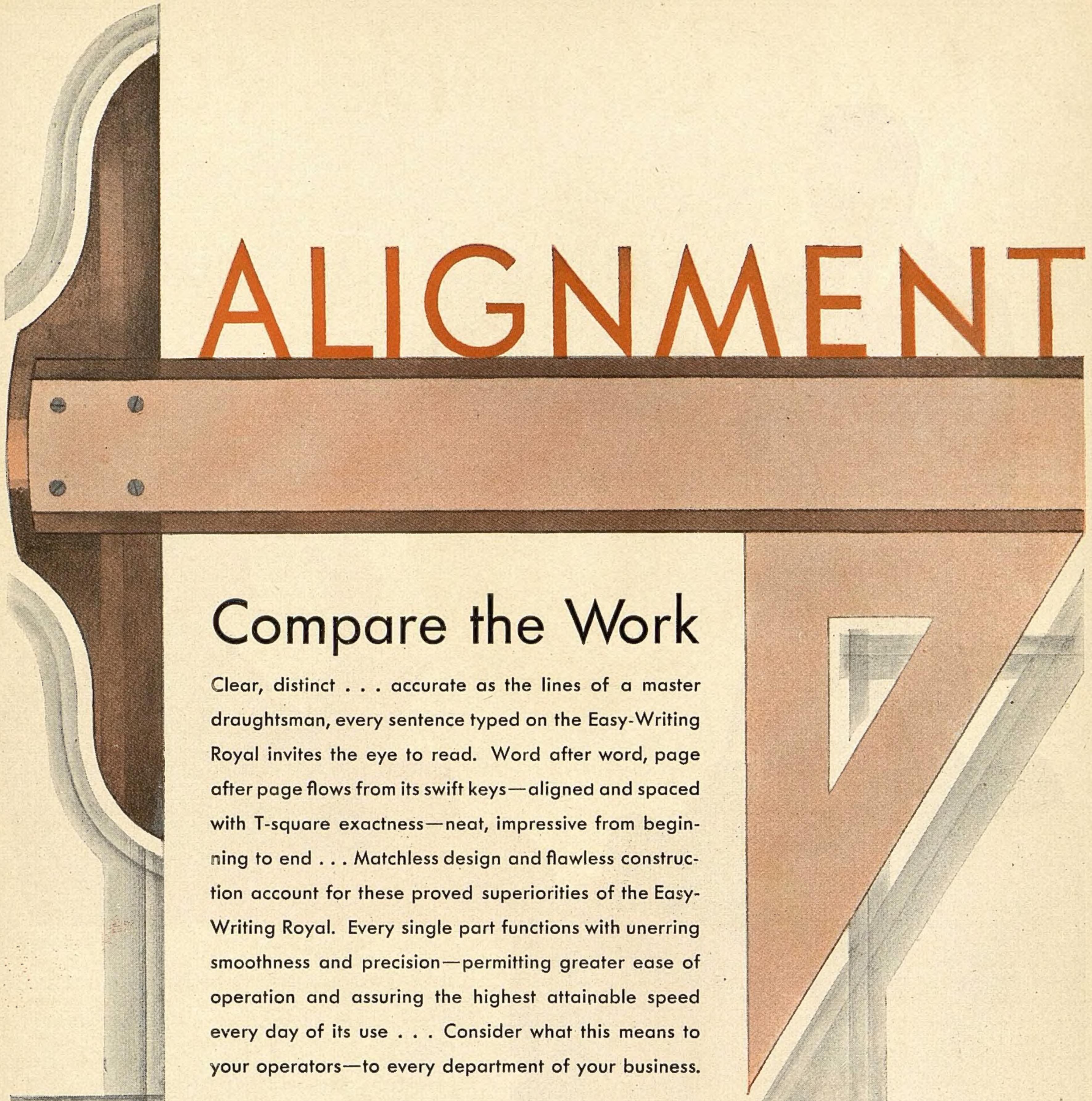
The point of practice particularly urged for finer make-up craftsmanship is to work privately with the laying on of color until you master the trick of blurring out the edges so that it is impossible to detect where the make-up actually begins or ends. That is one clause in what is meant by the finished grace already spoken of.

Clever make-up is like clever dressing: color harmony runs through the scheme. And there is no one strong splotch of color to hit you in the eye. And there is "line" in make-up, as in dress, that may be utilized to give illusion of more becoming proportions.

If the face is broad, an illusion of slenderness is effected by applying the rouge in paths instead of circles, bringing the heavier shading near the nose, and allowing the rest to fade away lightly toward the temples and hairline. If the cheek and jaw bones are large, keep rouge away from them entirely, again spreading the color in nearer the nose. You probably would not color your jawbones anyway, but keep the rouge well up and above them.

If the face is thin, do your heaviest rouging well back on the cheek, but blend a little coloring in faintly and still more faintly on the inner cheek surface. If the face is long and thin, rouge under the cheekbones and keep your lowest coloring point on a level with your ear lobes.

On an oval face apply the rouge in a crescent, the center of which should be on the cheekbone at the outer corner of the eye. Keep the color deepest at the crescent's center, patting and rubbing the edges down so that it is impossible to detect where the red fades into the foundation.



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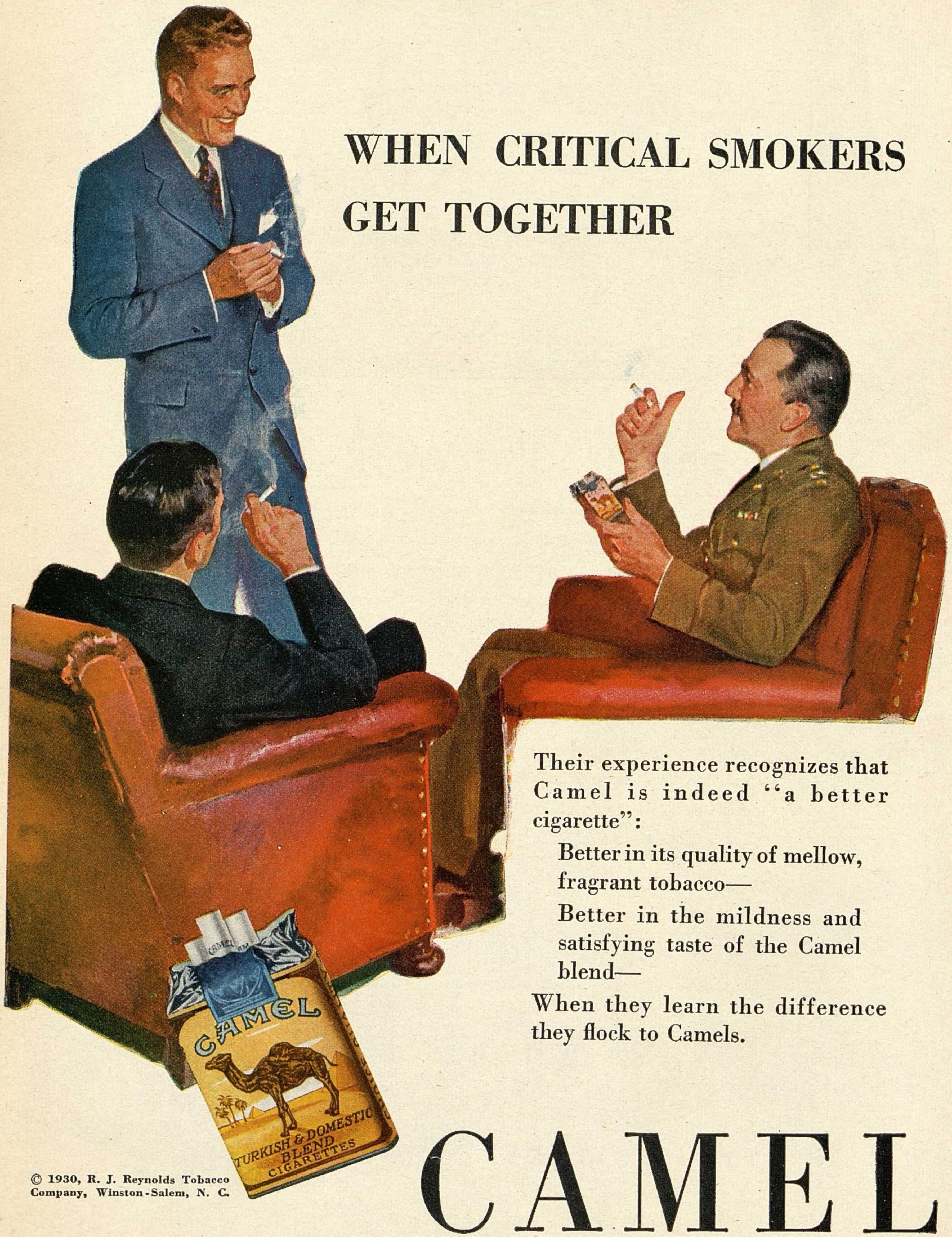
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